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HOMER

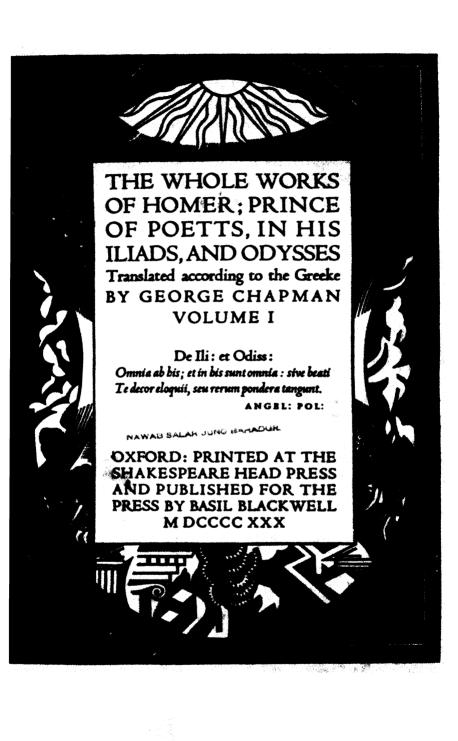
translated by Geo: Chapman Volume the First



De Hamero Radiotous Hate

Soute

OPTIMVS HIC SESE, QVI NOVIT CVNCTA MAGISTRO, PROSPICIENS RERVM FINES MELIORA SEQVVTVS. SEVEN KINGDOMS STROVE, which THEYRS should HOMER CALL, AND NOW ONE CHAPMAN, OWNES HIM FROM THEM ALL. Eruditorum Poetarum hujus Aevi, facile Principi D'no Georgio Chapman; Homero (velit nolit Invidia) Redivivo. J.M. Tessellam hanc xapur reprov. 4d. ILLE SIMVL MVSAS, ET HOMERVM SCRIPSERIT IPSVM, QVI SCRIBIT NOMEN (MAGNE POETA) TVVM.



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The text here printed is that of The Whole Works of Homer; Prince of Poetts, published in folio without a date in 1616. It has been emended occasionally from the earlier editions.

THE ILIADS OF HOMER

PRINCE OF POETS

NEVER BEFORE IN ANY LANGUAG TRUELY TRANSLATED WITH A COMMENT UPON SOME OF HIS CHIEFE PLACES; DONNE ACCORDING TO THE GREEKE BY GEORGE CHAPMAN BOOKS I TO XII

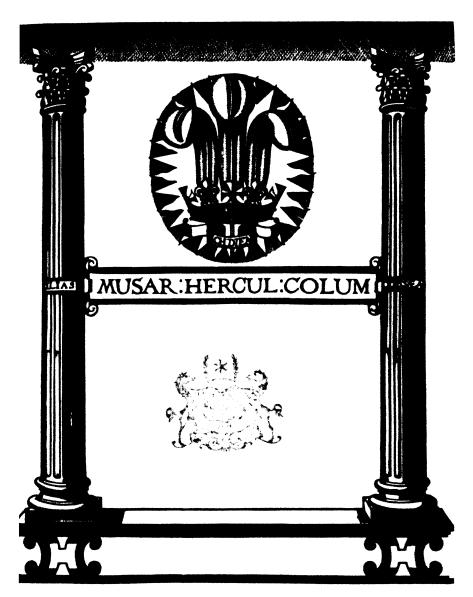
TO THE IMORTALL MEMORIE OF THE INCOMPARABLE HEROE HENRY PRINCE OF WALES

HY TOMB, ARMS, STATUE;
ALL THINGS FITT TO FALL
AT FOOTE OF DEATHE;
AND WORSHIP FUNERALL
Forme hath bestow'd: for Forme, is nought too deare:
Thy solid Virtues yet; eternis'd here;
My bloode, and wasted spirritts have onely founde
Commanded Cost: And broke so riche a grounde,
(Not to interr; But make thee ever springe)
As Arms, Tombs, Statues; everye Earthy Thinge,
Shall fade and vanishe into fume before:
What lasts; thrives lest: yet; welth of soule is poore;
And so tis kept: Not thy thrice sacred will
Sign'd with thy Deathe; moves any to fullfill
Thy Just bequests to me: Thow, dead, then; I
Live deade, for giving thee Eternitie.

AD FAMAM

To all Tymes future, This Tymes Marck extend; Homer, No Patrone founde; Nor Chapman, freind.

> Ignotus nimis omnibus ; Sat notus, moritur sibi.



NE VSQUE.

TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN. HENRIE

THRICE ROYALL INHERITOR TO THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITTAINE, &c.

SINCE PERFECT HAPPINESSE, BY PRINCES SOUGHT, IS NOT WITH BIRTH, BORNE, NOR EXCHEQUERS BOUGHT;

Nor followes in great Traines; nor is possest With any outward State; but makes him blest That governes inward; and beholdeth theare, All his affections stand about him bare: That by his power can send to Towre, and death, All traitrous passions; marshalling beneath His justice, his meere will; and in his minde Holds such a scepter, as can keepe confinde His whole lifes actions in the royall bounds Of Vertue and Religion; and their grounds Takes in, to sow his honours, his delights, And complete empire. You should learne these rights (Great Prince of men) by Princely presidents; Which here, in all kinds, my true zeale presents To furnish your youths groundworke, and first State; And let you see, one Godlike man create All sorts of worthiest men; to be contriv'd In your worth onely; giving him reviv'd, For whose life, Alexander would have given

One of his kingdomes: who (as sent from heaven, And thinking well, that so divine a creature Would never more enrich the race of Nature) Kept as his Crowne his workes; and thought them still His Angels; in all power, to rule his will. And would affirme that Homers poesie Did more advance his Asian victorie. Then all his Armies. O! tis wondrous much (Though nothing prisde) that the right vertuous touch Of a well written soule, to vertue moves. Nor have we soules to purpose, if their loves Of fitting objects be not so inflam'd. How much then, were this kingdomes maine soule maim'd, To want this great inflamer of all powers That move in humane soules? All Realmes but yours, Are honor'd with him; and hold blest that State That have his workes to reade and contemplate. In which, Humanitie to her height is raisde; Which all the world (yet, none enough) hath praisde. Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprise; Out-sung the Muses, and did equalise Their king Apollo; being so farre from cause Of Princes light thoughts, that their gravest lawes May finde stuffe to be fashiond by his lines. Through all the pompe of kingdomes still he shines, And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie Your Lutes, and Viols, and more loftily Make the Heroiques of your Homer sung, To Drums and Trumpets set his Angels tongue: And with the Princely sport of Haukes you use,

Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse:
And see how like the Phœnix she renues
Her age, and starrie feathers in your sunne;
Thousands of yeares attending; everie one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdomes, nations that have bin
Subverted in them; lawes, religions, all
Offerd to Change, and greedie Funerall;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, raigning;
And proves, how firme Truth builds in Poets faining.

A Princes statue, or in Marble carv'd,
Or steele, or gold, and shrin'd (to be preserv'd)
Aloft on Pillars, or Pyramides;
Time into lowest ruines may depresse:
But, drawne with all his vertues in learn'd verse,
Fame shall resound them on Oblivions herse,
Till graves gaspe with her blasts, and dead men rise.
No gold can follow, where true Poesie flies.

Then let not this Divinitie in earth (Deare Prince) be sleighted, as she were the birth Of idle Fancie; since she workes so hie:
Nor let her poore disposer (Learning) lie
Stil bed-rid. Both which, being in men defac't;
In men (with them) is Gods bright image rac't.
For, as the Sunne, and Moone, are figures given Of his refulgent Deitie in Heaven:
So, Learning, and her Lightner, Poesie,
In earth present his fierie Majestie.
Nor are Kings like him, since their Diademes
Thunder, and lighten, and project brave beames;

But since they his cleare vertues emulate;
In Truth and Justice, imaging his State;
In Bountie, and Humanitie since they shine;
Then which, is nothing (like him) more divine:
Not Fire, not Light; the Sunnes admired course;
The Rise, nor Set of Starres; nor all their force
In us, and all this Cope beneath the Skie;
Nor great Existence, term'd his Treasurie.
Since not, for being greatest, he is blest;
But being Just, and in all vertues best.

What sets his Justice, and his Truth, best forth, (Best Prince) then use best; which is Poesies worth. For, as great Princes, well inform'd and deckt With gracious vertue, give more sure effect To her perswasions, pleasures, reall worth, Then all th'inferiour subjects she sets forth; Since there, she shines at full; hath birth, wealth, state, Power, fortune, honor, fit to elevate Her heavenly merits; and so fit they are Since she was made for them, and they for her: So, Truth, with Poesie grac't, is fairer farre, More proper, moving, chaste, and regular, Then when she runnes away with untruss't Prose; Proportion, that doth orderly dispose Her vertuous treasure, and is Queene of Graces: In Poesie, decking her with choicest Phrases, Figures and numbers: when loose Prose puts on Plaine letter-habits; makes her trot, upon Dull carthly businesse (she being meere divine:) Holdsher to homely Cates, and harsh hedge-wine,

That should drinke Poesies Nectar; everie way One made for other, as the Sunne and Day, Princes and vertues. And, as in a spring, The plyant water, mov'd with any thing Let fall into it, puts her motion out In perfect circles, that move round about The gentle fountaine, one another, raising: So Truth, and Poesie worke; so Poesie blazing, All subjects falne in her exhaustlesse fount, Works most exactly; makes a true account Of all things to her high discharges given, Till all be circular, and round as heaven.

As in a flourishing, and ripe fruite Tree,
Nature hath made the barke to save the Bole;
The Bole, the sappe; the sappe, to decke the whole
With leaves and branches; they, to beare and shield
The usefull fruite; the fruite it selfe to yeeld
Guard to the kernell, and for that all those
(Since out of that againe, the whole Tree growes:)
So, in our Tree of man, whose nervie Roote
Springs in his top; from thence even to his foote,
There runnes a mutuall aide, through all his parts,
All joyn'd in one to serve his Queene of Arts.
In which, doth Poesie, like the kernell lie
Obscur'd; though her Promethean facultie
Can create men, and make even death to live;

For which she should live honor'd; Kings should give Comfort and helpe to her, that she might still Hold up their spirits in vertue; make the will,

And lastly, great Prince, marke and pardon me;

The Souls

That governes in them, to the power conform'd;
The power to justice; that the scandals, storm'd
Against the poore Dame, clear'd by your faire Grace,
Your Grace may shine the clearer. Her low place,
Not shewing her, the highest leaves obscure.
Who raise her, raise themselves: and he sits sure,
Whom her wing'd hand advanceth; since on it
Eternitie doth (crowning Vertue) sit.
All whose poore seed, like violets in their beds,
Now grow with bosome-hung, and hidden heads.
For whom I must speake (though their Fate convinces
Me, worst of Poets) to you, best of Princes.

By the most humble and faithfull implorer for all the graces to your highnesse eternised by your divine Homer.

GEO. CHAPMAN.

AN ANAGRAM OF THE NAME OF OUR DRAD PRINCE, MY MOST GRACIOUS AND SACRED MŒCÆNAS; HENRYE PRINCE OF VVALES OVR SVNN, HEYR, PEACE, LIFE

PETO US as thy great Name doth import,
(Prince of the people;) nor suppose it vaine,
That in this secret, and prophetique sort,
Thy Name and Noblest Title doth containe
So much right to us; and as great a good.
Nature doth nothing vainly; much lesse Art
Perfecting Nature. No spirit in our blood,
But in our soules discourses beares a part.
What Nature gives at randon in the one,
In th'other, ordered, our divine part serves.
Thou art not Heyr then, to our state alone;
But Sunn Peace, Life. And what thy powre deserves
Of us, and our good, in thy utmost strife;
Shall make thee to thy selfe, Heyr, Sunn, Peace, Life.

TO THE SACRED FOUTAIN OF PRINCES; SOLE EMPRESSE OF BEAUTIE AND VERTUE; ANNE, QUEENE OF ENGLAND, &c.

Your Royall issue; we must gratulate yow
Imperiall Soveraigne. Who of you is borne,
Is you; One Tree, make both the Bole, and Bow.
If it he honour then to joyne you both
To such a powerfull worke, as shall defend
Both from foule Death, and Ages ougly Moth;
This is an Honor, that shall never end.
They know not vertue then, that know not what
The vertue of defending vertue is:
It comprehends the guard of all your State,
And joynes your Greatnesse to as great a Blisse.
Shield vertue, and advance her then, Great Queene;
And make this Booke your Glasse, to make it seene.

Your Majesties in all subjection most humbly consecrate, GEO. CHAPMAN.

TO THE READER

Les T with feule hands you touch these holy Rites;
And with prejudicacies too prophane,
Passe Homer, in your other Poets sleights;
Wash here. In this Porch to his numerous Phane,
Heare ancient Oracles speake, and tell you whom
You have to censure. First then Silius heare,
Who thrice was Consull in renowned Rome;
Whose verse (saith Martiall) nothing shall out-weare.

SILIUS ITALICUS. Lib. 13.

HE, in Elysium, having cast his eye
Upon the figure of a Youth, whose haire With purple Ribands braided curiously, Hung on his shoulders wondrous bright and faire; Said, Virgine, What is he whose heavenly face Shines past all others, as the Morne the Night; Whom many marvelling soules, from place to place, Pursue, and haunt, with sounds of such delight? Whose countenance (wer't not in the Stygian shade) Would make me, questionlesse, beleeve he were A verie God. The learned Virgine made This answer: If thou shouldst beleeve it here. Thou shouldst not erre: he well deserv'd to be Esteem'd a God; nor held his so-much breast A little presence of the Deitie: His verse comprisde earth, seas, starres, soules at rest: In song, the Muses he did equalise; In honor, *Pharbia*: he was onely soule; Saw all things spher'd in Nature, without eyes. And raisde your Troy up to the starrie Pole. Glad Scipic, viewing well this Prince of Ghosts, Said, Oif Fates would give this Poet leave, To sing the acts done by the Romane Hoasts; How much beyond, would future times receive The same facts, made by any other knowne? Oblest Facides! to have the grace That out of such a mouth, thou shouldst be showne To wondring Nations, as enricht the race Of all times future, with what he did know:

Thy vertue, with his verse, shall ever grow.

Now beare an Angell sing our Poets Fame; Whom Fate for his divine song, gave that name.

ANGELUS POLITIANUS, In Nutricia.

ORE living, then in old Demodocus,
Fame glories to waxe yong in Homers verse.
And as when bright Hyperion holds to us
His golden Torch; we see the starres disperse,
And every way flie heaven; the pallid Moone
Even almost vanishing before his sight:
So with the dazling beames of Homers Sunne,
All other ancient Poets lose their light.
Whom when Apelle heard, out of his starre,
Singing the godlike Acts of honor'd men;
And equalling the actuall rage of warre,
With onely the divine straines of his pen;
He stood amaz'd, and freely did confesse
Himselfe was equall'd in Mæonides.

Next, heare the grave and learned Plinie use His censure of our sacred Poets Muse.

PLIN. NAT. HIST. Lib. 7. Cap. 29. Turnd into verse; that no Prose may come neare Homer.

WHOM shall we choose the glorie of all wits, Held through so many sorts of discipline,

And such varietie of workes, and spirits;

But Grecian Homer? like whom none did shine,

For forme of worke and matter. And because

Our proud doome of him may stand justifide By noblest judgements; and receive applause

In spite of envie, and illiterate pride;

Great Macedon, amongst his matchlesse spoiles, Tooke from rich Persia (on his Fortunes cast)

A Casket finding (full of precious oyles)

Form'd all of gold, with wealthy stones enchac't:

He tooke the oyles out; and his nearest friends Askt, in what better guard it might be usde?

All giving their conceipts, to severall ends;

He answerd; His affections rather chusde

An use quite opposite to all their kinds:

And Homers bookes should with that guard be serv'd;

That the most precious worke of all mens minds,

In the most precious place, might be preserv'd.

The Fount of wit was Homer; Learnings Syre, And gave Antiquitie, her living fire.

Idem. lib. 17.

Idem. lib, 25. cap. 3.

TO THE READER

7OLUMES of like praise, I could heape on this, Of men more ancient, and more learn'd then these: But since true Vertue, enough lovely is With her owne beauties; all the suffrages Of others I omit: and would more faine That Homer, for himselfe, should be beloy'd Who everie sort of love-worth did containe. Which how I have in my conversion prov'd. I must confesse, I hardly dare referre To reading judgements; since, so generally, Custome hath made even th'ablest Agents erre In these translations; all so much apply Their paines and cunnings, word for word to render Their patient Authors; when they may as well, Makefishwithfowle, Camels with Whales engender; Or their tongues speech, in other mouths compell. For, even as different a production Aske Greeke and English; since as they in sounds, And letters, shunne one forme, and unison; So have their sense, and elegancie bounds In their distinguisht natures, and require Onely a judgement to make both consent, In sense and elocution; and aspire As well to reach the spirit that was spent In his example; as with arte to pierce His Grammar, and etymologie of words. But, as great Clerkes, can write no English verse; Because (alas! great Clerks) English affords (Say they) no height, nor copie; a rude toung,

(Since tis their Native): but in Greeke or Latine

Of Translation, and the naturall difference of Dialects, necessarily to be observed in it.

Ironics.

Their writs are rare; for thence true Poesie sprong:

Though them (Truth knowes) they have but skil to chat-in,

Compar'd with that they might say in their owne;

Since thither th'others full soule cannot make

The ample transmigration to be showne

In Nature-loving Poesie: So the brake

That those Translators sticke in, that affect

Their word-for-word traductions (where they lose

The free grace of their naturall Dialect

And shame their Authors, with a forced Glose)

I laugh to see; and yet as much abhorre

More licence from the words, then may expresse

Their full compression, and make cleare the Author.

From whose truth, if you thinke my feet digresse,

Because I use needfull Periphrases;

Reade Valla, Hessus, that in Latine Prose,

And Verse convert him; reade the Messines,

That into Tuscan turns him; and the Glose

Grave Salel makes in French, as he translates:

Which (for th'aforesaide reasons) all must doo;

And see that my conversion much abates

The licence they take, and more showes him too:

Whose right, not all those great learn'd men have done (In some maine parts) that were his Commentars:

But (as the illustration of the Sunne

Should be attempted by the erring starres)

They fail'd to search his deepe, and treasurous hart.

The cause was, since they wanted the fit key

Of Nature, in their down-right strength of Art; With Poesie, to open Poesie.

d

The necessarie nearenesse of translation to the example

The power of nature, above Art in Peesie.

Which in my Poeme of the mysteries Reveal'd in Homer, I will clearely prove. Till whose neere birth, suspend your Calumnies, And farre-wide imputations of selfe love. Tis further from me, then the worst that reades; Professing me the worst of all that wright: Yet what, in following one, that bravely leades, The worst may show, let this proofe hold the light. But grant it cleere: yet hath detraction got My blinde side, in the forme, my verse puts on; Much like a dung-hill Mastife, that dares not Assault the man he barkes at; but the stone He throwes at him, takes in his eager jawes, And spoyles his teeth because they cannot spoyle. The long verse hath by proofe receiv'd applause Beyond each other number: and the foile, That squint-ey'd Envie takes, is censur'd plaine. For, this long Poeme askes this length of verse, Which I my selfe ingenuously maintaine Too long, our shorter Authors to reherse. And, for our tongue, that still is so empayr'd

Our English language, aboue all others, for Rhythmicall Poesse And, for our tongue, that still is so empayr'd
By travailing linguists; I can prove it cleare,
That no tongue hath the Muses utterance heyr'd
For verse, and that sweet Musique to the eare
Strooke out of rime, so naturally as this;
Our Monosyllables, so kindly fall
And meete, opposde in rime, as they did kisse:
French and Italian, most immetricall;
Their many syllables, in harsh Collision,
Fall as they brake their necks; their bastard Rimes

Saluting as they justl'd in transition,

And set our teeth on edge; nor tunes, nor times

Kept in their falles. And me thinkes, their long words Shew in short verse, as in a narrow place,

Two opposites should meet, with two-hand swords Unweildily, without or use or grace.

Thus having rid the rubs, and strow'd these flowers In our thrice sacred Homers English way;

What rests to make him, yet more worthy yours? To cite more prayse of him, were meere delay

To your glad searches, for what those men found, That gave his praise, past all, so high a place:

Whose vertues were so many, and so cround,

By all consents, Divine; that not to grace, Or adde increase to them, the world doth need Another *Homer*; but even to rehearse

And number them: they did so much exceed;

Men thought him not a man; but that his verse Some meere celestiall nature did adorne.

And all may well conclude, it could not be,

That for the place where any man was borne, So long, and mortally, could disagree

So many Nations, as for Homer striv'd,

Unlesse his spurre in them, had bene divine.

Then end their strife, and love him (thus reviv'd)
As borne in England: see him over-shine

All other-Countrie Poets; and trust this,

That whose-soever Muse dares use her wing

When his Muse flies, she will be truss't by his; And show as if a Bernacle should spring Beneath an Eagle. In none since was seene A soule so full of heaven as earth's in him.

O! if our moderne Poesie had beene As lovely as the Ladie he did lymne,

What barbarous worldling, groveling after gaine, Could use her lovely parts, with such rude hate,

As now she suffers under every swaine?

Since then tis nought but her abuse, and Fate,

That thus empaires her; what is this to her

As she is reall? or in naturall right?

But since in true Religion men should erre
As much as Poesie, should th'abuse excite

The like contempt of her Divinitie;

And that her truth, and right saint sacred Merites,

In most lives, breed but reverence formally;

What wonder is't if Poesie inherits

Much lesse observance; being but Agent for her,

And singer of her lawes, that others say?

Forth then we Mowles, sonnes of the earth abhor

Forth then ye Mowles, sonnes of the earth abhorre her; Keepe still on in the durty vulgar way,

Till durt receive your soules, to which ye vow;

And with your poison'd spirits bewitch our thrifts.

Ye cannot so despise us as we you.

Not one of you, above his Mowlehill lifts

His earthy Minde; but, as a sort of beasts,

Kept by their Guardians, never care to heare

Their manly voices; but when, in their fists,

They breathe wild whistles; and the beasts rude eare

Heares their Curres barking; then by heapes they flie,

Headlong together: So men, beastly given,

The manly soules voice (sacred Poesie,

Whose Hymnes the Angels ever sing in heaven)

Contemne, and heare not: but when brutish noises

(For Gaine, Lust, Honour, in litigious Prose)

Are bellow'd-out, and cracke the barbarous voices Of Turkish Stentors; O! ye leane to those,

Like itching Horse, to blockes, or high May-poles;

And breake nought but the wind of wealth, wealth, All

In all your Documents; your Asinine soules

(Proud of their burthens) feele not how they gall.

But as an Asse, that in a field of weeds

Affects a thistle, and falles fiercely to it;

That pricks, and gals him; yet he feeds, and bleeds;

Forbeares a while, and licks; but cannot woo it

To leave the sharpnes; when (to wreake his smart)

He beates it with his foote; then backward kickes,

Because the Thistle gald his forward part;

Nor leaves till all be eate, for all the prickes;

Then falles to others with as hote a strife;

And in that honourable warre doth waste

The tall heate of his stomacke, and his life:

So, in this world of weeds, you worldlings taste

Your most-lov'd dainties; with such warre, buy peace;

Hunger for torment; vertue kicke for vice;

Cares, for your states, do with your states increase:

And though ye dreame ye feast in Paradise,

Yet Reasons Day-light, shewes ye at your meate Asses at Thistles, bleeding as ye eate.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER

All bookes of humane wisedome. Fall bookes extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best. No one hefore his (Josephus affirmes,) nor before him (saith Velleius Paterculus) was there any whom he imitated: nor after him, any that could imitate him. And that Poesie may be no cause of actraction from al the eminence we give him; Spondanus (preferring it to all Arts and sciences) unanswerably argues and proves. For to the glory of God, and the singing of his glories, (no man dares deny) man was chiefly made. And what art performes this chiefe end of man, with so much excitation, and expression as Poesie? Moses, David, Salomon, Job, Esay, Jeremy, &c. chiefly using that to the end abovesaid. And since the excellence of it cannot be obtained by the labor & art of man (as all easily confesse it,) it must needs be acknowledged, a divine infusion. To prove which in a word, this distich, (in my estimation) serves something nearely:

Great Poesie, blind *Homer*, makes all see Thee capable of all Arts, none of thee.

For out of him (according to our most grave and judicial Plutarch) are all Arts deduced, confirmed, or illustrated. It is not therfore the worlds vilifying of it, that can make it vile: for so we might argue, & blaspheme the most incomparably sacred. It is not of the world indeed: but (like Truth) hides it selfe from it. Nor is there any such reality of wisdomes truth in all humane excellence, as in Poets fictions. That most vulgar and foolish receipt of Poeticall licence, being of all knowing men to be exploded; (accepting it, as if Poets had a tale-telling priviledge above others,) no Artist being so strictly, and inextricably confined to all the lawes of learning, wisedome, and truth, as a Poet. For were not his fictions composed of the sinewes and soules of all those; how could they defie fire, iron; and be combined with eternitie? To all sciences there-

fore, I must still (with our learned and ingenious Spondanus) preferre it; as having a perpetuall commerce with the divine Majesty; embracing and illustrating al his most holy precepts; & enjoying continuall discourse with his thrice perfect, & most comfortable spirit. And as the contemplative life is most worthily & divinely preferred by Plato, to the active; as much as the head to the foote; the eye to the hand; reason to sence; the soule to the bodie: the end it selfe, to all things directed to the end: quiet to motion; and Eternitie to Time; so much preferre I divine Poesie to all worldly wisedome. To the onely shadow of whose worth yet, I entitle not the bold rimes of everie Apish and impudent Braggart, (though he dares assume any thing) such I turne over to the weaving of Cobwebs; and shall but chatter on molebils (farre under the bill of the Muses) when their fortunat'st selflove and ambition bath advanced them highest. Poesie is the flower of the Sunne, & disdains to open to the eye of a candle. So kings hide their treasures, & counsels from the vulgar; ne evilescant (saith our Spond.) we have example sacred enough; that true Poesies bumility, poverty & contempt, are badges of divinity; not vanity. Bray then, and barke against it ye Wolf-fac't worldlings; that nothing but bonours, riches, and magistracie, nescio quos, turgide spiratis (that I may use the words of our friend still, (Qui solas leges Justinianas crepatis; paragraphum unumautalterum, pluris quam vos ipsos facitis, &c. I (formy part) shall ever esteeme it much more manly and sacred, in this barmelesse and pious studie, to sit till I sinke into my grave, then shine in your vainglorious bubbles, and impicties; al your poore policies, wisedomes, and their trappings, at no more valuing then a musty Nut. And much lesse I wey the frontlesse detractions of some stupide ignorants; that no more knowing me, then their owne beastly ends; and I, ever (to my knowledge) blest from their sight; whisper behind me vilifyings of my translation: out of the French a ffirming them; when both in French, and all other languages but his owne, our withall-skill enriched Poet. is so poore and unpleasing, that no man can discerne from whence flowed his so generally given eminence, and admiration. And therfore (by any reasonable

creatures conference, of my sleight comment, and conversion) it will easily appeare bow I shunne them: and whether the originall be my rule or not. In which, be shall easily see, I understand the understandings of all other interpreters, and commenters in places of his most depth, importance, and rapture. In whose exposition and illustration, if I abborre from the sence that others wrest, and racke out of him; let my best detractor examine bow the Greeke word warrants me. For my other fresh fry, let them fry in their foolish gals; nothing so much weighed as the barkings of puppies, or foisting hounds; too vile to thinke of our sacred Homer, or set their prophane feete within their lives lengths of his thresbolds. If I faile in something, let my full performance in other some restore me; baste spurring me on with other necessities. For as at my conclusion I protest, so here at my entrance, lesse then fifteene weeks was the time, in which all the last twelve books were entirely new translated. No conference had with any one living in al the novelties I presume I have found. Only some one or two places I have shewed to my worthy and most learned friend, M. Harriots, for his censure bow much mine owne weighed; whose judgement & knowledge in all kinds, I know to be incomparable, and bottomlesse: yea, to be admired as much, as his most blameles life, and the right sacred expence of his time, is to be honoured and reverenced. Which a ffirmation of his cleare unmatchednesse in allmanner of learning; I make in contempt of that nasticobjection often thrust upon me; that he that will judge, must know more then he of whom he judgeth; for so a man should know neither God nor himself. Another right learned, bonest, and entirely loved friend of mine, M. Robert Hews, I must needs put into my confest conference touching Homer, though very little more then that I had with M. Harriots. Which two, I protest, are all, and preferred to all. Nor charge I their authorities with any allowance of my generall labour; but onely of those one or two places, which for instances of my innovation, and bow it shewed to them, I imparted. If any taxe me for too much periphrasis or circumlocution in some places, let them reade Laurentius Valla, and Eobanus Hessus, who either use such shortnesse as cometh nothing home to Homer; or where they shun that fault, are ten parts more paraphrastical then I. As for example; one place I will trouble you (if you please) to conferre with the originall, and one interpreter for all. It is in the end of the third booke; and is Hellens speech to Venus, fetching her to Paris, from seeing his cowardly combat with Menelaus: part of which speech I will here cite:

Οῦνεκα Δή νῦν Δῖον ᾿ΑλέξανΔρον Μενέλαος Νικήσας, &c.

For avoiding the common readers trouble here, I must referre the more Greekish to the rest of the speech in Homer, whose translation ad verbum by Spondanus, I will here cite; and then pray you to conferre it with that which followeth of Valla.

Quoniam vero nunc Alexandrum, Menelaus
Postquam vicit; vult odiosam me domum abducere;
Propterea vero nunc dolum (ceu dolos) cogitans advenisti?
Sede apud ipsum vadens, deorum abnega vias,
Neque unquam tuis pedibus revertaris in cœlum,
Sed semper circa eum ærumnas perfer, & ipsum serva
Donec te vel uxorem faciat, vel hic servam, &c.

Valla thus:

Quoniam victo Paride, Menelaus, me miseram, est reportaturus ad lares, ideo tu, ideo falsa sub imagine venisti, ut me deciperes ob tuam nimiam in Paridem benevolentiam: eo dum illi ades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagis, dum illum observas atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti, nec ad eos reversura es amplius; adeo (quantum suspicor) aut uxor eius efficieris, aut ancilla, &c.

Wherein note if there be any such thing as most of this in Homer, yet only to

expresse(as be thinkes) Homers conceipt, for the more pleasure of the reader, be useth this overplus dum illiades, dum illi studes, dum pro illo satagis, dum illum observas, atque custodis, deorum commercium reliquisti. Which (besides his superfluitie) is utterly false. For where he saith, reliquisti deorum commercium, Hellen saith, OEDV 2' anderne κελεύθους, deorum autem abnega, or abnue vias, απειπείν (vel αποειπεῖν, as it is used poetically) signifying denegate, or abnuere; & Hellen (in contempt of her too much observing men) hids her renounce heaven, and come live with Paris till he make her his wife or servant; scoptically or scornefully speaking it: which both Valla, Eobanus, and all other interpreters (but these ad verbum) have utterly mist. And this one example I thought necessarie to insert here, to shew my detractors that they have no reason to vilifie my circumlocution sometimes, when their most approved Grecians, Homers interpreters, generally hold him fit to be so converted. Yet how much I differ, and with what authoritie, let my impartiall, and judiciall reader judge. Alwates conceiving how pedanticall and absurd an affectation it is, in the interpretation of any Author (much more of Homer) to turn him word for word; when (according to Horace and other best lawgivers to translators) it is the part of every knowing and judiciall interpreter, not to follow the number and order of words, but the materiall things themselves, and sentences to weigh diligently; and to clothe and adorne them with words, and such a stile and forme of Oration, as are most apt for the language into which they are converted. If I have not turned him in any place falsly (as all other his interpreters have in many, and most of his chiefe places;) if I have not left behind me any of his sentence, elegancie, height, intention, and invention: if in some few places (especially in my first edition, being done so long since, & following the common tract) I be somthing paraphrasticall and faulty; is it justice in that poore fault (if they will needs have it so) to drowne all the rest of my labour? But there is acertaine envious Windfucker, that hovers up and downe, laboriously engrossing al the aire with his luxurious ambition; and buzzing into every eare my

detraction; affirming I turne Homer out of the Latine onely, &c. that sets all bis associates, and the whole rabble of my maligners on their wings with him, to beare about my empaire, and poyson my reputation. One that, as be thinkes, whatsoever he gives to others, he takes from himselfe; so whatsoever he takes from others, he addes to himselfe. One that in this kinde of robberie, doth like Mercurie, that stole good, and supplied it with counterfeit bad still. One like the two gluttons, Phyloxenus and Griatho, that would still emptie their noses in the dishes they loved, that no man might eate but themselves. For so this Castrill, with too hote a liver, and lust after his owne glorie, and to devoure all himselfe, discourageth all appetites to the fame of another. I have striken, single him as you can. Nor note I this, to cast any rubbes, or plashes out of the particular way of mine owne estimation with the world; for I resolve this with the wilfully obscure:

Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero.

Without mens honors I will live, and make No number, in the manlesse course they take.

But to discourage (sf it might be) the generall detraction of industrious, and well-meaning vertue. I know I cannot too much diminish, and deject my selfe; yet that passing little that I am, God onely knowes; to whoseever-implored respect, and comfort, I onely submit me. If any further edition of these my sillie endevors shall chance, I will mend what is amisse (God assisting me) and amplifie my harsh Comment to Homers farre more right, and mine owne earnest, and ingenious love of him. Notwithstanding, I know, the curious, and envious, will never sit downe satisfied. A man may go over and over, till be come over and over; and his paines be onely his recompence: every man is so loded with his particular head; and nothing in all respects perfect, but what is perceived by few. Homer himselfe hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poore-selfe, put up without motion. And so little I will respect malignitie; & so much encourage my selfe with mine owne

knowne strength, and what I finde within me, of comfort, and confirmance; (examining my selfe throughout, with a farre more jealous and severe eye, then my greatest enemie; imitating this:

Judex ipse sui totum se explorat ad unguem, &c.)

That after these Iliads, I will (God lending me life and any meanest meanes) with more labour then I have lost here, and all uncheckt alacritie, dive through his Odysses. Nor can I forget here (but with all heartie gratitude remember) my most ancient, learned, and right noble friend M. Richard Stapilton, first most desertfull mover in the frame of our Horner. For which (and much other most ingenious and utterly undeserved desert) God make me amply his requiter; and he his honorable families speedy and full restorer. In the meane space, I intreate my impartiall, and judiciall Reader; that all things to the quicke he will not pare; but humanely and nobly pardon defects; and if he find any thing perfect, receive it unenvied.

Of Homer.

F his countrey, and time, the difference is so infinite amongst all writers, that there is no question (in my conjecture) of his antiquitie beyond all. To which opinion, the nearest I will cite; Adam Cedrenus placeth him under Davids & Solomons rule; and the destruction of Troy under Sauls. And of one age with Solomon, Michael Glycas Siculus affirmeth him. Aristotle (in tertio de Poetica) affirmes he was borne in the lle of Io, begot of a Genius, one of them that used to dance with the Muses, and a virgine of that Ile, comprest by that Genius, who being quicke with child (for shame of the deed) came into a place called Ægina, and there was taken of theeves, and brought to Smyrna, to Moeon king of the Lydians, who for her beautie married her. After which, she walking neare the flood Meletes; on that shore being overtaken with the throwes of her deliverie, she brought foorth

Homer, and instantly died. The infant was received by Moeon, & brought up as bis owne till his death; which was not long after. And according to this, when the Lydians in Smyrna, were afflicted by the Æolians, and thought fit to leave the citie, the Captaines by a Herald willing all to go out that would, and follow them; Homer (being a little child) said he would also ounperv (that is, sequi.) And of that, (for Melesigenes, which was his first name) he was called Homer. These Plutarch.

The varieties of other reports touching this, I omit for length: and in place thereof, thinke it not unfit to insert something of his praise, & honour amongst the greatest of all Ages; not that our most absolute of himselfe, needs it; but that such autenticall testimonies of his splendor and excellence, may the better convince the malice of his maligners.

First, what kind of person Homer was, (saith Spondanus) his statue teacheth; which Codronus describeth. The whole place we will describe, that our relation may hold the better coherence; as Nylander converts it. Then was the Octagonon at Constantinople consumed with fire; and the Bath of Severus, that bore the name of Zeuxippus: in which there was much varietie of spectacle, & splendor of Arts; the workes of all Ages being conferred, and preserved there, of Marble, Rockes, Stones, and Images of Brasse; to which, this onely wanted; that the soules of the persons they presented, were not in them. Amongst these master peeces, and all-wit-exceeding workmanships, stood Horner, as he was in his age; thoughtfull, and musing: his hands folded beneath his bosome; his beard untrimmed, and hanging downe; the haire of his head in like sort thinne on both sides before; his face with age and cares of the world (as these imagine) wrinkled and austere; his nose proportioned to his other parts; his eyes fixt or turned up to his eye browes, like one blind (as it is reported be was) not born blind (saith Vell. Paterculus) which he that imagins (saith he) is blind of all senses. Upon his under coate he was attired with aloose robe; and at the base beneath bis feet, a brazen chaine hung. This was the statue of Homer, which in that conflagration perished. Another renowned

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

THE ARGUMENT.

APOLLOS Priest to th' Argive fleete doth bring Gifts for his daughter, prisoner to the King; For which, ber tenderd freedome, be intreats. But, being dismist, with contumelious threats, At Phoebus bands, by vengefull prayer be seekes, To bave a plague inflicted on the Greekes. Which had, Achilles doth a Councell cite, Emboldning Chalchas, in the Kings despite, To tell the truth, why they were punisht so. From bence their fierce and deadly strife did grow. For wrong in which, Æacides so raves, That Goddesse Thetis, from ber throne of waves, (Ascending beaven) of Jove assistance wonne, To plague the Greekes, by absence of her Sonne: And make the Generall himselfe repent, To wrong so much his Armies Ornament. This, found by Juno, she with Jove contends, Till Vulcan, with beavens cup, the quarell ends.

Excider, sirname of Arbilles bring the grand child of Excus

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Alpha, the prayer of Chryses, sings: The Armies plague: the strife of Kings.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



CHILLES BANEFULL WRATH RESOUND,
O GODDESSE, THAT IMPOSD,
INFINITE SORROWES ON THE GREEKES;
AND MANY BRAVE SOULES LOSD

His proposition

From breasts Heroique: sent them farre, to that a invisible cave
That no light comforts: & their lims, to dogs & vultures gave.
To ball which, Joves will gave effect; from whom, first strife begunne,
Betwixt Atrides, king of men; and Thetis godlike Sonne.

What God gave Eris their command, and op't that fighting veine? loves, and Latonas Sonne; who fir'd, against the king of men, For contumelie, showne his Priest; infectious sicknesse sent, To plague the armie; and to death, by troopes, the souldiers went. Occasiond thus; Chryses the Priest, came to the fleete, to buy For presents of unvalued price, his daughters libertie. The golden scepter, and the crowne, of Phabus, in his hands Proposing; and made suite to all, but most to the Commands Of both th' Atrides, who most rulde. Great Atreus sonnes (said he) And all ye wel-greev'd Greekes; the Gods whose habitations be In heavenly houses, grace your powers, with Priams razed towne, And grant ye happy conduct home: to winne which wisht renowne Of Jove, by honouring his sonne (farre-shooting Phabus) daine For these fit presents to dissolve, the ransomeable chain Of my lov'd daughters servitude. The Greekes entirely gave Glad acclamations, for signe, that their desires would have The grave Priest reverenc'd, and his gifts, of so much price embrac'd. The Generall yet, bore no such mind, but viciously disgrac'd, With violent termes, the Priest, and said: Doterd, avoid our fleete. Where lingring be not found by me, nor thy returning feete Let ever visite us againe, lest nor thy Godheads crowne, Nor scepter save thee. Her thou seekst, I still will hold mine owne, Till age defloure her. In our court, at Argos (farre transferd From her lov'd countrie) she shall plie, her web, and see * prepard (With all fit ornaments) my bed. Incense me then no more, But, (if thou wilt be safe) be gone. This said, the sea-beate shore, (Obeying his high will) the Priest, trod off with haste, and feare.

Atrides sirname of Agamemnon; being son to Atreus. Eris the Goddes of contention. Narration

Agamemnon G Menelaus: called the Atrides being brothers, G both sonnes to Atreus.

Chryses, the Priest of Apollo, to the Airides, and other Greeks.

Agameminists continued to continued to continued to continue to co

See my bed made, it may be englishe: the word is dorriduous which signi-

4 THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

fies contra stantem; as standing of one side, opposite to another on the other side which yet others translate capeasentem, & ador-

which, since it showes best to a reader, I follow. The prayer of Chrysts to ApolAnd walking silent, till he left, farre off his enemies eare; Phabus (faire-haird Latonas sonne) he stird up, with a vow,

To this sterne purpose: Heare, thou God, that bear'st the silver bow, That Chrysa guard'st, rulest Tenedos, with strong hand, and the eround

Of Cilla most divine dost walke: O Smintheus, if crownd With thankfull offerings thy rich Phane, I ever saw, or fir'd Fat thighs of oxen, and of goates, to thee: this grace desir'd

Vouchsafe to me: paines for my teares, let these rude Greekes repay, Forc'd with thy arrowes. Thus he praid, and *Phabus* heard him pray;

And vext at heart, downe from the tops, of steepe heaven stoopt; his bow And quiver coverd round; his hands, did on his shoulders throw;

And, of the angrie deitie, the arrowes as he mov'd

Ratl'd about him. Like the night, he rang'd the host, and rov'd (Apart the fleete set:) terribly, with his hard-loosing hand

His silver bow twang'd, and his shafts, did first, the Mules command, And swift hounds: then the Greekes themselves, his deadly arrowes shot.

Apolle sends the plague among the Greekes.

The fires of death went never out, nine daies his shafts flew hot

About the armie, and the tenth, Achilles cald a court

• Јинс

Ofall the Greeks: heavens * white-arm'd Queene, (who every where cut she

Beholding her lov'd Greeks by death) suggested it: and he (All met in one) arose, and said: Atrides, Now I see

Arbilles to Agamemnon.

We must be wandering againe, flight must be still our stay, (If flight can save us now) at once, sicknesse and battell lay Such strong hand on us. Let us aske, some Prophet, Priest, or prove Some dreame interpreter (for dreames, are often sent from Jove) Why Phabus is so much incenst? If unperformed vowes He blames in us; or Hecatombs; and if these knees he bowes To death, may yeeld his graves no more; but offering all supply Of savours, burnt from lambes, and goates; avert his fervent eye, And turne his temperate. Thus he sate; and then stood up to them Chalcas, sirnam'd Thestorides, of Augures, the supreme:

Calches the Prophet.

He knew things present, past, to come; and rulde the Equinpage, Of th' Argive fleete to Ilion, for his Prophetique rage

Calchas to Achilles

Given by Apollo: who well seene, in th'ill they felt, proposd
This to Achilles: Joves belov'd? would thy charge see disclosd,
The secret of Apollos wrath? then covenant, and take oth,
To my discoverie; that with words, and powrefull actions both,
Thy strength will guard the truth, in me; because I well conceive
That he whose Empire governs all, whom all the Grecians give,
Confirm'd obedience, will be mov'd; and then you know the state,
Of him that moves him. When a king, hath once markt for his hate,
A man inferior; though that day, his wrath seemes to digest
Th'offence he takes; yet evermore, he rakes up in his brest,
Brands of quicke anger; till revenge, hath quencht to his desire,
The fire reserved. Tell me then, if, whatsoever, ire
Suggests, in hurt of me, to him; thy valour will prevent?

Achilles to Chalchas

Achilles answerd; All thou know'st, speake, and be confident: For by Apollo, Joves belov'd (to whom, performing vowes, O Calchas, for the state of Greece; thy spirit Prophetique showes Skils that direct us) not a man, of all these Grecians here, (I living, and enjoying the light, shot through this flowrie sphere) Shall touch thee, with offensive hands; though Agamemnon be The man in question, that doth boast, the mightiest Emperie, Of all our armie. Then tooke heart, the Prophet unreprov'd, And said: They are not unpaid vowes; nor Hecatombs, that mov'd, The God against us: his offence, is for his Priest, empaird, By Agamemnon; that refusd, the present he preferd, And kept his daughter. This is cause, why heavens farre-darter darts, These plagues amongst us; and this still, will emptie in our hearts His deathfull quiver, uncontaind; till to her loved sire, The blacke-eyd damsell be resign'd; no redemptorie hire, Tooke for her freedome; not a gift; but all the ransome quit; And she convaide, with sacrifice; till her enfranchisd feete, Treade Chrysa under: then the God (so pleasd) perhaps we may Move to remission. Thus he sate; and up, the great in sway, Heroique Agamemnon rose; eagerly bearing all:

Calchas disco wers to the Greekes the cause of their plague His minds seate overcast with fumes: an anger generall, Fill'dall his faculties; his eyes, sparckl'd like kindling fire; Which, sternly cast upon the Priest, thus vented he, his ire;

Prophet of ill? For never good, came from thee towards me; const, to Calibas. Not to a words worth: evermore, thou tookst delight to be Offensive in thy Auguries; which thou continuest still; Now casting thy prophetique gall, and vouching all our ill (Shot from Apollo,) is imposd; since I refusd the prise Of faire Chryseis libertie; which would in no worth rise, To my rate of her selfe; which moves, my vowes to have her home; Past Clytemnestra loving her; that grac't my nuptiall roome, With her virginitie, and flowre. Nor aske her merits lesse, For person, disposition, wit, and skill in housewiferies. And yet, for all this, she shall go; if more conducible That course be, then her holding here. I rather wish the weale Of my lov'd armie, then the death. Provide yet, instantly, Supplie for her, that I alone, of all our royaltie, Lose not my winnings: tis not fit, ye see all, I lose mine Forc't by another: see as well, some other may resigne,

Addiller to Age- His Prise to me. To this, replied, the swift-foote God-like sonne Of Thetis, thus: King of us all, in all ambition; Most covetouse of all that breath; why should the great-soul'd Greekes Supply thy lost prise, out of theirs? nor what thy avarice seekes, Our common treasurie can find; so little it doth guard Of what our rac'd towns, yeelded us; of all which, most is shar'd, And given our souldiers; which againe, to take into our hands Were ignominious, and base. Now then, since God commands, Part with thy most-lov'd prise to him: not any one of us, Exacts it of thee: yet we all, all losse thou sufferst thus, Will treble; quadruple in gaine, when Jupiter bestowes The sacke of well-wall'd Troy on us; which by his word, he owes.

Agamemnon to Achilles

Do not deceive your selfe with wit, (he answerd) God-like man; Though your good name may colour it; tis not your swift foote can

Out runne me here; nor shall the glosse, set on it, with the God, Perswade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou, maintaine in sure abode Thine owne prise, and sleight me of mine? Resolve this: if our friends (As fits in equitie, my worth) will right me with amends, So rest it; otherwise my selfe, will enter personally On thy prise; that of Ithacus, or Ajax, for supply; Let him, on whom I enter, rage. But come we'le order these, Hereafter, and in other place. Now put to sacred seas Our blacke saile; in it rowers put, in it fit sacrifise; And to these, I will make ascend, my so much envied prise, Bright-cheekt Chryseis. For conduct, of all which, we must chuse A chiefe out of our counsellors; thy service we must use, Idomeneus; Ajax, thine, or thine, wise Ithacus; Or thine, thou terriblest of men, thou sonne of Peleus; Which fittest were, that thou mightst see, these holy acts performd, For which thy cunning zeale so pleades; and he whose bow thus stormd For our offences, may be calmd. Achilles, with a frowne, Arbilles to Aga-Thus answerd: O thou impudent! of no good but thine owne, Ever respectfull; but of that, with all craft, covetous; With what heart can a man attempt, a service dangerous, Or at thy voice be spirited, to flie upon a foe, Thy mind thus wretched? For my selfe, I was not injur'd so, By any Trojan, that my powers, should bid them any blowes; In nothing beare they blame of me. Phthia, whose bosome flowes With come and people, never felt, empaire of her increase, By their invasion: hils enow, and farre-resounding seas, Powreouttheirshades, and deepes, betweene: but thee thou front less eman, We follow, and thy triumphs make, with bonfires of our bane: Thine, and thy brothers vengeance sought (thou dogs eyes) of this Troy By our exposd lives; whose deserts, thou neither dost employ, With honour, nor with care. And now, thou threatst to force from me, The fruite of my sweate, which the Greekes, gave all; and though it be (Compar'd with thy part, then snatcht up) nothing: nor ever is,

At any sackt towne: but of fight, (the fetcher in of this)
My hands have most share: in whose toyles, when I have emptied me
Of all my forces; my amends, in liberalitie
(Though it be little) I accept, and turne pleasd to my tent:
And yet that little, thou esteemst, too great a continent
In thy incontinent avarice. For Phthya therefore now
My course is; since tis better farre, then here endure, that thou
Shouldst still be ravishing my right, draw my whole treasure drie;

Agamemnon to Achilles

And adde dishonor. He replied: If thy heart serve thee, flie: Stay not for my cause; others here, will aid, and honor me; If not, yet low I know, is sure; that counsellor is he That I depend on: as for thee, of all our Jow-kept kings, Thou still art most my enemie: strifes, battels, bloodie things, Make thy blood feasts still. But if strength, that these moods build upon Flow in thy nerves; God gave thee it; and so tis not thine owne, But in his hands still: what then lifts, thy pride in this, so hie? Home with thy fleete, and Myrmidons; use there their Emperie, Command not here: I weigh thee not, nor meane to magnifie Thy rough hewne rages; but in stead, I thus farre threaten thee: Since Phabus needs will force from me, Chryseis; she shall go; My ships, and friends, shall waft her home: but I will imitate so, His pleasure; that mine owne shall take, in person, from thy tent Bright-cheekt Briseis; and so tell, thy strength how eminent My powre is, being compar'd with thine: all other, making feare To vaunt equalitie with me; or in this proud kind beare Their beards against me. Thetis sonne, at this stood vext; his heart Bristled his bosome, and two waies, drew his discursive part; If from his thigh, his sharpe sword drawne, he should make roome about Atrides person, slaughtring him; or sit his anger out And curb his spirit. While these thoughts, striv'd in his bloud and mind And he his sword drew: downe from heaven, Athenia stoopt, and shind

About his temples; being sent, by th'Ivorie-wristed queene Saturnia; who, out of her heart, had ever loving bene,

Achilles angrie with Agamemnon

· Pallas

And carefull for the good of both. She stood behind, and tooke Achilles by the yellow curles; and onely gave her looke To him apparance: not a man, of all the rest could see. He, turning backe his eye; amaze, strooke everie facultie; Yet straight, he knew her, by her eyes; so terrible they were Sparkling with ardor, and thus spake: Thou seed of Jupiter, Why com'st thou? to behold his pride, that bosts our Emperie? Then witnesse, with it, my revenge; and see that insolence die, That lives to wrong me. She replied, I come from heaven to see Thy anger settled: if thy soule, will use her soveraigntie, In fit reflection. I am sent, from Juno, whose affects, Stand heartily inclind to both: Come, give us both respects, And ceasse contention: draw no sword; use words, and such as may Be bitter to his pride, but just; for trust in what I say, A time shall come, when thrice the worth, of that he forceth now. He shall propose for recompence, of these wrongs: therefore throw Reines on thy passions, and serve us. He answerd: Though my heart Burne in just anger; yet my soule, must conquer th'angrie part, And yeeld you conquest. Who subdues, his earthly part for heaven, Heaven to his prayres subdues his wish. This said, her charge was given, Fit honor: in his silver hilt, he held his able hand, And forc't his broad sword up; and up, to heaven did reascend Minerva, who in Joves high roofe, that beares the rough shield, tooke Her place with other deities. She gone, againe forsooke, Patience his passion; and no more, his silence could confine His wrath, that this broad language gave: Thou ever steep't in wine, Dogs-face? with heart, but of a Hart? that nor in th'open eye Of fight, dar'st thrust into a prease; nor with our noblest, lie In secret ambush. These works seeme, too full of death for thee: Tis safer farre, in th'open host, to dare an injurie, To any crosser of thy lust. Thou subject-eating king, Base spirits thou governst; or this wrong, had bene the last fowle thing Thou ever author 'dst: yet I vow, and by a great oath sweare,

Achilles to

Pallas to Achilles

Achilles Palladi, boc est , rationi obsequitur.

Achilles agains in fuerir This simile

Even by this scepter; that as this, never againe shall beare Greene leaves, or branches, nor increase, with any growth, his sise;

Virgil directly Nor did, since first it left the hils, and had his faculties And ornaments bereft, with iron; which now to other end

Judges of Greece beare; and their lawes, receiv'd from Jow, defend; (For which, my oath to thee is great.) So whensoever need Shall burne with thirst of me, thy host, no prayres shall ever breed Affection in me, to their aid; though well deserved woes Afflict thee for them; when to death, man-slaughtring Hector throwes Whole troopes of them; and thou torment'st, thy vext mind with conceit

Of thy rude rage now: and his wrong, that most deserv'd the right

Of all thy armie. Thus he threw, his scepter gainst the ground,

With golden studs stucke; and tooke seate. Atrides breast was drownd

In rising choler. Up to both, sweet-spoken Nestor stood,

The cunning Pylian Orator; whose tongue powrd foorth a flood

Of more-then-hony-sweet discourse: two ages were increast and dopume. Of diverse-languag'd men; all borne, in his time, and deceast In sacred Pylos, where he reignd, amongst the third-ag'd men:

He (well seene in the world) advisd, and thus exprest it then.

Natter to Achilles, and

Nestors age

OGods, our Greeke earth will be drownd, in just teares; rapefull Troy,

Her king, and all his sonnes, will make, as just a mocke, and joy

Of these disjunctions; if of you, that all our host excell,

In counsell, and in skill of fight, they heare this: Come, repell

These yong mens passions: y'are not both, (put both your yeares in one)

So old as I: I liv'd long since, and was companion

With men superior to you both: who yet would ever heare,

etate

My counsels with respect. My eyes, yet never witnesse were,

Nor ever will be, of such men, as then delighted them;

Perithous, Exadius, and god-like Polypheme;

Ceneus, and Dryas, prince of men; Ægean Theseus.

A man, like heavens immortals formd; all, all most vigorous,

Of all men, that even those daies bred; most vigorous men, and fought With beasts most vigorous; mountain beasts, (for men in strength were no

Matcht with their forces) fought with them; and bravely fought them downe; Yet even with these men, I converst, being cald to the renowne Of their societies, by their suites, from Pylos farre, to fight In th' Asian kingdome; and I fought, to a degree of might That helpt even their mights; against such, as no man now would dare, To meete in conflict; yet even these, my counsels still would heare, And with obedience, crowne my words. Give you such palme to them; Tis better, then to wreath your wraths. Atrides? give not streame To all thy powre, nor force his prise; but yeeld her still his owne, As all men else do. Nor do thou, encounter with thy crowne (Great sonne of Peleus) since no king, that ever Jow allowd Grace of a scepter, equals him. Suppose thy nerves endowd With strength superior, and thy birth, a verie Goddesse gave; Yethe of force, is mightier; since, what his owne nerves have Is amplified, with just command, of many other. King of men Command thou then thy selfe; and I, with my prayres will obtaine, Grace of Achilles, to subdue, his furie; whose parts are Worth our intreatie; being chiefe checke, to all our ill in warre.

All this, good father (said the king) is comely, and good right;
But this man breakes all such bounds; he, affects past all men height.
All would in his powre hold, all make, his subjects, give to all
His hote will for their temperate law: all which he never shall
Perswade at my hands. If the Gods, have given him the great stile
Of ablest souldier; made they that, his licence to revile
Men with vile language? Thetis sonne, prevented him, and said:

Fearefull and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid
By all meanes on me I should beare. Others command to this,
Thou shalt, not me; or if thou dost, farre my free spirit is
From serving thy command. Beside, this I affirme (affoord
Impression of it in thy soule) I will not use my sword
On thee, or any, for a wench: unjustly though thou tak'st
The thing thou gav'st; but all things else, that in my ship thou mak'st
Greedie survey of, do not touch, without my leave; or do

Agamemnon to Nestor

Achilles to Apamemnon Adde that acts wrong to this; that these, may see that outrage too; And then comes my part: then be sure, thy bloud upon my lance, Shall flow in vengeance. These high termes, these two at variance Usd to each other; left their seates, and after them arose

The Grecian councell dissol-

The whole court. To his tents and ships, with friends and souldiers, goes Angrie Achilles. Atreus sonne, the swift ship lancht, and put Within it twentie chosen row'rs: within it likewise shut The Hecatomb, t'appease the God. Then causd to come abord Faire cheekt Chryseis. For the chiefe, he in whom Pallas pourd

Chriseis sent to ber father. Faire cheekt Chryseis. For the chiefe, he in whom Pallas pourd
Her store of counsels, (Ithacus) aboord went last, and then
The moist waies of the sea they saild. And now the king of men
Bad all the hoast to sacrifice. They sacrific'd, and cast
The offall of all to the deepes: the angrie God they grac't
With perfect Hecatombs; some buls, some goates along the shore
Of the unfruitfull sea, inflam'd. To heaven the thicke fumes bore
Enwrapped savours. Thus though all, the politique king made shew
Respects to heaven; yet he himselfe, all that time did pursue
His owne affections. The late jarre, in which he thunderd threats
Against Achilles, still he fed, and his affections heats
Thus vented to Talthybius, and grave Eurybates
Heralds, and ministers of trust, to all his messages.

Agarsemnen to Taltbybius and Eurybates bis Heralds Haste to Achilles tent, where take, Briseis hand, and bring Her beauties to us; if he faile, to yeeld her; say your king Will come himselfe with multitudes, that shall the horribler Make both his presence and your charge, that so he dares deferre.

This said, he sent them with a charge, of hard condition.
They went unwillingly, and trod, the fruitlesse seas shore: soone
They reacht the navie and the tents, in which the quarter lay
Of all the Myrmidons, and found, the chiefe Chiefe in their sway,
Set at his blacke barke in his tent. Nor was Achilles glad
To see their presence; nor themselves, in any glorie, had
Their message; but with reverence stood, and fear'd th' offended king.
Askt not the dame; nor spake a word. He yet, well knowing the thing

There to Achilles

That caused their coming; grac'd them thus: Heralds, ye men that beare Achilles Princely receipt of the The messages of men and Gods; y'are welcome, come ye neare. I nothing blame you, but your king; tis he, I know, doth send You for Briseis; she is his. Patroclus? honourd friend. Bring foorth the damsell; and these men, let leade her, to their Lord. But, Heralds, be you witnesses, before the most ador'd; Before us mortals, and before, your most ungentle king, Of what I suffer: that if warre, ever hereafter bring My aide in question; to avert, any severest bane, It brings on others; I am scusde, to keepe my aide in wane, Since they mine honour. But your king, in tempting mischiefe, raves; Nor sees at once, by present things, the future; how like waves, Ils follow ils; injustices, being never so secure In present times; but after plagues, even then, are seene as sure. Which yet he sees not; and so sooths, his present lust; which checkt, Would checke plagues future; and he might, in succouring right, protect Such as fight for his right at fleete; they still in safetie fight, That fight still justly. This speech usd, Patroclus did the rite His friend commanded; and brought forth, Briseis from her tent; Briseus led to Agamemnen. Gave her the heralds, and away, to th' Achive ships they went: She sad, and scarce for griefe, could go; her love, all friends for sooke, And wept for anger. To the shore, of th'old sea, he betooke Himselfe alone; and casting forth, upon the purple sea, His wet eyes, and his hands to heaven, advancing; this sad plea, Made to his mother: Mother, since, you brought me forth to breath, Arbelles 10 So short a life: Olympius, had good right to bequeath My short life, honor; yet that right, he doth in no degree: But lets *Atrides* do me shame, and force that prise from me That all the Greekes gave: this with teares, he utterd, and she heard; Set with her old sire, in his deepes; and instantly appeard,

Up, from the gray sea, like a cloud: sate by his side, and said; Why weepes my sonne? what grieves thee? speake; conceale not what hath laid Such hard hand on thee: let both know. He (sighing like a storme)

Achilles to The- Replied: Thou dost know; why should I, things knowne; againe informe We marcht to Thebs, the sacred towne, of king Ection, Sackt it, and brought to fleete the spoile, which everie valiant sonne Of Greece, indifferently shar'd. Atrides had for share, Faire-cheekt Chryseis; after which, his priest, that shoots so farre, Chryses, the faire Chryseis sire, arriv'd at th'Achive fleete, With infinite ransome; to redeeme, the deare imprison'd feete, Of his faire daughter. In his hands, he held Apollos crowne, And golden scepter; making suite, to everie Grecian sonne, But most, the sonnes of Atreus, (the others orderers) Yet they least heard him; all the rest, receiv'd with reverend eares, The motion: both the Priest, and gifts, gracing; and holding worth His wisht acceptance. Atreus sonne, yet (vext) commanded forth With rude termes, Phabus reverend Priest: who, angric, made retreat, And prayd to Phabus; in whose grace, he standing passing great, Got his petition. The God, an ill shaft sent abrode, That tumbl'd downe the Greekes in heapes. The host had no abode, That was not visited; we askt, a Prophet that well knew The cause of all; and from his lips, Apollos prophecies flew; Telling his anger. First my selfe, exhorted to appease The angerd God; which Atreus sonne, did at the heart displease. And up he stood, usde threats, performd. The blacke-eyd Greeks sent hor Chryseis to her sire; and gave, his God a Hecatome; Then, for Briseis to my tents, Atrides Heralds came, And tooke her, that the Greekes gave, all. If then thy powres can frame Wreake for thy sonne, affoord it; scale, Olympus, and implore Jove, (if by either word, or fact; thou ever didst restore Joy to his greev'd heart) now to helpe. I oft have heard thee vant In court of Peleus; that alone, thy hand was conversant, In rescue from a cruell spoile, the blacke-clowd-gathering Jove; Nipsune, Juno, and Pallas, con. Whom other Godheads, would have bound. (The powre whose pace do

Neptune, Juno, and Pallas, tomWhom other Godheads, would have bound. (The powre whose pace federates in the binding of Jupiter.

Thou cam'st with rescue; bringing up, him with the hundred hands,

To great Olympus; whom the Gods, call Briareus; men

**Egeon; who, his sire surpast, and was as strong againe;

And in that grace, sat glad, by Jove; th' immortals stood dismaid

At his ascension; and gave, free passage to his aid.

Of all this, tell Jove; kneele to him; embrace his knee, and pray

(If Trois aide he will ever deigne) that now their forces may

Beate home the Greeks to fleete, and sea; embruing their retreat

In slaughter: their pains paying the wreake, of their proud Soveraigns heart:

And that farre-ruling king may know, from his poore souldiers harms,

Her answer she powr'd out in teares: O me, my sonne (said she)
Why brought I up, thy being at all; that brought thee forth to be
Sad subject of so hard a fate? O would to heaven, that since,
Thy fate is little, and not long; thou mightst without offence,
And teares performe it. But to live, thrall to so sterne a fate
As grants thee least life; and that least, so most unfortunate,
Grieves met'have given thee any life. But what thou wishest now
(If Jove will grant) ile up, and aske. Olympus crownd with snow
Ile clime: but sit thou fast at fleete: renounce all warre, and feed
Thy heart with wrath, and hope of wreake: till which come, thou shalt need,

His owne harme fals: his owne, and all, in mine; his best in arms.

A little patience: Jupiter, went yesterday to feast
Amongst the blamelesse Æthiops, in th'Oceans deepned breast;
All Gods attending him: the twelfth, high heaven againe he sees,
And then his brasse-pav'd court Ile skale; cling to his powrefull knees,
And doubt not, but to winne thy wish. Thus made she her remove,
And left wrath tyring on her sonne, for his enforced love.

Ulysses, with the Hecatomb, arriv'd at Chrysas shore:
And when, amids the havens deepe mouth, they came to use the oare.
They straite stroke saile, then rold them up, and on the hatches threw.
The top mast, to the kelsine then, with haleyards downe they drew;
Then brought the ship to Port with oares, then forked anchor cast,
And gainst the violence of stormes, for drifting made her fast.
All come ashore, they all exposd, the holy Hecatomb

The fiction of Briaraus.

Thetis to Achil-

Jupiters feast with the Æthiops:

Navigation to Chrysa. For feare of any: speake, denie, that so I may be sure Of all heavens Goddesses, tis I, that onely must endure

Jove to Thetis.

Dishonor by thee. Jupiter, the great cloud-gatherer, griev'd With thought of what a world of griefes, this suite askt, being atchiev'd; Sweld, sigh'd, and answerd: Works of death, thou urgest; Oat this Juno will storme, and all my powers, inflame with contumelies. Ever she wrangles, charging me, in eare of all the Gods, That I am partiall still; that I, adde the displeasing oddes Of my aide to the Ilians. Be gone then, lest she see: Leave thy request to my care: yet, that trust may hearten thee With thy desires grant, and my powre, to give it act, approve How vaine her strife is: to thy praire, my eminent head shall move, Which is the great signe of my will, with all th'immortall states: Irrevocable; never failes; never without the rates Of all powers else: when my head bowes, all heads bow with it still; As their first mover; and gives powre, to any worke I will. He said; and his blacke-ey-brows bent; above his deathlesse head,

Th'Ambrosian curls flowed; great heaven shooke, and both were severed. Their counsels broken. To the depth, of Neptunes kingdome, div'd, Thetis; from heavens height: Jove arose; and all the Gods receiv'd, (All rising from their thrones) their sire; attending to his court; None sate, when he rose; none delaid, the furnishing his port, Till he came neare: all met with him, and brought him to his throne. Nor sate great Juno ignorant, when she beheld, alone, Old Nereus silver-footed seed, with Jove; that she had brought

Counsels to heaven; and straight her tongue, had teeth in it, that wrought

This sharpe invective: Who was that, (thou craftiest counsellor

Of all the Gods) that so apart, some secret did implore? Ever apart from me, thou lov'st, to counsell and decree,

Things of more close trust then thou thinkst, are fit t'impart to me:

What ever thou determin'st, I, must ever be denied

June to Jupites

The knowledge of it, by thy will. To her speech, thus replied The Father, both of men, and Gods: Have never hope to know,

My whole intentions; though my wife: it fits not, nor would show, Well to thine owne thoughts: but what fits, thy womans eare to heare; Woman, nor man, nor God, shall know, before it grace thine eare. Yet, what apart from men and Gods, I please to know; forbeare T'examine, or enquire of that. She with the cowes faire eyes (Respected Juno) this returnd: Austere king of the skies, Junos repite What hast thou utterd? when did I, before this time, enquire, Or sift thy counsels? passing close, you are still; your desire, Is serv'd with such care, that I feare, you can scarce vouch the deed That makes it publike; being seduc't, by this old sea-Gods seed, That could so early use her knees, embracing thine. I doubt, The late act of thy bowed head, was for the working out, Of some boone she askt; that her sonne, thy partial hand would please With plaguing others. Wretch (said he) thy subtle jelousies, Jove incenst Are still exploring: my designes, can never scape thine eye; Which yet thou never canst prevent. Thy curiositie Makes thee lesse car'd for, at my hands; and horrible the end Shall make thy humor. If it be, what thy suspects intend, What then? tis my free will it should: to which, let way be given, With silence; curbe your tongue in time, lest all the Gods in heaven Too few be, and too weake to helpe, thy punisht insolence, When my inaccessible hands, shall fall on thee. The sence Of this high threatning, made her feare; and silent she sate downe, Humbling her great heart. All the Gods, in court of Jove, did frowne At this offence given: amongst whom, heavens famous Artizan, Ephaistus, in his mothers care, this comely speech began: A name of Beleeveit, these words will breed wounds, beyond our powres to beare, Vultan If thus for mortals ye fall out. Ye make a tumult here That spoiles our banquet. Evermore, worst matters put downe best. But mother, though your selfe be wise, yet let your sonne request

But mother, though your selfe be wise, yet let your sonne request His wisdome audience. Give good termes, to our lov'd father Jove, For feare he take offence againe; and our kind banquet prove A wrathfull battell. If he will, the heavenly lightner can

Take you, and tosse you from your throne; his power Olympian Is so surpassing. Soften then, with gentle speech his splene, And drinke to him; I know his heart, will quickly downe againe.

Vulcan fils and gives the cup to Juno. This said, arising from his throne, in his lov'd mothers hand He put the double handeld cup, and said: Come, do not stand On these crosse humors: suffer, beare, though your great bosome grieve, And lest blowes force you: all my aide, not able to relieve Your hard condition; though these eyes, behold it, and this heart Sorrow to thinke it; tis a taske, too dangerous to take part Against Olympius. I my selfe, the proofe of this still feele; When other Gods would faine have helpt, he tooke me by the heele And hurld me out of heaven: all day, I was in falling downe,

The fall of Vul

And hurld me out of heaven: all day, I was in falling downe,
At length in Lemnos I strooke earth; the likewise falling Sunne,
And I, together set: my life, almost set too; yet there
The Sintii cheard, and tooke me up. This did to laughter cheare
White-wristed Juno; who now tooke, the cup of him and smil'd.

Vulcan skinker to the Gods. The sweete-peace-making-draught went round; and lame *Ephaistus* fild Nectar, to all the other Gods. A laughter never left, Shooke all the blessed deities, to see the lame so deft At that cup service. All that day, even till the Sunne went downe, They banqueted, and had such cheere, as did their wishes crowne. Nor had they musicke lesse divine, *Apollo* there did touch

Apollo touches his harpe at the hanquet, and the Muses sing to it.

His most sweete harpe; to which, with voice, the Muses pleasd as much. But when the Suns faire light was set, each Godhead to his house Addrest for sleepe, where everie one, with art most curious (By heavens great both-foote halting God) a severall roofe had built; Even he to sleepe went, by whose hand, heaven is with lightning guilt. (High Jove) where he had usd to rest, when sweet sleepe seisd his eyes: By him the golden-thron'd Queene slept: the Queene of deities.

COMMENTARIUS

CINCE I dissent from all other Translators, and Interpreters, that ever as-Is aid exposition of this miraculous Poeme, especially where the divine rapture is most exempt from capacitie, in Grammarians meerely, and Grammaticall Criticks, and where the inward sense or soule of the sacred Muse is onely within eye-shot of a Poeticall spirit: inspection; (lest I be prejudiced with opinion, to dissent of ignorance, or singularity) I am bound by this briefe Comment, to shew Iunderstand bow all other extants understand; my reasons why Ireject them; and how I receive my Author. In which labour, if where all others find discords & dissonances, I prove him entirely harmonious and proportionate: if where they often alter, and flie his originall, I at all parts stand fast, & observe it: if where they mixe their most pitiful castigations with his praises, I render him without touch, and beyond admiration: (though truth in her verie nakednesse sits in so deepe a pit, that from Gades to Aurora, and Ganges, few eyes can sound her:) I hope yet, those few here, will so discover and confirme her, that the date being out of her darkenesse in this morning of our Homer; he shall now gird his Temples with the Sunne, and be confest (against his good friend Nunquam dormitate. But how all Translators, Censors, or Interpreters, have slept, and bene dead to his true understanding; I hope it will neither cast shadow of arrogance in me to affirme, nor of difficultie in you to believe: if you please to suspend censure, & diminution, till your impartiall conference of their paines and mine be admitted. For induction and preparative to which patience, and perswasion, trouble your selves but to know this: This never-enough-glorified Poet, (to vary and quicken his eternal Poem) hath inspired his chiefe persons with different spirits, most ingenious and inimitable characters; which not understood, how are their speeches? being one by another, as conveniently, and necessarily knowne, as the instrument by the sound. If a Translator or Interpreter of a ridiculous and cowardly described person (being deceived in his character) so violates, and vitiates the originall, to make his speech grave, and him valiant; can the negligence and numbnesse of such an Interpreter or Translator, be lesse then the sleepe, and death, I am bold to sprinckle upon him? or could I do lesse then affirme and enforce this, being so bappily discovered? This therfore (in his due place) approved and explaned, let me hope my other assumpts will prove as conspicuous.

This first and second booke, I have wholly translated againe; the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth bookes, deferring still imperfect, being all Englished so long since; and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet rested enough to refine them. Nor are the wealthie veines of this holy ground, so amply discovered in my first twelvel abours, as my last; not having competent time, nor my profit in his mysteries being so ample, as when driving through his thirteeenth and last books, I drew the main depth, and saw the round coming of this silver how of our Phoebus; the cleare scope and contexture of his worke; the full and most heautifull figures of his persons. To those last twelve then, I must referre you, for all the chiefe worth of my cleare discoveries. And in the meane space, I intreate your acceptance of some few new touches in these first. Not perplexing you in first or last, with any thing handled in any other Interpreter, further then I must conscionably make congression with such as have diminisht, mangled, and maimed, my most worthily most tendered Author.

"Ata προίοψεν: άτλης (being compounded ex à privativa: & ετλω, video) signifies, locus tenebricosus, or (according to Virgil) sine luce domus; and therefore (different from others) I so convert it.

b Kúveσσιν, διωνοίσι τε πάσι. (Διός &c.) is the vulgar reading, which I reade: κύνεσσιν οιωνοίσι τε. (πάσι Διὸς Διετελείετο βουλή) because πάσι referd to κύνεσσιν, &c. is redundant and idle; to the miseries of the Greekes by Joves counsell, grave, and sententious.

"'Εξ ου Δή τὰ πρῶτα, &c. ex quo quidem primùm: 'Εξ ου Δή τὰ πρῶτα, &c. ex quo. Here our common readers would have tempore understood; because βουλή (to which they thinke the Poet must otherwise have reference) is the feminine gender. But Homer understands Jove; as in ταυ, verse 273. he expounds himselfe in these words: —ἀλλὰ ποθι Ζεύς, &c. which Pindarus Thebanus in his Epitome of these Iliads, rightly observes, in these verses:

Conficiebat enim summi sententia Regis, Ex quo contulerant discordi pectore pugnas Sceptriger Atrides, & bello clarus Achilles. d'Eπευφήμησον 'Axoloi, comprobarunt Græci, all others turne it; but since, 'Επευφημέω signifies properly, fausta acclamatione do significationem approbationis, I therefore accordingly convert it, because the other intimates a comprobation of all the Greekes by word; which was not so, but onely by inarticulate acclamations, or showtes.

" Αμφιβέβηκος: ἀμφιβόω, signifies properly circumambulo, and onely metaphorice, protego, or tueor, as it is alwaies in this place translated; which suffers alteration with me, since our usuall phrase of walking the round in townes of garrison, for the defence of it, fits so well the propertie of the originall.

¹Πρὸ γὰρ ῆκε θεὰ λευκώλενος "Hnpn. Præmiserat enim Dea alba ulnis Juno? Why Juno should send Pallas, is a thing not noted by any: I therefore answer; Because Juno is Goddesse of state. The allegory therfore in the Prosopopæia both of Juno & Pallas, is, that Achilles for respect to the state there present, the rather used that discretion and restraint of his anger. So in divers other places, when state is represented, Juno procures it: as in the eighteenth booke, for the state of Patroclus his fetching off, Juno commands the Sunne to go downe before his time, &c.

" ως φάτο λοκρυχέων: sic dixit lachrimans, &c. These teares are called by our Commentors, unworthie, and fitter for children, or women, then such an Heroe as Achilles: and therefore Plato is cited in 3. de Repub. where he saith, 'Ορθώς &ρα &c. Meritò igitur, clarorum virorum ploratus è medio tolleremus, &c. To answer which, and justifie the fitnesse of teares generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest, and most renowmed men; (omitting examples of Virgils Æneas, Alexander the Great, &c.) I oppose against Plato, onely one president of great and most perfect humanitie, (to whom infinitely above all other, we must prostrate our imitations) that shed teares, viz. our All-perfect and Almightie Saviour, who wept for Lazatus. This then, leaving the fitnesse of great mens teares generally, utterly unanswerable: these particular teares of unvented anger in Achilles, are in him most naturall: teares being the highest effects of greatest and most fierie spirits; either when their abilities cannot performe to their wils, or that they are restrained of revenge, being injured, out of other considerations:

as now the consideration of the state, and gravitie of the counsell, and publike good of the armie curbd Achilles. Who candenie, that there are teares of manlinesse, and magnanimitie, as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed, wept for curst heart, when Apollo strooke his scourge from him, and hindered his horse race: having hene warned by Pallas before not to resist the Deities; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge, for the wrong he received then. So when not-enough-vented anger, was not to be exprest enough by that teare-starting affection in couragious and fierce men, our most accomplish expressor, helpes the illustration in a Simile of his fervour, in most fervent-spirited fowles, resembling the wrathfull fight of Sarpedon and Patroclus to two Vultures, fighting, and crying on a rocke; which thus I have afterwards Englished, and here for example inserted:

Downe jumpt he from his chariot; downe leapt his foe as light: And as on some far-seeing rocke, a cast of Vultures fight, Flie on each other, strike, and trusse; part, meete, and then sticke by; Tuggebothwithcrooked beakes, and seres; crie, fight, and fight, and cry. So fiercely fought these angrie kings, &c.

Wherein you see, that crying in these eagerlie fought fowles (which is like teares in angrie men) is so farre from softnesse or faintnesse, that to the superlative of hardinesse and courage, it expresseth both. Nor must we be so grosse to imagine, that Homer made Achilles, or Diomed blubber, or soh, &c. but in the verie point and sting of their unvented anger, shed a few violent and seething-over teares. What Asse-like impudence is it then, for any meerely vaineglorious, and selfe-loving puffe, that everie where may reade these inimitable touches of our Homers maisterie, any where to oppose his arrogant and ignorant castigations? when he should rather (with his much better understander Spondanus) submit where he oversees him faulty: and say thus: Quia tu tamen hoc voluisti, sacrosanctæ tuæ authoritati, per me nihil detrahetur.

The end of the first Booke.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

THE ARGUMENT.

JOVE cals a vision up, from Sommus den;
To bid Atricles, muster up bis men.
The king (to Greekes dissembling his desire)
Perswades them to their countrie to retire.
By Pallas will, Ulysses stayes their flight;
And wise old Nestor, heartens them to fight.
They take their meate: which done, to armes they goe:
And march in good array, against the foe.
So those of Troy, when Itis, from the skie,
Of Saturns sonne, performs the Ambassie.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Beta, the dreame and Synod cites, And catalogues the navall knights.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



THE OTHER GODS, AND KNIGHTS AT ARMES. ALL NIGHT SLEPT: ONELY JOVE, SWEET SLUMBER SEISD NOT; HE DISCOURST, HOW BEST HE MIGHT APPROVE

Jupiter carefull in performing bis vow to The-

His vow made for Achilles grace, and make the Grecians find His misse, in much death. Al waies cast; this counsel serv'd his mind With most allowance: to dispatch, a harmefull dreame to greet The king of men; and gave this charge: Go, to the Achive fleet, (Pernicious dreame) and being arriv'd, in Agamemnons tent, Jupiter cals up a vision. Deliver truly all this charge; command him to convent His whole hoast arm'd, before these towres; for now Troys broad-waid towne He shall take in: the heaven-housd Gods, are now indifferent growne, Junos request hath wonne them: Troy, now under imminent ils, At all parts labours. This charge heard, the vision straight fulfils; The ships reacht, and Atrides tent, in which he found him laid; Divine sleepe powrd about his powres. He stood above his head Like Nestor (grac't, of old men, most) and this did intimate: The vision to

Sleepes the wise Atreus-tame-horse sonne? a counsellour of State, Apamemnon Must not, the whole night, spend in sleepe; to whom the people are, For guard committed; and whose life, stands bound to so much care. Now heare me then, (Joves messenger,) who, though farte off from thee, Is neare thee yet; in ruth, and care: and gives command by me, To arme thy whole hoast. Thy strong hand, the broad-waid towne of Troy, Shall now take in: no more the Gods, dissentiously imploy Their high-housd powers: Junos suite, hath wonne them all to her; And ill fates over-hang these towres, addrest by Jupiter. Fixe in thy mind this; nor forget, to give it action, when Sweet sleepe shall leave thee. Thus he fled, and left the king of men Repeating, in discourse, his dreame; and dreaming still, awake, Of powre, not readie yet for act. O foole, he thought to take In that next day, old *Priams* towne; not knowing what affaires Jove had in purpose; who prepar'd, (by strong fight) sighes and cares For Greekes, and Trojans. The dreame gone, his voice still murmured About the kings eares: who sate up, put on him, in his bed, His silken inner weed; faire, new, and then in hast arose;

Agamemnos discourses of bis vicion.

Cast on his ample mantle, tied, to his soft feet faire shoes; His silver-hilted sword he hung, about his shoulders, tooke His fathers scepter, never staind: which then abroad he shooke,

The morning.

And went to fleete. And now great heaven, Goddesse Aurora, scal'd To Jove, and all Gods, bringing light. When Agamemmon call'd His heralds, charging them aloud, to call to instant Court [resort: The thicke-haird Greekes. The heralds call'd, the Greekes made quicke The Councell chiefly he composd, of old great minded men, At Nestors ships, the Pylian king: all there assembled then,

Agamemnon

Thus Atreus sonne begunne the Court: Heare friends, a dreame divine, Amids the calme night in my sleepe, did through my shut eyes shine, Within my fantasie: his forme, did passing naturally Resemble Nestor: such attire, a stature just as hie. He stood above my head; and words, thus fashiond, did relate.

Agamemnen tels his vision.

Sleepes the wise Atreus-tame-horse sonne? A counsellor of state Must not, the whole night spend in sleepe; to whom the people are For guard committed; and whose life, stands bound to so much care. Now heare me then, (Joves messenger,) who, though farre off from thee, Is neare thee yet, in love, and care: and gives command by me, To armethy whole hoast. Thy strong hand, the broad-waid town of Troy, Shall now take in: no more the Gods, dissentiously imploy Their high-housd powres: Saturnias suite, hath wonne them all to her; And ill fates over-hang these towres, addrest by Jupiter. Fixe in thy mind this. This exprest, he tooke wing and away; And sweet sleepe left me: let us then, by all our meanes assay, To arme our armie; I will first, (as farre as fits our right) Trie their addictions, and command, with full sail'd ships our flight: Which if they yeeld to, oppose you. He sate; and up arose Nestor, of sandy Pylos, king: who, (willing to dispose Their counsell to the publicke good) proposd this to the State:

Nestor to the Greekes Princes, and Counsellors of Greece? If any should relate
This vision, but the king himselfe; it might be held a tale,
And move the rather our retraite: but since our Generall

Affirmes he saw it, hold it true; and all our best meanes make To arme our armie. This speech usde, he first the Councell brake; The other scepter-bearing States, arose to, and obeyd The peoples Rector. Being abroad, the earth was overlaid With flockers to them, that came forth: as when, of frequent Bees Swarmes rise out of a hollow rocke, repairing the degrees Simile. Of their egression endlesly; with ever rising new, From forth their sweet nest: as their store, still as it faded, grew, And never would ceasse sending forth, her clusters to the spring They still crowd out so; this flocke here; that there, belabouring The loaded flowres. So from the ships, and tents, the armies store, Troopt to these Princes, and the Court; along th'unmeasur'd shore: Amongst whom, Joves Ambassadresse, (Fame) in her vertue shin'd, Fame, Jeves am-Exciting greedinesse to heare. The rabble thus inclin'd, Hurried together; uprore seisd, the high Court; earth did grone Beneath the setling multitude; tumult was there alone. Thrise three voiciferous heralds rose, to checke the rout, and get Eare to their Jove-kept Governors; and instantly was set That huge confusion; every man, set fast, and clamor ceast: Then stood divine Atrides up, and in his hand comprest His scepter, th'elaborate worke, of fierie Mulciber: The scepter of Agamemnon Who gave it to Saturnian Jove; Jove to his messenger; His messenger (Argicides,) to Pelops, skild in horse; Pelops, to Atreus chiefe of men; he dying, gave it course To Prince Thyestes, rich in heards; Thyestes to the hand Of Agamemnon renderd it, and with it, the command Of many Iles, and Argos, all. On this he leaning, said: O friends, great sonnes of Danaus, servants of Mars; Jove laid Agamemnon to the Greekes. A heavie curse on me, to yow, and binde it with the bent Of his high forehead; that (this Troy, of all her people spent) I should returne; yet now to mocke, our hopes, built on his vow: And charge ingloriously my flight; when such an overthrow

Of brave friends, I have authored. But to his mightiest will

Simile.

We must submit us; that hath raz't, and will be razing still, Mens footsteps, from so many townes; because his power is most, He will destroy most. But how vile, such, and so great an hoast, Will shew to future times? that matcht, with lesser numbers farre, We flie, not putting on the crowne, of our so long-held warre? Of which, there yet appeares no end. Yet should our foes and we Strike truce, and number both our powers; Troy taking all that be Her arm'd inhabitants; and we, in tens should all sit downe At our truce banquet: everie ten, allow'd one of the towne To fill his feast-cup; many tens, would their attendant want: So much I must affirme, our power, exceeds th'inhabitant. But their auxiliarie bands; those brandishers of speares, (From many cities drawne) are they, that are our hinderers; Not suffering well-raisd Troy to fall. Nine yeares are ended now, Since Jove our conquest vow'd, and now, our vessels rotten grow, Our tackling failes, our wives, yong sonnes, sit in their doores, and long For our arrivall: yet the worke, that should have wreakt our wrong, And made us welcome, lies unwrought: Come then, as I bid, all Obey, and flie to our lov'd home; for now, nor ever shall Our utmost, take in broad-waid Troy. This said, the multitude Was all for home, and all men else, that what this would conclude Had not discoverd. All the crowd, was show'd about the shore: In sway, like rude, and raging waves, rowsd with the fervent blore Of th'East, and South winds; when they breake, from Joves clouds, and On rough backs of th'Icarian seas: or like a field of corne High growne, that Zepbyrs vehement gusts, bring easily underneath, And make the stiffe-up-bristl'd eares, do homage to his breath: For even so easily, with the breath, Atrides usde, was swaid The violent multitude. To fleet, with showts, and disaraid, All rusht; and with a fogge of dust, their rude feete, dimd the day; Each cried to other, cleanse our ships; come, lanch, aboord, away. I he clamor of the runners home, reacht heaven; and then past fate, The Greekes had left Troy, had not then, the Goddesse of estate,

Juno to Pallas.

Thus spoke to Pallas: O foule shame, thou untam'd seed of Jove, Shall thus theseas broad backe be charg'd, with these our friends remove? Thus leaving Argive Hellen here? thus Priam grac't? thus Troy? In whose fields, farre from their lov'd owne, (for Hellens sake) the joy, And life of so much Grecian birth, is vanisht? take thy way T'our brasse-arm'd people; speake them faire, let not a man obey The charge now given, nor lanch one ship. She said, and Pallas did As she commanded; from the tops, of heavens steepe hill she slid; And straight, the Greekes swift ships, she reacht: Ulysses, (like to Jove In gifts of counsell) she found out; who, to that base remove, Stird not a foote, nor toucht a ship; but griev'd at heart to see That fault in others. To him close, the blue-eyd deitie Made way, and said: Thou wisest Greeke, divine Laertes sonne, Thus flie ye homewards, to your ships, shall all thus headlong runne? Glorie to Priam, thus ye leave; glorie to all his friends, If thus ye leave her here; for whom, so many violent ends Have closely your Greeke eyes? and so farre, from their so loved home? Go to these people, use no stay; with faire termes overcome Their foule endevour: not a man, a flying saile let hoice.

Thus spake she, and Ulysses knew, twas Pallas by her voice:
Ranne to the runners; cast from him, his mantle, which his man
And Herald, grave Eurybates, the Ithacensian
That followd him, tooke up. Himselfe, to Agamemnon went;
His incorrupted scepter tooke; his scepter of descent;
And with it, went about the fleete. What Prince, or man of name,
He found flight-given; he would restraine, with words of gentlest blame;

Good sir, it fits not you to flie, or fare as one afraid;
You should not onely stay your selfe, but see the people staid.
You know not clearely (though you heard, the kings words) yet his mind,
He onely tries mens spirits now; and whom his trials find
Apt to this course, he will chastise. Nor you, nor I, heard all
He spake in councell: nor durst preasse, too neare our Generall,
Lest we incenst him to our hurt. The anger of a king

Is mightie; he is kept of Jow, and from Jow likewise spring His honors; which, out of the love, of wise love, he enjoyes. Thus, he the best sort usd; the worst, whose spirits brake out in noise, He cudgeld with his scepter, chid, and said: Stay wretch, be still, And heare thy betters; thou art base, and both in powre and skill Poore and unworthie; without name, in counsell, or in warre. We must not all be kings: the rule, is most irregularre, Where many rule; one Lord, one king, propose to thee; and he To whom wise Saturns sonne hath given, both law, and Emperie, To rule the publicke, is that king. Thus, ruling, he restrain'd The hoast from flight: and then, againe, the Councell was maintain'd With such a concourse, that the shore, rung with the tumult made; As when the farre-resounding sea, doth in his rage invade His sandie confines; whose sides grone, with his involved wave, And make his owne breast eccho sighes. All sate, and audience gave; Thersites onely would speake all. A most disorderd store Of words, he foolishly powrd out; of which his mind held more Then it could manage; any thing, with which he could procure Laughter, he never could containe. He should have yet bene sure To touch no kings. T'oppose their states, becomes not jesters parts.

I bersites description.

But he, the filthiest fellow was, of all that had deserts In Troyes brave siege: he was squint-eyd, and lame of either foote: So crooke-backt, that he had no breast: sharpe headed, where did shoote (Here and there sperst) thin mossic haire. He most of all envide Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his splene would chide;

Achilles.

Nor could the sacred king himselfe, avoid his saucie vaine, Against whom, since he knew the Greekes, did vehement hates sustaine (Being angrie for Achilles wrong) he cride out; railing thus:

Thersites to Agamemnon.

Atrides? why complainst thou now? what wouldst thou more of us? Thy tents are full of brasse, and dames; the choice of all are thine: With whom, we must present thee first, when any townes resigne To our invasion. Wantst thou then (besides all this) more gold From Troyes knights, to redeeme their sonnes? whom, to be dearely sold, I, or some other Greeke, must take? or wouldst thou yet againe,
Force from some other Lord, his prise; to sooth the lusts that raigne
In thy encroching appetite? it fits no Prince to be
A Prince of ill, and governe us; or leade our progenie
By rape to ruine. O base Greekes, deserving infamie,
And ils eternall: Greekish girls, not Greekes ye are: Come, flie
Home with our ships; leave this man here, to perish with his preys,
And trie if we helpt him, or not: he wrong'd a man that weys
Farre more then he himselfe in worth: he forc't from Thetis sonne,
And keepes his prise still: nor think I, that mightie man hath wonne
The stile of wrathfull worthily; he's soft, he's too remisse,
Or else Atrides, his had bene, thy last of injuries.

Thus he the peoples Pastor chid; but straight stood up to him Divine Ulysses; who with lookes, exceeding grave, and grim, Ulysses to Ther This bitter checke gave: Ceasse, vaine foole, to vent thy railing vaine On kings thus, though it serve thee well: nor thinke thou canst restraine, With that thy railing facultie, their wils in least degree, For not a worse, of all this hoast, came with our king then thee, To Troys great siege: then do not take, into that mouth of thine, The names of kings; much lesse revile, the dignities that shine In their supreme states; wresting thus, this motion for our home To sooth thy cowardise; since our selves, yet know not what will come Of these designments: if it be, our good, to stay, or go: Nor is it that thou standst on; thou, revil'st our Generall so, Onely, because he hath so much, not given by such as thou, But our Heroes. Therefore this, thy rude veine, makes me vow, (Which shall be curiously observ'd) if ever I shall heare This madnesse from thy mouth againe, let not *Ulysses* beare This head, nor be the father cald, of yong *Telemachus*; If to thy nakednesse, I take, and strip thee not, and thus Whip thee to fleete from Councell; send, with sharpe stripes, weeping hence, This glory thou affectst to raile. This said, his insolence He setl'd with his scepter; strooke, his backe and shoulders so.

That bloody wales rose; he shrunke round; and from his eyes did flow Moist teares, and looking filthily, he sate, feard, smarted; dried His blubberd cheekes; and all the preasse, (though griev'd to be denied, Their wisht retrait for home) yet laught, delightsomely, and spake Either to other: Oye Gods, how infinitely take Ulysses vertues in our good? author of Counsels, great In ordering armies: how most well, this act became his heate To beate from Councell this rude foole? I thinke his sawcie spirit Hereafter will not let his tongue, abuse the soveraigne merit, Exempt from such base tongues as his. Thus spake the people: then The citie-razer, Ithacus, stood up to speake againe, Holding his Scepter. Close to him, gray-eyd Minerva stood; And like a herald, silence causd, that all the Achive brood (From first to last) might heare and know, the counsell: when (inclind To all their good) Ulysses said: Atrides, now I find, These men would render thee the shame, of all men; nor would pay,

Ulvises to Agamemnen and the people

Their owne vowes to thee, when they tooke, their free and honord way, From Argos hither; that till Troy, were by their brave hands rac't. They would not turne home; yet like babes, and widowes, now they hast To that base refuge. Tis a spite, to see men melted so In womanish changes. Though tis true, that if a man do go Onely a moneth to sea, and leave, his wife farre off, and he Tortur'd with winters stormes, and tost, with a tumultuous sea, Growes heavy, and would home; us then, to whom the thrice three yeare Hath fild his revoluble orbe, since our arrivall here, I blame not, to wish home, much more: yet all this time to stay (Out of our judgements) for our end; and now to take our way Without it, were absurd and vile. Sustaine then friends, abide, The time set to our object: trie, if Calchas prophecied True of the time or not. We know, yeall can witnesse well (Whom these late death-conferring-fates, have faild to send to hell) That when in Aulis, all our fleet, assembl'd with a freight Of ils to Ilion, and her friends: beneath the faire growne height

A Platane bore, about a fount, whence christall water flow'd, And neare our holy altar, we, upon the Gods bestow'd Accomplisht Hecatombs; and there, appear'da huge portent, A Dragon with a bloody skale, horride to sight, and sent To light by great Olympius; which crawling from beneath The Altar, to the Platane climbd; and ruthlesse crasht to death A Sparrowes yong, in number eight, that in a top-bow lay Hid under leaves: the dam the ninth, that hoverd every way, Mourning her lov'd birth; till at length, the Serpent watching her, Her wing caught, and devourd her too. This dragon, Jupiter (That brought him forth) turnd to a stone; and b made a powrefull meane To stirre our zeales up, that admir'd, when of a fact so cleane Of all ill as our sacrifice, so fearefull an ostent Should be the issue. Calchas then, thus prophecied the event; Why are ye dumbe strooke, faire-haird Greekes? wise Jow is he hath showne This strange ostent to us. Twas late, and passing lately done, But that grace it foregoes to us, for suffering all the state Of his apparance, (being so slow) nor time shall end, nor fate. As these eight Sparrowes, and the dam, (that made the ninth) were eate By this sterne Serpent; so nine yeares, we are t'endure the heate Of ravenous warre, and in the tenth, take in this broad-waid towne.

Thus he interpreted this signe: and all things have their crowne As he interpreted, till now. The rest then, to succeed, Beleeve as certaine: stay we all, till that most glorious deed Of taking this rich towne, our hands, are honord with. This said, The Greekes gave an unmeasur'd shout; which backe the ships repaid With terrible ecchoes, in applause, of that perswasion Divine Ulysses usd; which yet, held no comparison With Nestors next speech, which was this: O shamefull thing! ye talke Like children all, that know not warre. In what aires region walke Our oathes, and covenants? Now I see, the fit respects of men Are vanisht quite; our right hands given, our faiths, our counsels vaine; Our sacrifice with wine; all fled, in that prophaned flame

Nestor to the Greeks.

We made to bind all: for thus still, we vaine perswasions frame, And strive to worke our end with words; not joyning stratagemes And hands together; though thus long, the powre of our extremes Hath urg'd us to them. Atreus sonne? firme as at first howre stand: Make good thy purpose; talke no more, in counsels, but command In active field. Let two or three, that by themselve: advise, Faint in their crowning; they are such, as are not truly wise. They will for Argos, ere they know, if that which Jove hath said Be false or true. I tell them all, that high Jove bowd his head As first we went aboord our fleet, for signe we should confer These Trojans, their due fate and death; almightie Jupiter, All that day darting forth his flames, in an unmeasur'd light, On our right hands; let therefore none, once dreame of coward flight, Till (for his owne) some wife of Troy, he sleepes withall; the rape Of Hellen wreaking; and our sighes, enforc't for her escape. If any yet dare dote on home, let his dishonor'd hast His blacke, and well-built barke but touch, that (as he first disgrac't His countries spirit) fate, and death, may first his spirit let go. But be thou wise (king) do not trust, thy selfe, but others. Know I will not use an abject word: see all thy men arraid In tribes and nations; that tribes, tribes; nations may nations aid: Which doing, thou shalt know, what chiefs, what souldiers play the men; And what the cowards: for they all, will fight in severall then, (Easie for note.) And then shalt thou, if thou destroist not Troy, Know if the prophecies defect, or men thou dost employ In their approv'd arts, want in warre: or lacke of that brave heate Fit for the ventrous spirits of Greece, was cause to thy defeate.

Agamemnon to Nestor

To this the king of men replied; O father, all the sonnes Of Greece thou conquerst, in the strife, of consultations. I would to Jove, Athenia, and Phabus, I could make (Of all) but ten such Counsellers; then instantly would shake King Priams citie; by our hands, laid hold on, and laid wast. But Jove hath orderd I should grieve, and to that end hath cast

Dismed

My life into debates, past end. My selfe, and Thetis sonne, (Like girles) in words fought for a girle, and I th' offence begunne: But if we ever talke as friends, Troys thus deferred fall Shall never vexe us more one houre. Come then, to victles all, That strong Mars, all may bring to field; each man his lances steele See sharpned well; his shield well lin'd, his horses meated well, His chariot carefully made strong; that these affaires of death, We all day may hold fiercely out: no man must rest, or breath. The bosomes of our targatiers, must all be steept in sweate. The lanciers arme, must fall dissolv'd; our chariot horse with heate Must seeme to melt. But if I find, one souldier take the chase, Or stirre from fight, or fight not still, fixt in his enemies face; Or hid a shipboord: all the world, for force, nor price, shall save His hated life; but fowles, and dogs, be his abhorred grave.

He said, and such a murmure rose, as on a loftie shore
The waves make, when the Southwind comes, and tumbles them before
Against a rocke, growne neare the strand, which diversly beset
Is never free; but here and there, with varied uprores beat.

All rose then, rushing to the fleete, perfum'd their tents, and eate: Each offring to th'immortall Gods, and praying to scape th'heate Of warre and death. The king of men, an Oxe of five yeares spring T'almightie Jove slue: call'd the Peeres, first Nestor, then the king Idomenæus: after them, th' Ajaces, and the sonne Of Tydeus; Itbacus the sixth, in counsell Paragon To Jove himselfe. All these he bad, but cat-a-martiall-crie. Good Menelaus, since he saw, his brother busily

Employd at that time, would not stand, on invitation,

d But of himselfe came. All about, the offring overthrowne
Stood round, tooke salt-cakes, and the king, himselfe thus praid for all:

O Jove, most great, most glorious, that in that starrie hall, Sit'st drawing darke clouds up to aire: let not the Sunne go downe, Darknesse supplying it; till my hands, the Pallace, and the towne Of Priam overthrow, and burne; the armes on Hectors brest Dividing; spoiling with my sword, thousands (in interest Ofhis bad quarrell) laid by him, in dust, and eating earth.

He pray'd, Jow heard him not, but made, more plentifull the birth Of his sad toiles; yet tooke his gifts. Prayres past, cakes on they threw: The Oxe then (to the altar drawne,) they kill'd, and from him drew His hide: then cut him up; his thighes (in two hewne) dubd with fat, Prickt on the sweet-breads; and with wood, leavelesse, and kindl'd at Apposed fire, they burne the thighes; which done, the inwards slit, They broild on coales, and eate. The rest, in giggots cut, they spit, Roast cunningly, draw, sit, and feast: nought lackt to leave alaid Each temperate appetite; which serv'd, Nestor began and said:

Nestor to Agamemnon.

Atrides, most grac't king of men, now no more words allow, Nor more deferre the deed Jove vowes. Let heralds summon now The brasen-coted Greekes; and us, range everie where the host, To stirre a strong warre quickly up. This speech no sillable lost; The high-voic't heralds, instantly, he charg'd to call to armes [alarmes. The curld-head Greeks; they call'd; the Greeks, straight answerd their The Jove-kept kings, about the king, all gatherd, with their aide Rang'd all in tribes and nations. With them the gray-eyd maide Great Ægis (Joves bright shield) sustain'd, that can be never old; Never corrupted, fring'd about, with serpents forg'd of gold, As many as suffisde to make, an hundred fringes, worth A hunderd oxen, everie snake, all sprawling, all set forth With wondrous spirit. Through the host, with this the Goddesse ranne In furie, casting round her eyes; and furnisht everie man With strength; exciting all to armes, and fight incessant. None Now lik't their lov'd homes like the warres. And as a fire upon A huge wood, on the heights of hils, that farre off hurles his light: So the divine brasse shin'd on these, thus thrusting on for fight; Their splendor through the aire reacht heaven: and as about the flood Caister, in an Asian meade, flockes of the airie brood, (Cranes, Geese, or long-neckt Swans)here, there, proud of their pinions And in their fals lay out such throats, that with their spiritfull crie

The meddow shrikes againe: so here, these many nation'd men, Flow'd over the Scamandrian field; from tents, and ships; the din Was dreadfull, that the feete of men, and horse, beate out of earth. And in the florishing meade they stood, thicke as the odorous birth Of flowres, or leaves bred in the spring; or thicke as swarmes of flies Throng then to ship-coates; when each swarme, his erring wing applies To milke deawd on the milke maids pailes: all eagerly disposd, To give to ruine th'Ilians. And as in rude heapes closd Though huge Goate-heards are at their food, the Goate-heards easly yet, Sort into sundry heards; so here, the Chiefes in battell set, Here tribes, here nations, ordring all. Amongst whom shin'd the king, With eyes, like lightning-loving Jove; his forehead answering, In breast like Neptune; Mars in waste: and as a goodly Bull Most eminent of all a heard, most strong, most masterfull; So Agamemnon, Jove that day, made overheighten clere, That heaven-bright armie; and preferd, to all th'Heroes there.

Now tell me Muses, you that dwell, in heavenly roofes (for you Are Goddesses; are present here, are wise, and all things know; We onely trust the voyce of fame, know nothing:) who they were That here were captains of the Greekes? Commanding Princes here, The multitude exceed my song; though fitted to my choice Ten tongues were, hardned pallats ten, a breast of brasse, a voyce Infract, and trumplike: that great worke, unlesse the seed of Jove (The deathlesse Muses) undertake, maintaines a pitch above All mortall powers. The Princes then, and navie that did bring Those so inenarrable troopes; and all their soyles, I sing.

Invocation.

The Catalogue of the Grecian

Ships and Captaines.

The Barotian captaines.

PENELEUS, and Leitus, all that Boeotia bred,
Arcesilaus, Clonius, and Prothoenor, led;
Th'inhabitants of Hyria, and stonie Aulida;
Schene, Schole, the hilly Eteon, and holy Thespia;
Of Grea, and great Mycalesse, that hath the ample plaine;

The places in Baotia. Of Harma, and Ilesius, and all that did remaine,
In Erith, and in Eleon; in Hylen, Peteona,
In faire Ocalea, and the towne, well builded, Medeona;
Capas, Eutresis, Thisbe that, for Pigeons doth surpasse;
Of Coroneia, Haliart; that hath such store of grasse.
All those that in Platea dwelt, that Glissa did possesse;
And Hypothebs, whose wel-built wals, are rare and fellowlesse;
In rich Onchestus famous wood, to watrie Neptune vow'd;
And Arne, where the vine-trees are, with vigorous bunches bow'd:
With them that dwelt in Mydea, and Nissa most divine.
All those whom utmost Anthedon, did wealthily confine.
From all these coasts in generall, full fiftie saile were sent,
And sixscore strong, Bactian youths, in everie burthen went.

The navie of the Baottans fiftie. And sixscore strong, Baotian youths, in everie burthen went. But those who in Aspledon dwelt, and Mynian Orchomen;

Ascalaphus and Ialmenus, sonnes of Mars.

God Mars his sonnes did leade (Ascalaphus, and Ialmen.)
Who in Azidon Actors house, did of Astioche come;

The bashfull Maide, as she went up, into the higher roome, The warre-god secretly comprest: in safe conduct of these, Did thirtie hollow-bottom'd barkes, divide the wavie seas.

Their navis 30

Brave Schedius and Epistrophus, the Phocean captaines were,

The Phocensian captains Schedius and Epistrophus.

Naubolida, Iphitus sonnes, all-proofe gainst any feare; With them the Cyparisians went, and bold Pythonians, Men of religious Chrysas soyle, and fat Daulidians:

Panopæans, Anemores, and fierce Hyampolists:

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And those that dwell where Cephisus, casts up his silken mists. The men that faire Lylea held, neare the Cephisian spring, All which did fortie sable barkes, to that designement bring. Their fleet 40. About th'entoyld *Phocensian* fleete, had these their saile assignde: And neare to the sinister wing, the arm'd Bœotians shinde. Ajax the lesse, Oileus sonne, the Locrians led to warre, Ajax, Oielus, captaines of the Not like to Ajax Telamon, but lesser man by farre. Little he was, and ever wore, a breastplate made of linne; But for the manage of his lance, he generall praise did winne. The dwellers of Caliarus, of Bessa, Opoen; The towns of the Locrians The youths of Cynus, Scarphis, and Augias lovely men; Of Tarphis, and of Thronius, neare flood Boagrius fall; Twise twentie martiall barkes of these, lesse Ajax saild withall. Their navie 40. Who neare Eubaas blessed soile, their habitations had, Strength-breathing Abants, who their seats, in sweet Eubaa made: Eubzans and their townes The Asticans rich in grapes, the men of Chalcida; The Cerinths, bordring on the sea, of rich Eretria; Of Dyons highly-seated towne; Charistus, and of Styre; All these the Duke Alphenor led, a flame of Mars his fire; Alphenor their Commander. Surnam'd Chalcodontiades, the mightie Abants guide; Swift men of foot, whose broad-set backes, their trailing haire did hide, Well seene in fight, and soone could pierce, with farre extended darts The breast plates of their enemies, and reach their dearest hearts. Fortie blacke men of warre did saile, in this Alphenors charge. Their fler: 40. The souldiers that in Athens dwelt, a citie builded large, The Athenians. The people of Ericthius, whom Jove-sprung Pallas fed: And plentious-feeding Tellus brought, out of her flowrie bed: Him, Pallas plac't in her rich Fane, and everie ended yeare, Of Buls and Lambes, th' Athenian youths, please him with offrings there. Mightie Menestheus, Peteus sonne, had their devided care: Menest beus For horsemen and for targatiers, none could with him compare: their Cheife. Nor put them into better place, to hurt or to defend: But Nestor (for he elder was) with him did sole contend:

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With him came fiftie sable saile. And out of Salamine

Naves Attica 50. The Salamine joined with them Their leader Ajax Telamonius. Ships 12.

The Argives.

Diomed their captains with

Sthenelus and Eurialus. Great Ajax brought twelve saile, that with, th' Athenians did combine. Who did in fruitfull Argos dwell; or strong Hyrintha keepe:

joined with them. Hermion, or in Asinen, whose bosome is so deepe;

Trazena, Elion, Epidaure, where Bacchus crownes his head;

Egina, and Mazetas soyle, did follow Diomed.

And Sthenelus, the deare lov'd sonne, of famous Capaneus:

Together with Eurialus, heire of Mecistans,

The king of *Talæonides*; past whom, in deeds of warre, The famous souldier *Diomed*, of all was held by farre;

Their fleet 80. saile. The Myceneans. Their townes Fourescore blacke ships did follow these. The men faire Mycene held:

The wealthy Corinth, Cleon that, for beautious sight exceld:

Arathireas lovely seate, and in Ornias plaine,

And Sicyona, where at first, did king Adrastus raigne: High seated Goncessas towers, and Hyperisius; That dwelt in fruitfull Pellenen, and in divine Ægius:

With all the sea-side borderers, and wide Helices friends;

Agamemnon captaine Ships 100 To Agamemnon everie towne, her native birth commends, In double fiftie sable barks: with him a world of men

Most strong and full of valure went: and he in triumph then Put on his most resplendent armes, since he did overshine The whole heroique host of *Greece*, in power of that designe.

The Lacedamonians and their townes. Who did in *Lacedamons* rule, th'unmeasur'd concave hold: High *Phares, Spartas, Messes* towers, for doves so much extold;

Bryseias and Augias grounds; strong Laa, Oetylon;

Amyclas, Helos harbor-towne, that Neptune beats upon:

Menelaus captaine. Ships 60. All these did *Menelaus* leade, (his brother that in cries Of warre was famous) sixtie ships, convaid these enemies,

To Troy in chiefe; because their king, was chiefly injur'd there, In Hellens rape; and did his best, to make them buy it deare.

The Pylians and their townes. Who dwelt in Pylos sandie soyle, and Armethe faire;

In Thryon, neare Alpheus flood, and Aepy full of aire:

In Cyparisseus, Amphygen, and little Pteleon;

The towne where all the Iliots dwelt, and famous Doreon;

Where all the Muses (opposite, in strife of Poesie,

To ancient Thamyris of Thrace) did use him cruelly;

He coming from Eurytus court, the wise Oechalian king:

Because he proudly durst affirme, he could more sweetly sing,

Then that Pyerean race of Jove; who (angrie with his vant)

Bereft his eye-sight, and his song, that did the eare enchant;

And of his skill to touch his Harpe, disfurnished his hand:

All these in ninetie hollow keeles, grave Nestor did command.

The richly blest inhabitants of the Arcadian land

Below Cyllenes mount, that by, Epyrus tombe did stand;

Where dwell the bold neare-fighting men; who did in *Pheneus* live:

And Orchomen, where flockes of sheepe, the shepheards clustering drive: In Rypé and in Stratié, the faire Mantinean towne;

And strong Enispe, that for height, is ever weather-blowne;

Tegea, and in Stimphalus; Parrhasia strongly wall'd;

All these Alcaus sonne, to field (king Agapenor) call'd;

In sixtie barks he brought them on, and everie barke well mand,

With fierce Arcadians, skild to use, the utmost of a band.

King Agamemnon on these men, did well-built ships bestow,

To passe the gulfie purple sea, that did no sea rites know.

They who in Hermin, Bupbrasis, and Elis did remaine,

What *Olens* Cliffes, *Alisius*, and *Myrsin* did containe; Were led to warre by twise two Dukes, and each ten ships did bring,

Which many venterous Epyans, did serve for burthening.

Beneath Alphimacus his charge, and valiant Talphius,

Sonne of Euritus Actor, one; the other Cteatus;

Diores Amarincides, the other did imploy;

The fourth divine Polizenus, Agasthenis his joy:

The king of faire Angeiades, who from Dulichius came,

And from Euchinaus sweet Iles, which hold their holy frame

By ample Elis region, Meges Phelides led:

Whom Duke Phyleus, Joves belov'd, begat, and whilome fled

Thamyris depriwed of sight and Poesie by the Muses

Nestor captaine, Ships 90. The Accadians

The Arcadians and their towns.

Agapenor their

Shipi 60

The Epians and their towner.

Stips 40.

Captaines Alphimachus,

Alphimachus, Talphius,Diores Polixenus.

Dulubians.

Meges captaine

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To large Dulychius for the wrath, that fir'd his fathers breast. Twise twentie ships with Ebon sailes, were in his charge addrest. The war-like men of Cepbale, and those of Itbaca, Ships 40. Wooddy Nerytus, and the men, of wet Crocilia: The Cephaleani and their towns. Sharpe Ægilipha, Samos Ile, Zacynthus, sea-enclosd; Epyrus, and the men that hold, the Continent opposd; Ulysses captaine. All these did wise Ulysses leade, in counsell Peere to Jove: Ships 12. Twelve ships he brought, which in their course, vermilion sternes did move. Thoas, Andremons wel-spoke sonne, did guide th'Etolians well; Those that in Pleuron, Olenon, and strong Pylene dwell: The Ætolians their captaines Great Calcis that by sea-side stands, and stony Calydon; and towner. For now no more of Oeneus sonnes, surviv'd; they all were gone: Thous captaine. No more his royall selfe did live, no more his noble sonne, The golden Meleager; now, their glasses all were run. All things were left to him in charge, the Ætolians Chiefe he was, And fortie ships to Trojan warres, the seas with him did passe. Ships 40. The Cretans. The royall souldier Idomen, did leade the Cretans stout: their townes and Captaines. The men of Gnossus, and the towne, Cortima, wall'dabout. Of Lictus and Myletus towres, of white Lycastus state, Of Phestus and of Rhistias, the cities fortunate: And all, the rest inhabiting, the hundred townes of Crete; Limeneur A bundred cities Whom warre-like *Idomen* did leade, copartner in the fleete, in Crete. Ships 80. With kil-man Merion; eightie ships, with them did Troy invade. Tlepolemus Heraclides, right strong and bigly made, Brought nine tall ships of warre from Rhodes, which hautie Rhodians mand, Who dwelt in three dissever'd parts, of that most pleasant land; Which Lyndus and Jalissus were, and bright Camyrus, cald: Tlepolemus Com-The polemus commanded these, in battell unappald: mander of the Whom faire Astioche brought forth, by force of Hercules; Rhodians. Ships 9. Led out of Ephyr with his hand, from river Sellees;

When many townes of princely youths, he leveld with the ground.

Brought up to head-strong state of youth) his mothers brother slue,

Tlepolem (in his fathers house, for building much renownd,

Townes

The flowre of armes, Lycymnius, that somewhat aged grew:
Then straight he gathred him a fleete, assembling bands of men,
And fled by sea, to shun the threats, that were denounced then,
By other sonnes and nephewes of, th' Alciden fortitude.
He in his exile came to Rhodes, driven in with tempests rude:
The Rhodians were distinct in tribes, and great with Jove did stand,
The king of men and Gods, who gave much treasure to their land.

Nireus, out of Symas haven, three wel-built barkes did bring; Nireus, faire Aglaias sonne, and Charopes the king: Nireus was the fairest man, that to faire Ilion came, Of all the Greekes, save Peleus sonne; who past for generall frame. But weake this was, not fit for warre, and therefore few did guide.

Who did in Cassus, Nisyrus, and Crapathus abide,
In Co, Euripilus his towne, and in Calydnas soyles,
Phydippus and bold Antiphus, did guide to Trojan toyles;
The sonnes of crowned Thessalus, deriv'd from Hercules,
Who went with thirtie hollow ships, well ordred to the seas.
Now will I sing the sackfull troopes, Pelasgian Argos held,
That in deepe Alus, Alepé, and soft Trechina dweld;
In Pthya and in Hellade, where live the lovely dames,
The Myrmidons, Helenians, and Achives, robd of Fames:
All which the great Æacides, in fiftie ships did leade.
For, these forgat warres horride voice, because they lackt their head,

That would have brought them bravely foorth; but now at fleete did lie, That wind-like user of his feet, faire Thetis progenie; Wroth for bright-cheekt Bryseis losse; whom from Lyrnessus spoiles, (His owne exploit) he brought away, as trophee of his toiles, When that towne was depopulate; he sunke the Theban towres; Myneta, and Epistrophus, he sent to Plutoes bowres, Who came of king Evenus race, great Helepiades: Yet now he idely lives enrag'd, but soone must leave his ease.

Of those that dwelt in *Phylace*, and flowrie *Pyrrason*The wood of *Geres*, and the soyle, that sheepe are fed upon,

The Symmans.

Nireus their

Chiefe, fairest of
all the Greekes
hut Arbilles.

Ships 3.

The Calydreians, and other l'anders.
Their Chiefe
Phydippus and
Antiphus.
Ships 30
The Pelasgians
Thessal.
Myrmidons.

Achilles their Captaine. Ships 50

Philacei, and

Iten and Antron, built by sea, and Pteleus full of grasse, Protesilaus while he liv'd, the worthie captaine was:

Whom now the sable earth detaines: his teare-torne faced spouse

He wofull left in Philace, and his halfe finisht house:

A fatall Dardane first his life, of all the Greekes, bereft,

As he was leaping from his ship; yet were his men unleft

Without a Chiefe; for though they wisht, to have no other man,

But good Protesilay their guide; Podarces yet began

To governe them, Iphitis sonne, the sonne of Philacus,

Most rich in sheepe, and brother to, short-liv'd Protesilaus:

Of yonger birth, lesse, and lesse strong; yet serv'd he to direct

The companies, that still did more, their ancient Duke affect.

Twise twentie Jettie sailes with him, the swelling streame did take.

But those that did in Pheres dwell, at the Bæbreian lake.

In Babe, and in Glaphira, Iaoleus builded faire:

In thrise sixe ships to Pergamus: did through the seas repaire,

With old Admetes tender sonne, Eumelus, whom he bred,

Of Alcest Pelius fairest child, of all his femall seed.

The souldiers that before the siege, Methones vales did hold:

Thaumacia, flowrie Meliba, and Olison the cold,

Duke *Philocutus* governed, in darts of finest sleight:

Seven vessels in his charge convaid, their honorable freight;

By fiftie rowers in a barke, most expert in the bow: But he in sacred Lemnos lay, brought miserably low,

By torment of an ulcer growne, with Hydras poyson'd bloud:

Whose sting was such, Greece left him there, in most impatient moode:

Yet thought they on him at his ship, and chusde to leade his men,

Medon, Oyleus bastard sonne, brought forth to him by Rhen.

From Thricce, bleake Ithomens cliffes, and haplesse Oechaly:

Eurites citie rul'd by him, in wilfull tyranny,

In charge of Esculapius sonnes, physition highly praisd:

Machaon, Podalirius, were thirtie vessels raisd:

Who neare Hiperias fountaine dwelt, and in Ormenius:

The snowy tops of Titannus, and in Asterius:

Ships 40. The Phercians and their towns.

Eumelus caplaine. Ships II The Methonians and their bor-

derers. Their chiefe, Philoctetes, left maimed at Lemnos.

Medon Oyleus base sonne, captains in Philoct. place. The Thriccians. Ithomeneians, and Occhalians, whose captaines were Podalirius and Machaon. Ships 30. The Ormenians,

with their borderers.

Evemons sonne Euripilus, did leade into the field:

Whose townes did fortie blacke-saild ships, to that encounter yeeld.

Who Gyrton, and Argissa held, Orthen and Elons seate,

And chalkie Oloossine, were led by Polypete;

The issue of Pirithous, the sonne of Jupiter.

Him the Athenian Theseus friend, Hypodamy did beare;

When he the bristled savages: did give Ramnusia,

And drave them out of Pelius, as farte as Ethica.

He came not single, but with him, Leonteus, Corons sonne,

An arme of Mars; and Corons life, Ceneus seed begunne.

Twise twentie ships, attended these. Guneus next did bring,

From Cyphus, twentie saile and two, the Enians following;

And fierce Perabi, that about, Dodones frozen mold,

Did plant their houses, and the men, that did the medowes hold,

Which Titaresius deckes with flowers, and his sweet current leades,

Into the bright *Peneius*, that hath the silver heads.

Yet with his admirable streame, doth not his waves commixe:

But glides aloft on it like oyle: for tis the floud of Stix,

By which th'immortall Gods do sweare. Teuthredons honor'd birth

Protbous, led the Magnets forth, who neare the shadie earth,

Of Pelius, and Peneion, dwelt; fortie revengefull saile

Did follow him; these were the Dukes, and Princes of availe,

That came from Greece: but now the man, that overshin'd them all;

Sing Muse; and their most famous Steeds, to my recitall call,

That both th' Atrides followed; faire Pheretiedes,

The bravest mares, did bring by much; Eumelius manag'd these:

Swift of their feete as birds of wings; both of one haire did shine,

Both of an age, both of a height, as measur'd by a line:

Whom silver-bow'd Apollo bred, in the Pierean meade;

Both slicke and daintie, yet were both, in warre of wondrous dread.

Great Ajax Telamon for strength, past all the Peeres of warre,

While vext Achilles was away: but he surpast him farre.

The horse that bore that faultlesse man, were likewise past compare:

Yet lay he at the crookt-stern'd ships, and furie was his fare,

Their captaine
Euripilus.
Ships 40.
Argissans with
their borderers.
Meneptolemus
their chiefe,
and Leonteus.
Ships 40.

The Cyphians, Enians, Perabians. Their chiefe

Their chiefe Guneus. Ships 22.

The Magnets. Prothous their thiefe, Ships 40.

Eumelius had the best mares of the armir.

Ajax Telamonius the strongest Greeke next Achilles Achilles the best borse. For Atreus sonnes ungracious deed: his men yet pleasd their hearts, With throwing of the holed stone; with hurling of their darts, And shooting fairely on the shore. Their horse at chariots fed, On greatest parsly, and on sedge, that in the fens is bred. His Princes tents their chariots held, that richly coverd were. His Princes, amorous of their Chiefe, walkt storming here and there, About the host, and scorn'd to fight: their breaths, as they did passe, Before them flew, as if a fire, fed on the trembling grasse. Earth under-gron'd their high raisd feet, as when offended Jove, In Arime, Tiphoeus, with ratling thunder drove, Beneath the earth: in Arime, men say the grave is still, Where thunder tomb'd Typhoeus, and is a monstrous hill. And as that thunder made earth grone, so gron'd it as they past, They trode with such hard-set-downe steps, and so exceeding fast.

To Troy the rainbow-girded dame, right heavie newes relates,

Iris to the Trojans, from Jove

To I roy the rainbow-girded dame, right heavie newes relates, From Jove (as all to Councell drew, in Priams Pallace gates)
Resembling Priams sonne in voice, Polytes swift of feet:
In trust whereof (as Sentinell, to see when from the fleet,
The Grecians sallied) he was set, upon the loftie brow
Of aged Esietes tombe, and this did Iris show;

Iris to Priam.

O Priam thou art alwaies pleasd, with indiscreet advise:

And fram'st thy life to times of peace, when such a warre doth rise
As threats inevitable spoyle; I never did behold
Such and so mightie troupes of men, who trample on the mold,
In number like Autumnus leaves, or like the marine sand:
All ready round about the walles, to use a ruining hand.
Hector? I therefore charge thee most, this charge to undertake:
A multitude remaine in Troy, will fight for Priams sake,
Of other lands and languages; let everie leader then
Bring forth, well arm'd into the field, his severall bands of men.
Strong Hector knew, a deitie, gave charge to this assay:
Dismist the Councell straight; like waves, clusters to armes do sway:
The ports are all wide open set: out rusht the troopes in swarmes,
Both horse and foote, the citie rung, with suddaine cryed alarmes.

Euphemus Capt.

of the Ciconians.

A Columne stands without the towne, that high his head doth raise, Builtie tumulius, A little distant, in a plaine, trod downe with divers waies: Which men do Batieia call, but the immortals name Myrinnes famous sepulcher, the wondrous active dame. Here were th' Auxiliarie bands, that came in Troyes defence, Distinguisht under severall guides, of speciall excellence. The Duke of all the Trojan power, great helme-deckt Hector was: Hector Generall of the Trojans. Which stood of many mightie men, well skild in darts of brasse: The catalogue of Æneas of commixed seed (a goddesse with a man, other captaines. Dardans, and Anchises, with the Queene of love:) the troopes Dardanian, Aneas their Led to the field; his lovely Sire, in *Idas* lower shade, captains Begat him of sweet Cypridis; he solely was not made Chiefe leader of the Dardan powers: Antenors valiant sonnes, Archilochus, and Acamas, were joyn'd companions. Archilorus Acamas Who in Zelia dwelt, beneath, the sacred foote of Ide, That drinke of blacke Æsepus streame, and wealth made full of pride; (The Aphnii) Lycaons sonne, whom Phabus gave his bow, The Aphnia. Pandarus their (Prince Pandarus) did leade to field. Who Adrestinus owe, leader (Apesus citie, Pitei, and mount Tereies) Adrestus, and stout Amphius led; who did their Sire displease, Advertians Their Chiefe (Merops Percosius) that exceld, all Troy in heavenly skill, Adrestus and Of futures-searching prophesie: for much against his will, Amphine His sonnes were agents in those armes: whom since they disobeyd, The Fates, in letting slip their threds, their hastie valures staid. Who in Percotes, Practius, Arisbe did abide, Percosians, Se-Who Sestus and Abidus bred, Hyrtacides did guide: strans, Abidens, Arishmians, led Prince Asius Hyrtacides, that through great Selees force, by Assus Brought from Arisba to that fight, the great and fierie horse. Pyleus, and Hypothous, the stout Pelasgians led, The Pelasquans. Their chiefe, Of them Larissas fruitfull soyle, before had nourished: Hypothous, and These were Pelasgian Pithus sonnes, sonne of Teutamidas. Pylous. The Theactans. The Thracian guides were Pyrous, and valiant Acamas. Their chiefe Py-Of all that the impetuous thood, of Hellespont enclosed, rous & Acamas.

Euphemus, the Ciconian troopes, in his command disposd;

Pyrechmes Commander of the Payns Who from Trezenius Ceades, right nobly did descend.

Pyrechmes did the Peons rule, that crooked bowes do bend.

From Axius out of Amidon, he had them in command:

From Axius, whose most beautious streame, still overflowes the land.

Pylemen captain of the Paphlagonians. Pylemen with the well arm'd heart, the Paphlagonians led, From Enes, where the race of mules, fit for the plough is bred: The men that broad Cytorus bounds, and Sesamus enfold, About Parthenius loftie floud in houses much extold:

About Parthenius loftie floud, in houses much extold;
From Cromna and Ægialus, the men that armes did beare,
And Furithment situate high. Pulment soldiers were

And Eurithymus situate high, Pylemens soldiers were.

Halizonians, their captaine Epistrophus and Dius. The Mysians Ennomus and Chronius. Epistrophus and Dius did, the Halizonians guide,

Far-fetcht from Alybe, where first, the silver mines were tride.

Chronius, and Augur Ennomus, the Mysians did command,

Who could not with his auguries, the strength of death withstand:

But suffred it beneath the stroke, of great Æacides,

In Xanthus; where he made more soules, dive to the Stygian seas.

The Phrygians. Their Chiefes Phoreis and Ascanius. Phoreys and faire Ascanius, the Phrygians brought to warre; Well train'd for battell, and were come, out of Ascania farre. With Methles, and with Antiphus (Pylemens sonnes) did fight, The men of Mezon, whom the fenne, Gygaa brought to light.

The Maonians.
Antiphus and
Methles captaines
The Cariba, and
Milesians led by
Amphimaeus
and Nastes.

And those Mæonians that beneath, the mountaine *Tmolus* sprong; The rude unletterd *Caribe*, that barbarous were of tongue,

Did under Nastes colours march, and young Amphimachus, (Nomyons famous sonnes) to whom, the mountaine Phthirorus,

(*Nomyons* famous sonnes) to whom, the mountaine *Phthirorus*That with the famous wood is crown'd; *Miletus, Micales*,

That hath so many loftie markes, for men that love the seas; The crooked armes *Meander* bow'd, with his so snakie flood, Resign'd for conduct the choice youth, of all their martiall brood.

The foole Amphimachus, to field, brought gold to be his wracke; Proude-girlelike that doth ever beare, her dowre upon her backe; Which wise Achilles markt; slue him, and tooke his gold in strife,

At Xanthus floud; so little death, did feare his golden life.

The Lycians whose Commanders were Surpedon & Glaucus.

Sarpedon led the Lycians, and Glaucus unreprov'd, From Lycia and the gulfie flood, of Xantbus farre remov'd.

COMMENTARIUS.

¹⁰ Ηθτε έθνεα, & re. Sicut examina prodeunt apum frequentium, &c. In this Simile, Virgil (using the like inimitation) is preferd to Homer; with what reason I pray you see. Their ends are different: Homer intending to expresse the infinite multitude of souldiers everie where dispersing; Virgil, the diligence of builders. Virgils Simile is this. 1. Æneid.

Qualis apes æstate nova, per florea rura Exercet sub sole labor; cum gentis adultos Educunt fœtus; aut cum liquentia mella Stipant; & dulci distendunt Nectare cellas; Aut onera accipiunt venientum; aut agmine facto; Ignavum fucos pecus à præsepibus arcent: Fervet opus; redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.

Now compare this with Homers, but in my translation; and judge if to both their ends, there be any such betternesse in Virgils: but that the reverence of the scholler, due to the maister (even in these his maligners) might well have containd their lame censures of the Poeticall furie; from these unmannerlie and hatefull comparisons. Especially, since Virgil hath nothing of his owne, but onely elocution; his invention, matter, and forme, being all Homers: which laid by a man, that which he addeth, is onelie the worke of a woman, to netifie and polish. Nor do I, alas, but the formost ranke of the most ancient and best learned that ever were, come to the field for Homer; hiding all other Poets under his ensign: bate not me then, but them; to whom. before my booke I referre you. But much the rather I insist on the former Simile: for the word 'lhallow, catervatim, or confertim, which is noted by Spondanus to containe all the ἀπόλοσις, reddition, or application of the comparison; and is nothing so. For though it be all the reddition Homer expresseth; yet be intends two speciall parts in the application more; which be leaves to his judicial readers understanding, as he doth in all his other Similes: since a man may pervially (or as he passeth) discerne all that is to be understood. And here, besides the throngs of souldiers, exprest in the swarmes of Bees; be intimates the infinite number in those throngs or companies, issuing from fleete so ceaslesly, that there appeared almost no end of their issue:

and thirdly, the everie where dispersing themselves. But Spondanus would excuse Homer, for expressing no more of his application; with affirming it impossible; that the thing compared, and the comparison, should answer in all parts; and therefore alledges the vulgar understanding of a Simile, which is as grosse as it is vulgar; that a similitude must uno pede semper claudicare. His reason for it as absurd as the rest: which is this, si ea inter se omnino responderent, falleret illudaxioma, nullum simile est idem; as though the generall application of the compared, and the comparison, would make them any thing more the same, or all one; more then the swarmes of Bees, and the throng of souldiers are all one, or the same; for answering most aptly. But that a Simile must needs halt of one foote still; showeth how lame vulgar tradition is, especially in her censure of Poesie. For who at first sight, will not conceive it absurd to make a Simile; which serves to the illustration and ornament of a Poeme; lame of a foote, and idle? The incredible violence suffered by Homer in all the rest of his most inimitable Similes, being exprest in his place, will abundantly prove the stupiditie of this tradition: and how injuriously short his interpreters must needs come of him, in his streight and deepe places; when in his open and faire passages, they halt and hang backe so.

b τον μεν άριξηλον θῆκεν Θεός, &c. hunc quidem clarum (or illustrem) fecit Deus; as it is by all translated; wherein I note the strange abuse (as I apprebend it) of the word άριξηλος; beginning here, & continuing wheresoever it is found in these Iliads. It is by the transition of 3 into 2 in derivation, according to the Doricke: for which cause our Interpreters will needs have Homer intend άριξηλος, which is clarus or illustris, when he himselfe saith, άριξηλος; which is a compound of άρι, which is valde, and ξήλος, and signifies, quem valde æmulamur, or valde æmulandus, according to Scap. But because ξήλος is most authentically expounded, impetus mentis ad cultum divinum, that exposition I follow in this place, and expound τὸν μὲν ἀρίξηλον θῆκεν Θεός; hunc quidem magnum impulsum ad cultum divinum fecit Deus; because he turned so sodainly and miraculously the Dragon to a stone. To make it ἀρίζηλον, and say, clarum, or illustrem fecit Deus; qui ostendit, or ostenderat, (which followes in the verse) and saith thus much in our tongue: God that shewed

this, made it cleare; is verie little more, then God that shewed this, shewed it. One way it observes the word (betwixt which, and the other, you see what great difference) and is faire, full, grave; the other alters the originall, and is uglie, emptie, idle.

c 'Αυτόματος δέ οι ήλθε βοήν άγαθός Μενέλαος, &c., Spontaneus autem ei venit, voce bonus Menelaus; and some say bello strenuus Menelaus: which is farre estranged from the mind of our Homer, Both signifying vociferatio, or clamor, though some will have it pugna, ex consequenti; because fights are often made with clamor. But in bello strenuus, (unlesse it be ironically taken) is bere straind beyond sufferance, & is to be expounded vociferatione bonus Menelaus: which agreeth with that part of his character in the next booke, that telleth his manner of utterance or voice: which is μάλα λιγέως, valde stridule, or arguto cum stridore; highes being commonly and most properlie taken in the worse part, and signifieth shrillie, or noisefullie, squeaking: howsoever in the vulgar conversion it is in that place most grosselie abused. To the consideration whereof, being of much importance, I referre you in his place. And in the meane time shew you, that in this first and next verse, Homer (speaking scoptically) breakes open the fountaine of his ridiculous humor following: never by anie interpreter understood, or touched at, being yet the most ingenious conceited person that any man can shew in any heroicall Poeme, or in any Comicke Poet. And that you may something perceive him before you reade to him in his severall places: I will, as I can, in haste, give you him here together, as Homer at all parts presents him: viz. simple, wel-meaning, standing still affectedlie on telling truth, small, and shrill voiced (not sweet, or eloquent, as some most against the baire would have him) short spoken, after his countrie the Laconicall manner: yet speaking thicke and fast, industrious in the field, and willing to be emploied. And (being mollis Bellator himselfe) set still to call to everie hard service, the hardiest. Even by the wit of Ajax, plaid upon, about whom he would still be diligent: and what he wanted of the martiall furie and facultie himselfe, that be would be bold to supplieout of Ajax: Ajax and he, to any for blowes: Antilochus and he for wit: (Antilochus old Nestors sonne, a most ingenious, valiant, and excellentlie formed person.)

Sometimes valiant, or daring, (as what coward is not) sometimes falling upon sentence, and good matter in his speeches (as what meanest capacitie doth not?) Nor useth our most inimitable Imitator of nature, this crosse and deformed mixture of his parts, more to colour and avoid too broad a taxation of so eminent a person; then to follow the true life of nature, being often, or alwaies, exprest so disparent in her creatures. And therefore the decorum that some poore Criticks have stood upon; to make fooles alwaies foolish, cowards at all times cowardly, &c.is farre from the variant order of nature, whose principles being contrary, her productions must needs containe the like opposition.

But now to the first; αὐτόματος λέ οἱ ἤλθε, &c. Spontaneus autem ei venit, &c. about which, a passing great peece of worke is pickt out by our greatest Philosophers, touching the unbidden coming of Menelaus to supper or Counsell, which some commend; others condemne in him: but the reason why he staid not the invitement, rendered immediatly by Homer, none of them will understand, viz. "Η Σεε γὰρ κατὰ θυμόν, &c. sciebat enim in animo quantum frater laborabat: of which verse his interpreters crie out for the expunction, onely because it was never entered in their apprehension; which I more then admire (for the easinesse of it) so freely offering it selfe to their entertainment; and yet using the hoofe of Pegasus, onely with a touch breaking open (as abovesaid) the fountaine of his humor. For thus I expound it, (laying all againe together, to make it plaine enough for you,) Agamemnon inviting all the chiefe Commanders to supper, left out his brother; but he, seeing how much his brother was troubled about the dreame, and busied, would not stand upon invitement, but came of himselfe. And this being spoken Scopticé, or by way of irrision, argueth what manner of man he made of him. Ineptus enim (as it is affirmed in Plutarch, 1. Symp. & second question) fuit Menelaus, & locum dedit proverbio, qui ad consilium dandum accessisset, non vocatus: And to this place he had reference, because a Councell of warrewas to be held at this supper. And here(Isay) Homer opened the veine of his simplicitie, not so much in his going unbidden to supper, and Counsell, as in the reason for it ironically rendered; that he knew his brother was busie, &c. And yet that addition, without which the very sence of our Poet is not safe, our interpreters would have raced.

The end of the second Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

THE ARGUMENT.

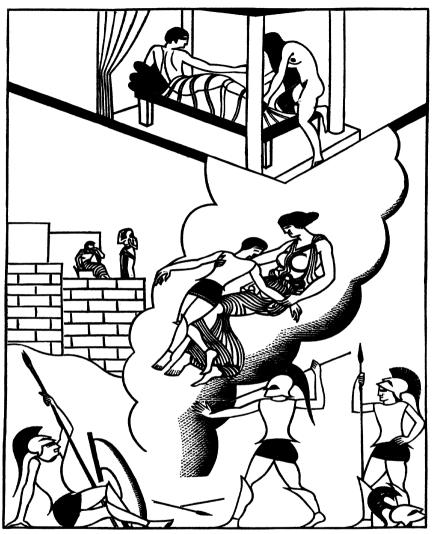
PARIS (betwixt the Hoasts) to single fight
(Of all the Greekes) dares the most hardie knight:
King Menelaus, doth accept his brave,
Conditioning that he againe should have
Faire Helena, with all she brought to Troy,
If he subdu'd; else Paris should enjoy
Her, and her wealth, in peace. Conquest doth grant
Her deare wreath to the Grecian combattant;
But Venus, to her champions life doth yeeld
Safe rescue, and conveyes him from the field,
Into his chamber; and for Hellen sends;
Whom much, her lovers foule disgrace offends;
Yet Venus, for him still makes good her charmes,
And ends the second combat in his armes.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Gamma, the single fight doth sing Twixt Paris, and the Spartan king.

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THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



HEN EVERY LEAST COMMANDERS WILL. BEST SOULDIERS HAD OBAIDE, &BOTH THE HOSTS WERE RANG'D FOR FIGHT. THE TROJANS WOULD HAVE FRAID

The Greeks with noises; crying out, in coming rudely on: At all parts like the Cranes that fill, with harsh confusion, Of brutish clanges, all the aire: and in ridiculous warre, (Eschuing the unsufferd stormes, shot from the winters starre) Visite the Ocean; and conferre, the Pygmei souldiers death. The Greeks charg'd silent, and like men, bestow'd their thriftie breath The silent assalt In strength of far-resounding blowes; still entertaining care Of eithers rescue, when their strength, did their engagements dare. And as upon a hils steepe tops, the Southwind powres a cloud To shepheards thanklesse; but by theeves, that love the night, allowd; A darknesse letting downe, that blinds, a stones cast off mens eyes: Such darknesse from the Greeks swift feet, (made all of dust) did rise. But ere sterne conflict mixt both strengths, faire Paris stept before The Trojan host; athwart his backe, a Panthers hide he wore, A crooked bow, and sword, and shooke, two brazen-headed darts; With which (well arm'd) his tongue provok't, the best of Grecian hearts To stand with him in single fight. Whom, when the man wrong'd most Of all the Greekes, so gloriously, saw stalke before the host; As when a Lion is rejoyc't (with hunger halfe forlorne) That finds some sweet prey; (as a Hart, whose grace lies in his horne, Or Sylvane Goate) which he devours, though never so pursu'd With dogs and men; so Spartas king, exulted, when he view'd The faire-fac'd Paris so exposde, to his so thirsted wreake, Whereof his good cause made him sure. The Grecian front did breake, And forth he rusht, at all parts arm'd: leapt from his chariot, And royally prepar'd for charge. Which seene, cold terror shot The heart of *Paris*, who retir'd, as headlong from the king, As in him, he had shund his death: and as a hilly spring, Presents a serpent to a man, full underneath his feete,

Her blew necke (swolne with poison) raisd, and her sting out, to greet

His heedlesse entrie: sodainely, his walke he altereth;

The Trojans compared to Cranes

of the Greekes.

Paris flieth at sight of Menelaus. Simile.

Starts backe amaz'd, is shooke with feare, and lookes as pale as death:

So Menelaus, Paris scar'd: so that divine fac't foe, Shrunke in his beauties. Which beheld, by Hector, he let go This bitter checke at him. Accurst, made but in beauties skorne: Impostor, womans man! O heaven, that thou hadst nere bene borne, Or (being so manlesse) never liv'd, to beare mans noblest state, The nuptiall honor; which I wish, because it were a fate Much better for thee, then this shame; this spectacle doth make A man a monster: Harke how lowd, the Greekes laugh, who did take Thy faire forme, for a continent, of parts as faire; a rape Thou mad'st of Nature, like their Queene. No soule; an emptie shape Takes up thy being: yet, how spight, to everie shade of good, Fils it with ill? for as thou art, thou couldst collect a brood Of others like thee: and farre hence, fetch ill enough to us; Even to thy father: all these friends; make those foes mocke them thus, In thee: for whose ridiculous sake, so seriously they lay, All Greece, and Fate upon their necks: O wretch! not dare to stay Weake *Menelaus*? But twas well: for in him, thou hadst tried What strength, lost beautie can infuse; and with the more griefe died, To feele thou robdst a worthier man; to wrong a souldiers right. Your Harps sweet touch, curld lockes, fine shape, and gifts so exquisite, Given thee by Venus, would have done, your fine Dames little good, When bloud and dust had ruffled them; and had as little stood Thy selfe in stead; but what thy care, of all these in thee flies, We should inflict on thee our selves: infectious cowardise (In thee) hath terrified our host; for which, thou well deserv'st A coate of Tomb-stone, not of steele: in which, for forme thou serv'st.

Paris to Hector.

To this thus *Paris* spake, (for forme, that might inhabit heaven) *Hector*? Because thy sharpe reproofe, is out of justice given, I take it well: but though thy heart (inur'd to these affrights Cuts through them, as an axe through Oke; that, more usd, more excites The workmans facultie: whose art, can make the edge go farre; Yet I (lesse practised, then thy selfe, in these extremes of warre)

May well be pardond, though lesse bold; in these, your worth exceeds; In others, mine: Nor is my mind, of lesse force to the deeds Requir'd in warre; because my forme, more flowes in gifts of peace. Reproach not therefore the kind gifts, of golden Cyprides; All heav'ns gifts have their worthie price; as little to be scorn'd, As to be wonne with strength, wealth, state; with which, to be adorn'd, Some man would change, state, wealth, or strength. But if your martiall Wish me to make my challenge good, and hold it such a part Of shame to give it over thus; cause all the rest to rest; And twixt both hosts, let Spartas king, and me performe our best, For Hellen, and the wealth she brought: and he that overcomes, Or proves superiour any way, in all your equal doomes, Let him enjoy her utmost wealth, keepe her, or take her home; The rest strike leagues of endlesse date, and heartie friends become; You dwelling safe in gleby Troy, the Greekes retire their force, T'Achaia, that breeds fairest Dames: and Argos, fairest horse. He said, and his amendsfull words, did Hector highly please;

Who rusht betwixt the fighting hoasts, and made the Trojans cease, By holding up, in midst, his lance: the Grecians noted not The signall he for parle usde, but at him fiercely shot; Hurld stones, and still were levelling darts. At last, the king of men (Great Agamemnon) cried alowd: Argives? for shame containe: Youths of Achaia? shoot no more; the faire-helm'd-Hector showes As he desir'd to treate with us. This said, all ceast from blowes; And Hector spake to both the hosts: Trojans? and hardie Greekes? Heare now, what he that stird these warres, for their cessation seekes: He bids us all, and you disarme, that he alone may fight With Menelaus, for us all; for Hellen and her right,

Agamemnon restraines the fight against Hector.

Hector to the Greekes and Trojans.

Or is, in all the art of armes, superiour any way; The Queene, and all her sorts of wealth, let him at will enjoy;

With all the dowre she brought to Troy; and he that wins the day,

The rest strike truce; and let love seale, firme leagues twixt Greece and Troy.

The Greeke host wondred at this Brave: silence flew every where;

Menelaus to both the armies.

At last, spake Spartas warlike king: Now also give me eare, Whom griefe gives most cause of replie; I now have hope to free The Greekes and Trojans of all ils, they have sustaind for me And Alexander, that was cause, I stretcht my splene so farre. Of both then, which is nearest fate, let his death end the warre: The rest immediatly retire, and greet all homes in peace. Go then (to blesse your champion, and give his powers successe) Fetch for the Earth, and for the Sunne, (the Gods on whom ye call) Two lambes, a blacke one and a white: a femall, and a male; And we, another for our selves, will fetch, and kill to *love*; To signe which rites, bring *Priams* force; because we well approve, His sonnes perfidious, envious, (and out of practisd bane To faith, when she beleeves in them) Joves high truce may prophane, All yong mens hearts, are still unstaid: but in those wel-weigh'd deeds An old man will consent to passe, things past, and what succeeds He lookes into; that he may know, how best to make his way Through both the fortunes of a fact: and will the worst obay. (This granted,) A delightfull hope, both Greekes and Trojans fed, Of long'd for rest, from those long toyles, their tedious warre had bred. Their horses then in ranke they set, drawne from their chariots round; Descend themselves, tooke off their armes, and plac't them on the ground, Neare one another; for the space, twixt both the hosts was small.

Hector sendeth for Priam. Hector two heralds sent to Troy, that they from thence might call King Priam; and to bring the lambes, to rate the truce they swore. But Agamemnon to the fleet, Talthibius sent before,

To fetch their lambe; who nothing slackt, the royall charge was given.

Iris to Hellen.

"Iris the raine-bow then came downe, Ambassadresse from heaven, To white-arm'd Hellen; she assum'd, at every part, the grace Of Hellens last loves sisters shape; who had the highest place In Hellens love; and had to name, Laodice; most faire Of all the daughters Priam had: and made the nuptiall paire, With Helicaon; royall sproute, of old Antenors seed; She found Queene Hellena at home, at worke about a weed,

Woy'n for her selfe: it shin'd like fire; was rich, and full of sise; The worke of both sides being alike, in which she did comprise The many labors, warlike Troy, and brasse-arm'd Greece endur'd, For her faire sake, by cruell Mars, and his sterne friends procur'd. Iris came in in joyfull haste, and said: O come with me, (Lov'd Nymph) and an admired sight, of Greekes and Trojans see; Who first on one another brought, a warre so full of teares, (Even thirstie of contentious warre) now everie man forbeares, And friendly by each other sits, each leaning on his shield; Their long and shining lances pitcht, fast by them in the field. Paris, and Spartas king alone, must take up all the strife; And he that conquers, onely call, faire Hellena his wife.

Thus spake the thousand colour'd Dame: and to her mind commends The joy to see her first espousd, her native tow'rs, and friends; Which stir'd a sweet desire in her, to serve the which, she hi'd: Shadowed her graces with white veiles, and (though she tooke a pride To set her thoughts at gaze, and see, in her cleare beauties flood What choice of glorie, swum to her yet tender womanhood) Season'd with teares, her joyes to see, more joyes the more offence: And that perfection could not flow, from earthly excellence.

Hellens desire to see her first husband & friends.

Thus went she forth, and tooke with her, her women most of name, Æthra, Pitthæus lovely birth: and Clymene, whom fame
Hath, for her faire eyes, memorisd. They reacht the Scæan towrs,
Where Priam sat to see the fight, with all his Counsellours,
Panthous, Lampus, Clitius, and stout Hycetaon,
Thimætes, wise Antenor, and profound Ucalegon:
All grave old men, and souldiers, they had bene, but for age
Now left the warres; yet Counsellors, they were exceeding sage.
And, as in well-growne woods, on trees, cold spinie Grashoppers
Sit chirping, and send voices out, that scarce can pierce our eares,
b For softnesse, and their weake faint sounds: So (talking on the towre)
These Seniors of the people sate: who when they saw the powre
Of beautie, in the Queene ascend; even those cold-spirited Peeres;

Old men, and their weake utterance, most aptly compared to Grashoppers and their singino.

Hellens heautie moves even the oldest.

Those wise, and almost witherd men; found this heate in their yeares; That they were forc'd (though whispering) to say; what man can blame The Greekes, and Trojans to endure, for so admir'd a Dame. So many miseries, and so long? In her sweet countenance shine Lookes like the Goddesses: and yet (though never so divine) Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforced prise, And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies, Labor, and ruine; let her go: the profit of our land, Must passe the beautie. Thus, though these, could beare so fit a hand On their affections; yet when all, their gravest powers were usde; They could not chuse but welcome her; and rather they accusde The Gods, then beautie; for thus spake, the most fam'd king of Troy; Priam cals Hel- Come, loved daughter, sit by me, and take the worthy joy

len to informe bim of the Greeke Princes.

Of thy first husbands sight; old friends, and Princes neare allyed: And name me some of these brave Greekes, so manly beautified. Come: do not thinke, I lay the warres, endur'd by us, on thee; The Gods have sent them, and the teares, in which they swumme to me. Sit then, and name this goodly Greeke, so tall, and broadly spred, Who then the rest, that stand by him, is higher by the head; The bravest man I ever saw, and most majesticall; His onely presence, makes me thinke, him king amongst them all.

Hellen to Priam.

The fairest of her sexe replyed; Most reverend fath'r in law: Most lov'd, most fear'd; would some ill death, had seizd me, when I saw The first meane, why I wrong'd you thus; that I had never lost, The sight of these my ancient friends; of him that lov'd me most; Of my sole daughter; brothers both, with all those kindly mates, Of one soyle, one age borne with me; though under different fates. But these boones envious starres denie; the memorie of these, In sorrow pines those beauties now, that then did too much please; Nor satisfie they your demand; to which I thus replie: That's Agamemnon, (Atreus sonne) the great in Emperie; A king, whom double royaltie, doth crowne, being great and good; And one that was my brother in law, when I contain'd my blood,

And was more worthie; if at all, I might be said to be, My Being, being lost so soone, in all that honour'd me?

The good old king admir'd, and said: O Atreus blessed sonne! Borne under joyfull destinies, that hast the Empire wonne Of such a world of Grecian youths, as I discover here; I once marcht into Phrygia, that many vines doth beare, Where many Phrygians I beheld, well skild in use of horse; That of the two men, like two Gods, were the commanded force, (Otraus, and great Migdonus) who on Sangarius sands, Set downe their tents; with whom my selfe (for my assistant bands) Was numbred as a man in chiefe: the cause of warre was then. Th' Amazon dames, that in their facts, affected to be men. In all, there was a mightie powre, which yet did never rise, To equall these Achaian youths, that have the sable eyes. Then (seeing *Ulysses* next) he said, Lov'd daughter what is he, That lower then great Atreus sonne, seemes by the head to me? Yet in his shoulders, and big breast, presents a broader show; His armor lies upon the earth: he up and downe doth go, To see his souldiers keepe their rankes, and ready have their armes; If, in this truce, they should be tried, by any false alarmes. Much like a well growne Bel-weather, or feltred Ram he shewes, That walkes before a wealthie flocke, of faire white-fleeced Ewes.

High Jove, and Ledas fairest seed, to Priam thus replies: This is the old Laertes sonne, Ulysses, cald the wise; Who, though unfruitfull Ithaca, was made his nursing seate, Yet knowes he everie sort of sleight: and is in counsels great.

The wise Antenor answerd her; Tis true, renowmed dame; For, some times past, wise Ithacus, to Troy a Legate came With Menelaus, for your cause: to whom I gave receit, As guests; and welcom'd to my house, with all the love I might. I learn'd the wisdomes of their soules, and humors of their blood: For when the Trojan Councell met, and these together stood, By height of his broad shoulders had, Atrides eminence;

Priams admiration of Agamemnon.

Ulysses described.

Antenor to Hellen by way of digression. Yet set, Ulysses did exceed, and bred more reverence.
And when their counsels and their words, they wove in one; the speech Of Atreus sonne was passing lowd, small, fast, yet did not reach To much; being naturally borne, Laconicall: nor would His humor lie for any thing; or was (like th' other) old.
But when the prudent Ithacus, did to his counsels rise, He stood a little still, and fixt, upon the earth his eyes; His scepter moving neither way, but held it formally, Like one that vainely doth affect. Of wrathfull qualitie, And franticke (rashly judging him) you would have said he was; But when out of his ample broost, he growthis great wais a passe.

Ulysses wisdome admirably illustrated by similitude,

And franticke (rashly judging him) you would have said he was;
But when out of his ample breast, he gave his great voice passe,
And words that flew about our eares, like drifts of winters snow;
Nonethenceforth, might contend with him; though nought admird for

The third man, aged *Priam* markt, was *Ajax Telamon*: [sho Of whom he askt; What Lord is that, so large of limme, and bone; So raisd in height, that to his breast, I see there reacheth none?

To him the Goddesse of her sexe, the large-veild *Hellen* said;

Ajax Telamon the Grecian bulwarke. Idomeneus king of Crete. That Lord is Ajax Telamon, a Bulwarke in their aide.
On th'other side stands Idomen, in Crete of most command,
And round about his royall sides, his Cretane captaines stand.

Oft hath the warlike Spartan king, given hospitable due,
To him within our Lacene court, and all his retinue.
And now the other Achive Dukes, I generally discerne;
All which I know; and all their names, could make thee quickly learne.

Two Princes of the people yet, I no where can behold;

Castor and Pollux brothers to Hellen. Castor, the skilfull knight on horse, and Pollux uncontrold, For all stand-fights, and force of hand; both at a burthen bred, My naturall brothers: either here, they have not followed, From lovely Sparta; or (arriv'd within the sea-borne fleet In feare of infamie for me) in broad field shame to meet.

The beralds prepare for the compact. Nor so; for holy *Tellus* wombe, inclosed those worthy men, In *Sparta*, their beloved soyle. The voicefull heralds then, The firme agreement of the Gods, through all the citie ring: Two lambs, and spirit-refreshing wine (the fruit of earth) they bring, Within a Goate-skin bottle closd; Idæus also brought

A massie glittering boll, and cups, that all of gold were wrought:
Which bearing to the king they cride; Sonne of Laomedon?

Rise; for the wel-rode Peeres of Troy, and brasse-arm'd Greekes in one,

Send to thee, to descend to field, that they firme vowes may make;
For, Paris and the Spartan king, must fight for Hellens sake,

With long arm'd lances; and the man, that proves victorious,
The woman and the wealth she brought, shall follow to his house;
The rest knit friendship, and firme leagues; we safe in Troy shall dwell;
In Argos and Achaia they, that do in dames excell.

He said, and Priams aged joints, with chilled feare did shake; Yet instantly he bad his men, his chariot readie make. Which soone they did, and he ascends: he takes the reines, and guide, Antenor cals; who instantly, mounts to his royall side; And through the Scæan ports, to field, the swift-foote horse they drive. And when at them of Troy and Greece, the aged Lords arrive, From horse, on Troyes well feeding soyle, twixt both the hosts they go. When straight up rose the king of men, up rose Ulysses to; The heralds in their richest cotes, repeate (as was the guise) The true vowes of the Gods; term'd theirs, since made before their eyes. Then in a cup of gold they mixe, the wine that each side brings; And next, powre water on the hands, of both the kings of kings. Which done, Atrides drew his knife, that evermore he put Within the large sheath of his sword: with which, away he cut The wooll from both fronts of the lambs, which (as a rite in use Of execration to their heads, that brake the plighted truce) The heralds of both hosts did give, the Peeres of both. And then With hands and voice advanc't to heaven, thus prayd the king of men:

O Jove, that Ida dost protect, and hast the titles wonne, Most glorious, most invincible; And thou all-seeing Sunne; All-hearing, all-recomforting; floods? earth? and powers beneath? That all the perjuries of men, chastise even after death;

Agamemnon bimselfe prayes.

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Be witnesses, and see perform'd, the heartie vowes we make; If Alexander shall the life, of Menelaus take, He shall from henceforth Hellena, with all her wealth retaine; And we will to our houshold Gods, hoyse saile, and home againe. If by my honourd brothers hand, be Alexander slaine, The Trojans then, shall his forc't Queene, with a'll her wealth restore, And pay convenient fine to us, and ours for evermore. If Priam, and his sonnes denie, to pay this, thus agreed, When Alexander shall be slaine; for that perfidious deed, And for the fine, will I fight here, till dearely they repay By death and ruine, the amends, that falshood keepes away.

The contract is confirmed.

This said, the throtes of both the lambs, cut with his royall knife; He laid them panting on the earth, till (quite depriv'd of life)
The steele had robd them of their strength. Then golden cups they cround, With wine out of a cisterne drawne: which powr'd upon the ground, They fell upon their humble knees, to all the deities,
And thus pray'd one of both the hosts, that might do sacrifice;

Now one praies whose office was to do sacrifice. O Jupiter, most high, most great, and all the deathlesse powers; Who first shall dare to violate, the late sworne oaths of ours, So let the bloods and braines of them, and all they shall produce, Flow on the staind face of the earth; as now, this sacred juice: And let their wives with bastardise, brand all their future race. Thus praid they: but with wisht effects, their prayrs Jove did not grace.

Priam to both bosts When Priam said; Lords of both hoasts? I can no longer stay, To see my lov'd sonne trie his life; and so must take my way To winde-exposed Ilion. Jove yet and heavens high States, Know onely, which of these must now, pay tribute to the Fates.

Priam and Antenor returne to Troy. Thus putting in his coach the lambs, he mounts, and reines his horse; Antenor to him; and to Troy, both take their speedie course.

Hector and Ulysses measure the ground for the combat. Then Hector (Priams Martiall sonne) stept forth, and met the ground, (With wise Ulysses) where the blowes, of combat must resound. Which done, into a helme they put, two lots, to let them know, Which of the combattants should first, his brasse-pil'd javeline throw.

When, all the people standing by, with hands held up to heaven, Pray'd Jove, the conquest might not be, by force or fortune given; But that the man, who was in right, the author of most wrong, Might feele his justice; and no more, these tedious warres prolong; But sinking to the house of death, leave them (as long before) Linkt fast in leagues of amitie, that might dissolve no more.

Then Hector shookethehelmethatheld, the equall doomes of chance; Hector shakes the belme, and Look't backe, and drew; and Paris first, had lot to hurle his lance. Paris draws the The souldiers all sat downe enrank't, each by his armes and horse, lot to burle first.

That then lay downe, and cool'd their hoofes. And now th'allotted course Bids faire-haird Hellens husband arme: who first makes fast his greaves, He armes.

With silver buckles to his legs: then on his breast receives The curets that Lycaon wore, (his brother) but made fit For his faire bodie: next, his sword, he tooke, and fastned it (All damaskt) underneath his arme: his shield then, grave and great, His shoulders wore: and on his head, his glorious helme he set; Topt with a plume of horses haire, that horribly did dance, And seem'd to threaten as he mov'd. At last he takes his lance, Exceeding big, and full of weight; which he with ease could use.

In like sort, Spartas warlike king, himselfe with armes indues. Thus arm'd at either armie both, they both stood bravely in, Possessing both hosts with amaze: they came so chin to chin; And with such horrible aspects, each other did salute.

A faire large field was made for them: where wraths (for hugenesse) mute And mutuall, made them mutually, at either shake their darts, Before they threw: then Paris first, with his long javeline parts; The combat.

It smote Atrides orbie Targe: but ranne not through the brasse: For in it (arming well the shield) the head reflected was.

Then did the second combattant, applie him to his speare: Which ere he threw, he thus besought, almightie Jupiter:

O Jove! vouchsafe me now revenge, and that my enemie, (For doing wrong so undeserv'd) may pay deservedly The paines he forfeited; and let, these hands inflict those paines, Menelaus armes.

Menelaus pray-

eth to Jove.

By conquering, I, by conquering dead, him on whom life complaines: That any now, or any one, of all the brood of men
To live hereafter, may with feare, from all offence abstaine,
(Much more from all such foule offence) to him that was his host,
And entertain'd him, as the man, whom he affected most.

This said, he shooke, and threw his lance; which strooke through Paris
And with the strength he gave to it, it made the curets yeeld; [shield
His coate of Maile, his breast and all: and drave his intrailes in,
In that low region, where the guts, in three small parts begin:
Yet he, in bowing of his breast, prevented sable death.
This taint he follow'd with his sword, drawne from a silver sheath:
Which (lifting high) he strooke his helme, full where his plumedid stand,
On which, it peece-meale brake, and fell, from his unhappie hand.
At which he sighing stood and star'd upon the ample skie.

Menelaus sword breaketh.

Menelaus at Jupiter.

Which(liftinghigh)hestrookehishelme, full wherehisplumedid stand, On which, it peece-meale brake, and fell, from his unhappie hand. At which, he sighing stood, and star'd, upon the ample skie, And said, O Jove, there is no God, given more illiberally To those that serve thee, then thy selfe; why have I pray'd in vaine? I hop't my hand should have reveng'd, the wrongs I still sustaine On him that did them; and still dares, their foule defence pursue; And now my lance hath mist his end, my sword in shivers flew, And he scapes all. With this againe, he rusht upon his guest, And caught him by the horse-haire plume, that dangl'd on his crest; With thought, to drag him to the Greekes; which he had surely done; And so (besides the victorie) had wondrous glorie wonne; (Because the needle-painted lace, with which his helme was tied Beneath his chin, and so about, his daintie throte implyed, Had strangl'd him:) but that in time, the Cyprian seed of Jove, Did breake the string, with which was lin'd, that which the needle wove; And was the tough thong of a Steere, and so the victors palme Was(for so full a man at armes) onely an emptie helme. That then he swong about his head, and cast among his friends; Who scrambled, and took't up with shouts. Againe then he intends, To force the life blood of his foe, and ranne on him amaine, With shaken javeline; when the Queene, that lovers loves, againe

Attended; and now ravisht him, from that encounter quite, With ease, and wondrous sodainly; for she (a Goddesse) might. She hid him in a cloud of gold, and never made him knowne, Till in his chamber, (fresh and sweet) she gently set him downe; And went for *Hellen*, whom she found, in Scæas utmost height; To which, whole swarmes of citie Dames, had climb'd to see the sight.

Venus rapture of Paris from Menelaus. This place Virgil imitateth.

Venus like Græa to Hellen

To give her errand good successe; she tooke on her the shape,
Of beldame Grea, who was brought, by Hellen in her rape,
From Lacedæmon, and had trust, in all her secrets still;
Being old, and had (of all her maids) the maine bent of her will;
And spun for her, her finest wooll; like her, loves Empresse came,
Puld Hellen by the heavenly veile, and softly said: Madame?
My Lord cals for you, you must needs, make all your kind haste home;
He's in your chamber, stayes, and longs; sits by your bed; pray come,
Tis richly made, and sweet; but he, more sweet; and lookes so cleare,
So fresh, and movingly attir'd: that (seeing) you would sweare,
He came not from the dustie fight, but from a courtly dance,
Or would to dancing. This she made, a charme for dalliance;
Whose vertue Hellen felt, and knew (by her so radiant eyes,
White necke, and most enticing breasts) the deified disguise.

At which amaz'd, she answerd her: unhappie Deitie? Why lov'st thou still in these deceipts, to wrap my phantasie? Or whether yet (of all the townes, given to their lust beside, In Phrygia, or Mæonia) com'st thou to be my guide? If there (of divers languag'd men) thou hast (as here in Troy) Some other friend, to be my shame? since here thy latest joy, By Menelaus now subdu'd; by him, shall I be borne Home to his Court; and end my life, in triumphs of his scorne. And to this end, would thy deceits, my wanton life allure. Hence, go thy selfe to Priams sonne, and all the wayes abjure Of Gods, or Godlike minded Dames, nor ever turne againe Thy earth-affecting feet to heaven: but for his sake, sustaine

Toiles here: guard, grace him endlesly: till he requite thy grace,

Hellen chideth Venus By giving thee my place with him: or take his servants place, If all dishonourable wayes, your favours seeke to serve His never-pleasd incontinence: I better will deserve, Then serve his dotage now: what shame, were it for me to feed This lust in him? all honour'd Dames, would hate me for the deed, He leaves a womans love so sham'd, and showes so base a mind; To feele, nor my shame, nor his owne; griefes of a greater kind Wound me, then such as can admit, such kind delights so soone.

Venus terrifies Hellen. The Goddesse (angrie, that past shame, her meere will was not done)
Replied: Incense me not you wretch, lest (once incenst) I leave
Thy curst life to as strange a hate, as yet it may receive
A love from me; and lest I spread, through both hosts such despite,
For those plagues they have felt for thee, that both abjure thee quite.
And (setting thee in midst of both) turne all their wraths on thee,
And dart thee dead: that such a death, may wreake thy wrong of me.

This strooke the faire Damewith such feare, it tooke her speech away;
And (shadowed in her snowy veile) she durst not but obay:
And yet (to shun the shame she fear'd) she vanisht undescride

Hellen followeth Of all the Trojan Ladies there; for Venus was her guide.

Hellen followeth Venus from the port.

Arriv'd at home; her women both, fell to their worke in hast; When she that was of all her sexe, the most divinely grac't, Ascended to a higher roome, though much against her will, Where lovely Alexander was, being led by Venus still. The laughter-loving Dame discern'd, her mov'd mind, by her grace: And (for her mirth sake) set a stoole, full before Paris face;

Venus mirth with Hellen Where she would needs have *Hellen* sit: who (though she durst not chuse But sit, yet) lookt away for all, the Goddesse powre could use;

Hellens bitter reproofe of Paris. And usd her tongue too, and to chide, whom Venus sooth'd so much; And chid too, in this bitter kind; And was thy cowardise such, (So conquerd) to be seene alive? O, would to God thy life Had perisht by his worthy hand, to whom I first was wife. Before this, thou wouldst glorifie, thy valour, and thy lance; And, past my first Loves, boast them farre: Go once more, and advance

Thy braves against his single power: this foile might fall by chance. Poore conquerd man; twas such a chance, as I would not advise, Thy valour should provoke againe: shun him thou most unwise; Lest next, thy spirit sent to hell, thy bodie be his prise.

He answerd; Pray thee woman ceasse, to chide and grieve me thus: Disgraces will not ever last; looke on their end; on us
Will other Gods, at other times, let fall the victors wreath,
As on him Pallas put it now. Shall our love sinke beneath
The hate of fortune? In loves fire, let all hates vanish: Come,
Love never so inflam'd my heart; no not, when (bringing home
Thy beauties so delicious prise) on Cranaes blest shore
Ilong'd for, and enjoyd thee first. With this, he went before
She after, to the odorous bed. While these to pleasure yeeld,
Perplext Atrides, savage-like, ran up and downe the field,
And every thickest troope of Troy, and of their farre-cald aid,
Searcht for his foe; who could not be, by any eye betraid;
Nor out of friendship (out of doubt) did they conceale his sight;
All hated him so like their deaths, and ow'd him such despight.

At last thus spake the king of men: Heare me, ye men of Troy, Ye Dardans and the rest, whose powers, you in their aides employ; The conquest on my brothers part, ye all discerne is cleare: Do you then Argive Hellena, with all her treasure here Restore to us, and pay the mulct, that by your vowes is due, Yeeld us an honourd recompence: and all that should accrue, To our posterities, confirme; that when you render it, Our acts here may be memorisd. This all Greekes else thought fit.

Paris to Hellen.

Menelaus seeketh for Paris through the troopes.

Agamemnon to both the armies.

COMMENTARIUS.

* Ίρις 2'αὖθ' Ελένη, &c. Iris autem Helene, &c. Elegantly, and most aptly (saith Spondanus) is Hellen called by Homer, to the spectacle of this single fight; as being the chiefe person in cause of all the action. The chiefe end of whose coming yet, enviously and most vainly Scaligers Criticus taxeth. Which was her relation to Priam, of the persons he noted there: jesting (with his French wit) at this Greeke Father, & fount of all wit; for making Priam to seek now of their names andknowledges, when nine yeares together they had lien there before. A great peece of necessitie to make him therefore know them before, when there was no such urgent occasion before, to bring Priam to note them? nor so calme a convenience, in their ordered & quiet distinction? But let his criticisme in this be weighed with his other faults found in our maister: as, for making lightning in winter before snow or raine; which the most ignorant upland peasant could teach him out of his observations. For which yet, his Criticus hath the project impudence to taxe Homer. Most falsly repeating his words too: saying, Ubi ningit, when he saith, τεύχων ή πολύν ὅμβρον, & c. Parans, or struens, vel multum imbrem, immensamve grandinem, vel nivem: preparing, or going about those moist impressions in the aire, not in present act with them. From this, immediatly and most rabidly he ranges to Ulysses reprehension, for killing the woers with his bow, in the Odysses. Then to his late vomite againe in the Iliads the verienext word, and envieth Achilleshorse for speaking, (because himselfe would have all the tong) when, in sacred writ, Balaams Asse could have taught him, the like hath bene heard of. Yet now to the Odysses againe with a breath, and challengeth Ulysses ship for suffering Neptune to turne it to a rocke. Here is strange laying out, for amaister so curiously methodicall. Not with what Graces, with what Muses, we may aske he was inspired: but with what Harpyes? what Furies? putting the putidum mendacium upon Homer. Putidus, ineptus, frigidus, puerilis, (being termes fitter for a scold or a bawd, then a man softened by learning) he belcheth against him, whom all the world hath reverenced, & admired, as the fountaine of all wit, wisdome, & learning. What touch is it to me then, to be are spots of depravations, when my great maister is thus muddily dawb'd with it? But who ever

saw true learning, wisdome, or wit, vouchsafe mansion in any proud, vaine-glorious, and brag gartly spirit, when their chiefe act and end is, to abandon and abhorre it? Language, reading, habite of speaking, or writing in other learning, I grant in this reviler great and abundant: but in this Poesie, redundant, I affirme him, and rammish. To conclude, I will use the same words of him, that he of Erasmus (in calce Epinomidos) which are these (as I convert it): Great was his name, but had bene futurely greater, would himselfe have bene lesse: where now, boldwith the greatnesse of his wit, he hath undertaken the more, with much less exactnesse; and so his confidence set on by the renowne of his name, hath driven him headlong, &c.

b*Oπα λειριόεσσαν Ιεΐσι. Vocem suavem emittunt; saith the Interpreter (intending the Grashoppers, to whom he compareth the old Counsellors) but it is here to be expounded, vocem teneram, not suavem: (λειριόεις in this place signifying tener) for Grashoppers sing not sweetly, but harshly and faintly: wherein the weake and tender voices of the old Counsellors is to admiration exprest. The Simile Spondanus highly commends, as most apt and expressive: but his application in one part doth abuse it, in the other right it: and that is, to make the old men resemble Grashoppers for their cold, and bloodlesse spininesse, Tython being for age turned to a Grashopper. But where they were grave and wise Counsellors, to make them garrulous, as Grashoppers are stridulous; that application holdeth not in these old men, though some old men are so. These being Ἐσθλοὶ ἀγορηταί, boni, & periti concionatores; the word ἐσθλὸς signifying frugi also, which is temperate or full of al moderation, and so farre from intimating any touch of garrulitie. Nor was the conceit of our Poet by Spondanus or any other, understood in this Simile.

c'Επιτροχάλην ἀγόρευε, succinctè concionabatur Menelaus; he spake succinctly, or compendiously, say his interpreters; which is utterly otherwise, in the voice ἐπιτροχάλην, signifying velociter, properly, modo eorum qui currunt; he spake fast, or thicke.

d παῦρα μέν, &c. few words yet, he used, ἀλλα μάλα λιγέως, sed valde acutè: they expound it; when it is valde stridulè, shrilly, smally, or alowd; λιγέως, (as I have noted before) being properly taken in the worse part: and accordingly expounded, maketh even with his simple character at all parts, his

utterance being noisefull, small, or squeaking: an excellent pipe for a foole. Nor is the voice or manner of utterance in a man, the least key that discovereth his wisedome or folly. And therefore worth the noting is that of Ulysses in the second booke: that he knew Pallas by her voice: ἐπεὶ οὐ πολύμυθος, quoniam non garrulus, or loquax; being borne naturally Laconical, which agreeth not the lesse with his fast or thicke speaking: for a man may have that kind of utterance, and yet few words.

c'OυΔ' ἀφαμαρτοεπής: neque in verbis peccans, say the Commentors, as though a foolewere perfectly spoken: when the word here hath another sence, and our Homer a farre other meaning, the words being thus to be expounded: neque mendax erat, he would not lie by any meanes; for that affectedly he stands upon hereafter. But to make a foole non peccans verbis, will make a man nothing wonder at any peccancie or absurditie, in men of meere language.

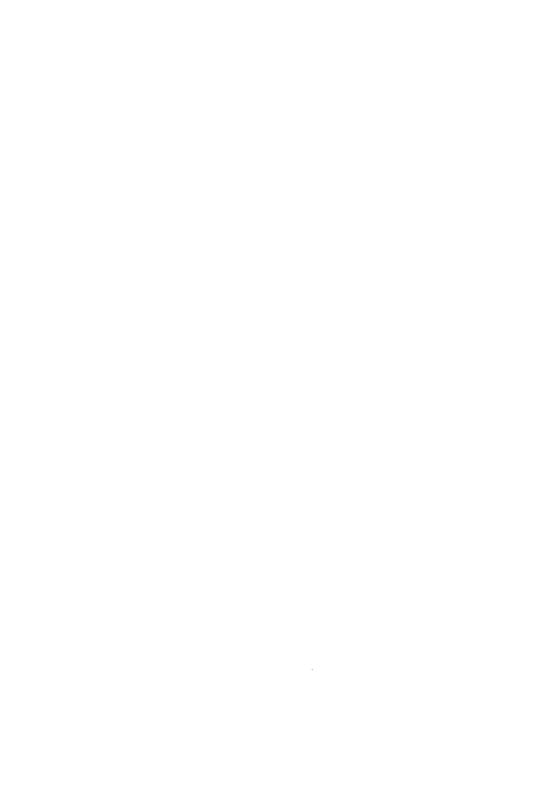
You see then, to how extreme a difference and contrarietie the word and sence lie subject: and that without first finding the true figures of persons in this kind presented, it is impossible for the best linguist living to expresse an Author trulie, especially any Greeke author; the language being so differently significant: which not judicially fitted with the exposition, that the place (and coherence with other places) requireth, what a motley, and confused man a translator may present? As now they do all, of Menelaus, who, where so ever he is called αρηίφιλος, is there untrulie translated bellicosus; but cui Mars est charus, because he might love the warre, and yet be no good warriour: as many love many exercises at which they will never be good: and Homer gave it to him for another of his peculiar Epithets, as a vainglorious affectation in him, rather then a solid affection.

And here haste makes me give end to these new Annotations, deferring the like in the next nine bookes for more breath and encouragement. Since time (that hath ever opprest me) will not otherwise let me come to the last twelve, in which the first free light of my Author, entred and emboldened me. Where so manie rich discoveries importune my poore expression, that I feare rather to betraie them to the world, then expresse them to their price. But how soever envy and prejudice stand squirting their poison through the eyes of my Readers, this shall appeare to all competent apprehensions, I have followed the Originall with authen-

ticall expositions (according to the proper signification of the word in his place, though I differ therein utterly from others:) I have rendred all things of importance, with answerable life and height to my Authour, (though with some periphrasis, without which no man can worthilie translate anie worthie Poet.) And since the translation it selfe, and my notes, (being impartially conferred) amplie approove this, I will still be confident in the woorth of my paines, how idlely and unworthily soever I be censured. And thus, to the last twelve Books (leaving other horrible errors in his other Interpreters unmoved)

aving other horrible errors in his other Interpreters un with those free feet that entred me, I haste, sure of nothing but my labour.

The end of the third Booke.



THE FOURTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

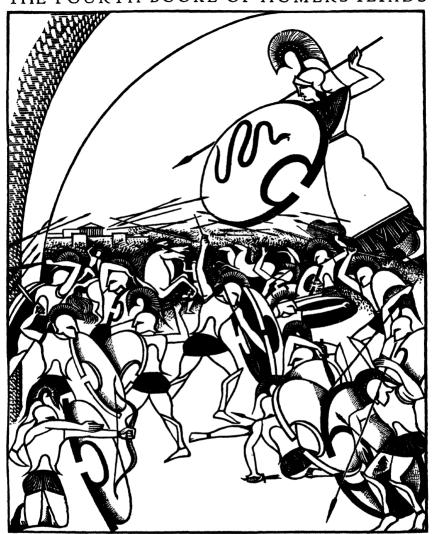
THE ARGUMENT.

THE GODS in Counsell, at the last decree,
That famous Ilion, shall expugned be.
And, that their owne continued faults may prove,
The reasons that have so incensed Jove.
Minerva seekes with more offences done,
Against the lately injur'd Atreus sonne,
(A ground that clearest would make sene their sinne)
To have the Lycian Pandarus beginne.
He (gainst the Truce with sacred covenants bound)
Gives Menelaus, a dishonour'd wound,
Machaon heales him. Agamemnon then,
To mortall warre incenseth all his men:
The battels joyne, and in the heate of fight,
Cold death shuts many eyes in endlesse night.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Delta, is the Gods Assise, The Truce is broke, warres freshly rise.

THE FOURTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



ITHIN THE FAIRE-PAV'D COURT OF JOVE, HE AND THE GODS CONFERD, ABOUT THE SAD EVENTS OF TROY; AMONGST WHOM MINISTERD,

The Gods in Counsel at Joves Court.

Blest *Hebe*, Nectar. As they sate, and did Troyes towres behold,
They drank, and pledg'd each other round, in full crownd cups of gold. Hebefils Nactor.
The mirth, at whose feast, was begun, by great Saturnides,
In urging a begun dislike, amongst the Goddesses.
But chiefly, in his solemne Queene, whose splene he was disposd
To tempt yet further; knowing well, what anger it inclosd.
And how wives angers should be usd. On which, (thus pleasd) he playd:

Two Goddesses there are, that still, give Menelaus ayd:
And one that Paris loves. The two, that sit from us so farre,
(Which Argive Juno is, and she, that rules in deeds of warre
No doubt are pleasd, to see how well, the late-seene-fight did frame.
And (yet upon the adverse part) the laughter-loving Dame,
Made her powre good too, for her friend. For though he were so neare,
The stroke of death, in th' othershopes, she tooke him from them cleare;
The conquest yet, is questionlesse, the martiall Spartan kings;
We must consult then, what events, shall crowne these future things.
If warres, and combats, we shall still, with even successes strike;
Or (as impartiall) friendship plant, on both parts. If ye like
The last, and that it will as well, delight, as meerely please
Your happie Deities: still let stand, old Priams towne in peace;
And let the Lacedæmon king, againe his Queene enjoy.

As Pallas and heavens Queene sat close, complotting ill to Troy;
With silent murmures they receiv'd, this ill-lik't choice from Jove;
Gainst whom was Pallas much incenst, because the Queene of Love,
Could not without his leave relieve, in that late point of death,
The sonne of Priam, whom she loath'd; her wrath yet fought beneath
Her supreme wisedome, and was curb'd: but Juno needs must ease
Her great heart, with her readie tongue, and said: What words are these Juno angry with
(Austere, and too much Saturns sonne?) why wouldst thou render still
My labours idle? and the sweat, of my industrious will,
Dishonor with so little power? My chariot horse are tir'd,

Joves mirth with his wife & daughter Pallas. With posting to and fro, for Greece: and bringing banes desir'd, To people-mustring *Priamus*, and his perfidious sonnes: Yet thou protectst, and joynstwith them, whom each just Deitie shuns. Go on, but ever go resolv'd, all other Gods have vow'd To crosse thy partiall course for Troy, in all that makes it proud.

Jupiter to Juno.

At this, the cloud-compelling Jove, a farre fetch t sigh let flie: And said, Thou Furie, what offence, of such impietie, Hath Priam or his sonnes done thee? that with so high a hate Thou shouldst thus ceaslesly desire, to raze, and ruinate So well a builded towne as Troy? I thinke (hadst thou the powre) Thou wouldst the ports and farre-stretcht wals, flie over, and devoure Old Priam, and his issue quicke: and make all Troy thy feast; And then at length I hope, thy wrath, and tired spleene would rest: To which, run on thy chariot, that nought be found in me, Of just cause to our future jarres. In this yet strengthen thee, And fixe it in thy memorie fast; that, if I entertaine As peremptorie a desire, to levell with the plaine, A citie, where thy loved live; stand not betwixt my ire, And what it aimes at; but give way, when thou hast thy desire, Which now I grant thee willingly, although against my will. For not beneath the ample Sunne, and heavens starre-bearing hill,

Troy most loved of Jupiter, of all other cities.

For not beneath the ample Sunne, and heavens starre-bearing hill, There is a towne of earthly men, so honour'd in my mind, As sacred Troy, nor of earths kings, as *Priam* and his kind, Who never let my altars lacke, rich feast of offrings slaine, And their sweet savours: for which grace, I honor them againe.

Three cities deare to Juno. Drad Juno, with the Cowes faire eyes, replyed; Three townes there are Of great and eminent respect, both in my love and care, Mycena, with the brode high waies, and Argos rich in horse; And Sparta: all which three destroy, when thou envi'st their force; I will not aid them, nor maligne, thy free and soveraigne will: For if I should be envious, and set against their ill, I know my envie were in vaine, since thou art mightier farre: But we must give each other leave, and winke at eithers warre.

from beaven

like a Comet.

Ilikewise, must have powre to crowne, my workes with wished end; Because I am a Deitie, and did from thence descend,

Her deadly hate to Troy.

Whence thou thy selfe, and th'elder borne, wise Saturne was our Sire;

And thus there is a two-fold cause, that pleads for my desire;

Being sister, and am cald thy wife: And more, since thy command

Rules all Gods else; I claime therein, a like superiour hand.

All wrath before, then now remit, and mutually combine

In eithers Empire; I, thy rule, and thou illustrate mine.

So will the other Gods agree: and we shall all be strong.

And first, (for this late plot) with speed, let Pallas go among

The Trojans; and some one of them, entice to breake the truce,

By offering in some treacherous wound, the honourd Greekes abuse.

The Father both of men and Gods, agreed, and Pallas sent,

With these wing'd words, to both the hosts; Make all haste, and invent Jupiter to Pallas.

Some meane, by which the men of Troy, against the truce agreed,

May stirre the glorious Greekes to armes, with some inglorious deed.

Thus charg'd he her with haste, that did, before, in hast abound;

Who cast her selfe from all the heights, with which steepe heaven is crownd: Pallas fals

And as *Jove*, brandishing a starre (which men a Comet call)

Hurls out his curled haire abrode, that from his brand exhals

A thousand sparkes; to fleets at sea, and everie mightie host,

(Of all presages and ill haps, a signe mistrusted most:)

So Pallas fell twixt both the Camps, and sodainly was lost;

When through the breasts of all that saw, she strooke a strong amaze,

With viewing, in her whole descent, her bright and ominous blaze.

When straight, one to another turn'd, and said; Now thundring Jove

(Great Arbiter of peace, and armes) will either stablish love

Amongst our nations: or renue, such warre, as never was.

Thus either armie did presage, when Pallas made her passe Amongst the multitude of Troy; who now put on the grace Of brave Laodocus; the flowre, of old Antenors race; And sought for Lycian Pandarus; a man, that being bred

Out of a faithlesse familie, she thought, was fit to shed

The blood of any innocent, and breake the covenant sworne. He was Lycaons sonne, whom Jove, into a Wolfe did turne For sacrificing of a child; and yet in armes renownd, As one that was inculpable: him Pallas, standing, found, And round about him, his strong troopes, that bore the shadie shields. He brought them from Æsæpus flood, let through the Lycian fields:

Pallas to Pandarus, perswading him to breake the truce. Whom, standing neare, she whispred thus: Lycaons warlike sonne?
Shall I despaire at thy kind hands, to have a favour done?
Nor dar'st thou let an arrow flie, upon the Spartan king?
It would be such a grace to Troy, and such a glorious thing,
That everie man would give his gift; but Alexanders hand
Would loade thee with them, if he could, discover from his stand,
His foes pride strooke downe with thy shaft; and he himselfe ascend
The flaming heape of funerall: Come, shoote him (princely friend.)
But first invoke the God of light, that in thy land was borne,
And is in archers art the best, that ever sheafe hath worne;
To whom a hundred first ew'd lambes, vow thou in holy fire,
When safe to sacred Zelias towres, thy zealous steps retire.

The description of Pandarus bis bow.

With this, the mad-gift-greedie man, Minerva did perswade;
Who instantly drew forth a bow, most admirably made
Of th'antler of a jumping Goate, bred in a steepe up land;
Which Archerlike (as long before, he tooke his hidden stand;
The Evicke, skipping from a rocke) into the breast he smote;
And headlong feld him from his cliffe. The forehead of the Gote,
Held out a wondrous goodly palme, that sixteene branches brought:
Of all which, (joynd) an usefull bow, a skilfull Bowyer wrought;
(Which pickt and polisht,) both the ends, he hid with hornes of gold.
And this bow (bent) he close laid downe, and bad his souldiers hold
Their shields before him; lest the Greekes (discerning him) should rise
In tumults, ere the Spartan king, could be his arrowes prise.
Meane space, with all his care he chusd, and from his quiver drew
An arrow, fetherd best for flight; and yet, that never flew;
Strong headed, and most apt to pierce; then tooke he up his bow,

And nockt his shaft; the ground whence all, their future griefe did grow. When (praying to his God the Sunne, that was in Lycia bred, And king of Archers; promising, that he the blood would shed Of full an hundred first fallen lambes, all offred to his name, When to Zelias sacred wals, from rescu'd Troy he came) He tooke his arrow by the nocke, and to his bended brest, Virgil usetb these verses. The Oxy sinew close he drew, even till the pile did rest, Pandarus Upon the bosome of the bow: and as that savage prise, draught and sboote. His strength constraind into an Orb; (as if the wind did rise) The coming of it made a noise; the sinew forged string Did give a mightie twang; and forth, the eager shaft did sing, (Affecting speedinesse of flight) amongst the Achive throng: Nor were the blessed heavenly powres, unmindfull of thy wrong, O Menelaus; but in chiefe, Joves seed the Pillager, Menelaus burt. Stood close before, and slackt the force, the arrow did confer; With as much care, and little hurt, As doth a mother use, Simile. And keepe off from her babe, when sleepe, doththrough his powers diffuse His golden humor; and th'assaults, of rude and busie flies She still checks with her carefull hand: for so the shaft she plies, That on the buttons made of gold, which made his girdle fast, And where his curets double were, the fall of it she plac't. And thus much proofe she put it to: the buckle made of gold; The belt it fastned, bravely wrought; his curets double fold; And last, the charmed plate he wore, which helpt him more then all; And gainst all darts, and shafts bestowd, was to his life a wall. So(through all these) the upper skin, the head did onely race,

Laid (by a Dame of Caira, or lovely Mæony)
On Ivorie; wrought in ornaments, to decke the cheeks of horse;
Which in her mariage roome must lie; whose beauties have such force,
That they are wisht of many knights; but are such precious things,
That they are kept for horse that draw, the chariots of kings;

Yet foorth the blood flow'd, which did much, his royall person grace;

And shew'd upon his Ivorie skin, as doth a purple dye,

Which horse (so deckt) the chariotere, esteemes a grace to him: Like these (in grace) the blood upon, thy solid thighes did swim, O Menelaus, downe thy calves, and ankles to the ground; For nothing decks a souldier so, as doth an honour'd wound. Yet (fearing he had far'd much worse) the haire stood up on end On Agamemnon, when he saw, so much blacke blood descend. And stifned with the like dismay, was Menelaus to: But (seeing th'arrowes stale without,) and that the head did go No further then it might be seene, he cald his spirits againe: Which Agamemnon marking not, (but thinking he was slaine) He grip't his brother by the hand, and sigh't as he would breake: Which sigh the whole host tooke from him, who thus at last did speake:

Agamemnons complaint and feare of his bro-

Odearest brother, is't for this? That thy death must be wrought, Wrought I this truce? For this hast thou, the single combat fought For all the armie of the Greekes? For this, hath *Ilion* sworne, And trod all faith beneath their feet? Yet all this hath not worne The right we challeng'd, out of force; this cannot render vaine Our stricken right hands; sacred wine; nor all our offrings slaine. For though Olympius be not quicke, in making good our ill, He will be sure, as he is slow; and sharplier prove his will. Their owne hands shall be ministers, of those plagues they despise: Which shall their wives and children reach, and all their progenies. For both in mind, and soule, I know, that there shall come a day, When Ilion, Priam, all his powre, shall quite be worne away; When heaven-inhabiting Jove shall shake, his fierie shield at all, For this one mischiefe. This I know, the world cannot recall. But, be all this; all my griefe still, for thee will be the same, (Deare brother:) if thy life must here, put out his royall flame; I shall to sandie Argos turne, with infamie, my face; And all the Greekes will call for home: old Priam and his race Will flame in glorie; Helena, untoucht, be still their pray; And thy bones in our enemies earth, our cursed fates shall lay; Thy Sepulcher be troden downe; the pride of Troy desire,

(Insulting on it:) Thus, ô thus, let Agamemnons ire, In all his acts, be expiate; as now he carries home

His idle armie, emptie ships; and leaves here overcome

Good Menelaus. When this Brave, breakes in their hated breath;

Then let the broade earth swallow me, and take me quicke to death.

Nor shall this ever chance (said he,) and therefore be of cheare;

Lest all the armie (led by you,) your passions put in feare.

The arrow fell in no such place, as death could enter at;

My girdle, curets doubled here, and my most trusted plate,

Objected all twixt me and death; the shaft scarce piercing one.

Good brother (said the king) I wish, it were no further gone;

For then our best in medicines skild, shall ope and search the wound;

Applying balmes to ease thy paines, and soone restore thee sound.

This said, divine Talthybius, he cald, and bad him haste

Machaon (Æsculapius sonne, who most of men was grac't

With Physicks soveraigne remedies) to come and lend his hand

To Menelaus; shot by one, well skild in the command

Of bow and arrowes; one of Troy, or of the Lycian aid;

Who much hath glorified our foe, and us as much dismaid.

He heard, and hasted instantly; and cast his eyes about The thickest squadrons of the Greekes, to find Machaon out.

He found him standing guarded well, with well-arm'd men of Thrace;

With whom he quickly joyn'd, and said; Man of Apollos race?

Haste; for the king of men commands, to see a wound imprest,

In Menelaus (great in armes) by one instructed best

In th'art of archerie; of Troy, or of the Lycian bands,

That them with much renowne adornes; us with dishonor brands.

Machaon much was mov'd with this, who with the herald flew

From troope to troope, alongst the host; and soone they came in view

Of hurt Atrides; circled round, with all the Grecian kings;

Who all gave way; and straight he drawes, the shaft: which forth he brings Machaon

Without the forkes; the girdle then, plate, curets, off he pluckes,

And viewes the wound; when first from it, the clotterd blood he sucks;

Menelaus to Agamemnon.

Agamemnon to Menelaus.

Agamemnon sends Tulthybius for Machaon.

Talthybius to Machaon.

> S Machaon draws the arrow.

Then medicines wondrously composd, the skilfull Leech applyed, Which loving *Chyron* taught his Sire; he from his Sire had tryed.

The Trojans renew the fight. While these were thus employd to ease, the Atrean martialist,
The Trojans arm'd, and charg'd the Greekes; the Greekes arme and resist.
Then not asleepe, nor maz'd with feare, nor shifting off the blowes,
You could behold the king of men; but in full speed he goes
To set a glorious fight on foote: and he examples this,

Agamemnon marshals bis armie. To set a glorious fight on foote: and he examples this,
With toyling (like the worst) on foote; who therefore did dismisse
His brasse-arm'd chariot, and his steeds, with Ptolomaus sonne,
(Sonne of Pyraides) their guide, the good Eurymidon;
Yet (said the king) attend with them, lest wearinesse should seise
My lims, surcharg'd with ordering troopes, so thicke and vast as these.
Eurymidon then rein'd his horse, that trotted neighing by;
The king a foot-man, and so scowres, the squadrons orderly.

Agamemnon to the Greekes. Those of his swiftly-mounted Greekes, that in their armes were fit, Those he put on, with chearfull words, and bad them not remit The least sparke of their forward spirits, because the Trojans durst Take these abhord advantages; but let them do their wurst: For they might be assur'd that *Jove*, would patronise no lies; Andthat, who with the breach of truce, would hurt their enemies, [towne With vultures should be torne themselves; that they should raze their Their wives, and children at their breasts, led vassals to their owne.

Agamemnon to the negligent souldiers. But such as he beheld hang off, from that increasing fight;
Such would he bitterly rebuke, and with disgrace excite;
Base Argives, blush ye not to stand, as made for Buts to darts?
Why are ye thus discomfited, like Hinds that have no harts?
Who wearied with a long-run field, are instantly embost,
Stand still, and in their beastly breasts, is all their courage lost:
And so stand you strooke with amaze, nor dare to strike a stroke.
Would ye the foe should nearer yet, your dastard splenes provoke?
Even where on Neptunes fomie shore, our navies lie in sight?
To see if Jove will hold your hands, and teach ye how to fight?
Thus he (commanding) rang'd the host; and (passing many a band)

He came to the Cretensian troopes, where all did armed stand,

About the martiall Idomen; who bravely stood before,

In vantguard of his troopes, and matcht, for strength a savage Bore.

Meriones (his chariotere) the Rereguard bringing on:

Which seene to Atreus sonne, to him, it was a sight alone;

And Idomens confirmed mind, with these kind words he seekes;

O Idomen! I ever lov'd, thy selfe past all the Greekes;

In warre, or any worke of peace; at table, every where;

For when the best of Greece besides, mixe ever, at our cheere.

My good old ardent wine, with small; and our inferiour mates

Drinke even that mixtwine measur'd too; thou drinkst without those rates

Our old wine, neate; and evermore, thy boll stands full like mine;

To drinke, still when, and what thou wilt. Then rowse that heart of thine;

And whatsoever heretofore, thou hast assum'd to be,

This day be greater. To the king, in this sort, answerd he;

Atrides, what I ever seem'd, the same, at everie part,

This day shall show me at the full; and I will fit thy hart.

But thou shouldst rather cheare the rest, and tell them they in right

Of all good warre, must offer blowes, and should begin the fight.

(Since Troy first brake the holy truce) and not endure these braves,

To take wrong first, and then be dar'd, to the revenge it craves.

Assuring them that Troy, in fate, must have the worse at last;

Since first, and gainst a truce, they hurt; where they should have embrac't.

This comfort, and advice did fit, Atrides heart indeed,

Who still through new raisd swarmes of men, held his laborious speed:

And came where both th' Ajaces stood; whom like the last he found,

Arm'd, caskt, and readie for the fight. Behind them, hid the ground,

A cloud of foot, that seem'd to smoke. And as a Goteheard spies,

On some hils top, out of the Sea, a rainie vapour rise,

Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which (though farre off he rest)

Comes on as blacke as pitch, and brings, a tempest in his breast;

Whereat, he frighted, drives his heards, apace, into a den:

So (darkning earth, with darts and shields) shew'd these with all their men.

Agamemnon to

Idomen

Idomen to Agamemnon.

How the troopes of Aiax stood.

Agamemnon to the Ajaces. This sight, with like joy fir'd the king, who thus let forth the flame, In crying out to both the Dukes: O you of equall name, I must not cheare; nay, I disclaime, all my command of you, Your selves command with such free minds, and make your souldiers As you, nor I led, but themselves. O would our father Jove, [shew, Minerva, and the God of light, would all our bodies move With such brave spirits as breathe in you: then Priams loftie towne Should soone be taken by our hands, for ever overthrowne.

Nestors art in ordering his souldiers.

Then held he on to other troopes, and Nestor, next beheld, (The subtle Pylian Orator) range up and downe the field, Embattelling his men at armes, and stirring all to blowes; Points everie legion out his Chiefe, and every Chiefe he showes The formes, and discipline of warre: yet his Commanders were All expert, and renowmed men: Great Pelagon was there; Alastor: manly Chromius; and Hemon, worth a Throne; And Byas, that could armies leade: with these he first put on, His horse troopes, with their chariots: his foote (of which he chusde Many, the best and ablest men, and which he ever usde, As rampire to his generall powre) he in the Rere disposd. The slouthfull, and the least of spirit, he in the midst inclosd; That such as wanted noble wils, base need might force to stand. His horse troopes (that the Vantgard had) he strictly did command To ride their horses temperatly; to keepe their rankes, and shun Confusion; lest their horsemanship, and courage made them run (Too much presum'd on) much too farre: and (charging so alone) Engage themselves, in th'enemies strength; where many fight with one. Who his owne chariot leaves to range; let him not freely go, But straight unhorse him with a lance: for tis much better so. And with this discipline (said he) this forme, these minds, this trust; Our Ancestors have, walles, and townes, laid levell with the dust.

Agamemnon to Nestor. Thus prompt, and long inur'd to armes, this old man did exhort; And this *Atrides* likewise tooke, in wondrous chearefull sort: And said, O Father! would to heaven, that as thy mind remaines

Nestor to Aga-

In wonted vigor; so thy knees, could undergo our paines. But age, that all men overcomes, hath made his prise on thee; Yet still I wish, that some young man, growne old in mind, might be Put in proportion with thy yeares; and thy mind (young in age) Be fitly answerd with his youth; that still where conflicts rage, And young men usd to thrust for fame, thy brave exampling hand, Might double our young Grecian spirits, and grace our whole Command.

The old knight answer'd: I my selfe, could wish (O Atreus sonne) I were as young, as when I slue, brave Ereuthalion; But Gods, at all times, give not all, their gifts to mortall men. If then I had the strength of youth, I mist the Counsels then, That yeares now give me; and now yeares, want that maine strength of youth; Yet still my mind retaines her strength, (as you now said the sooth) And would be where that strength is usd, affoording counsels sage, To stirre youths minds up; tis the grace, and office of our age; Let yonger sinewes, Men sprong up, whole ages after me, And such as have strength, use it; and, as strong in honour be. The king (all this while comforted) arriv'd next, where he found,

Well-rode Menestheus (Peteus sonne) stand still, invirond round, With his well-train'd Athenian troopes; and next to him he spide The wise *Ulysses*, deedlesse too, and all his bands beside, Of strong Cephalians; for as yet, th'alarme had not bene heard In all their quarters; Greece, and Troy, were then so newly stird, And then first mov'd (as they conceiv'd) and they so lookt about To see both hoasts give proofe of that, they yet had cause to doubt.

Atrides (seeing them stand so still) and spend their eyes at gaze; Began to chide; And why (said he) dissolv'd thus, in a maze, Thou sonne of *Peteus, Jove*-nurst king; and thou in wicked sleight, A cunning souldier, stand ye off? Expect ye that the fight Should be by other men begun? tis fit the formost band Should shew you there; you first should front, who first lifts up his hand. First you can heare, when I invite, the Princes to a feast, When first, most friendly, and at will, ye eate and drinke the best;

Agamemnon to Ulysses and Me-

NAWAS SALAR JUNG BAHADUR.

Yet in the fight, most willingly, ten troopes ye can behold

Ulysses to Aga-

Take place before ye. Ithacus, at this his browes did fold,
And said, How hath thy violent tongue, broke through thy set of teeth?
To say that we are slacke in fight? and to the field of death
Looke others should enforce our way? when we were busied then,
(Even when thou spak'st) against the foe, to cheare and leade our men.
But thy eyes shall be witnesses (if it content thy will;
And that (as thou pretendst) these cares, do so affect thee still)
The father of Telemachus (whom I esteeme so deare,
And to whom, as a Legacie, Ile leave my deeds done here)
Even with the formost band of Troy, hath his encounter dar'd;
And therefore are thy speeches vaine, and had bene better spar'd.

Agamemnon to Ulysses. He smiling, since he saw him mov'd, recald his words, and said;
Most generous Laertes sonne, most wise of all our aid;
Ineither do accuse thy worth, more then thy selfe may hold
Fit (that inferiours thinke not much (being slacke) to be controld;)
Nor take I on me thy command: for well I know thy mind
Knowes how sweet gentle counsels are; and that thou standst enclind
As I my selfe, for all our good. On then: if now we spake
What hath displeasd, another time, we full amends will make:
And Gods grant that thy vertue here, may prove so free, and brave,
That my reproofes may still be vaine, and thy deservings grave.

Thus parted they, and forth he went, when he did leaning find Against his chariot, neare his horse, him with the mightie mind, Great Diomedes (Tydeus sonne) and Sthenelus, the seed Of Capaneius; whom the king, seeing likewise out of deed, Thus cried he out on Diomed: O me! in what a feare

Agamemnon chideth Diomed.

Thus cried he out on Diomed: O me! in what a feare
The wise great warriour, Tydeus sonne, stands gazing everie where,
For others to begin the fight? It was not Tydeus use
To be so danted; whom his spirit, would evermore produce,
Before the formost of his friends, in these affaires of fright,
As they report that have beheld, him labour in a fight.
For me, I never knew the man, nor in his presence came:

But excellent above the rest, he was in generall fame. And one renowm'd exploit of his, I am assur'd is true; He came to the Mycenian Court, without armes, and did sue, At Godlike *Polinices* hands, to have some worthie aid. To their designes, that gainst the wals, of sacred Thebes were laid. He was great Polinices guest, and nobly entertaind: And of the kind Mycenian state, what he requested gaind, In meere consent: but when they should, the same in act approve, (By some sinister prodigies, held out to them by Jove,) They were discourag'd; thence he went, and safely had his passe Backe to Æsopus flood, renowm'd, for Bulrushes and grasse; Yet, once more, their Ambassadour, the Grecian Peeres addresse, Lord Tydeus to Eteocles: to whom being given accesse, He found him feasting with a crew, of Cadmians in his hall; Amongst whom, though an enemie, and onely one to all; To all yet, he his challenge made, at everie Martiall feate; And easly foild all, since with him, Minerva was so great. The ranke-rode Cadmians (much incenst, with their so foule disgrace) Lodg'd ambuscados for their foe, in some well chosen place, By which he was to make returne. Twise five and twentie men, And two of them, great captaines too, the ambush did containe. The names of those two men of rule, were Mæon, Hæmons sonne, And Lycophontes, Keepe-field cald, the heire of Autophon, By all men honord like the Gods: yet these and all their friends, Were sent to hell by Tydeus hand, and had untimely ends. He trusting to the aid of Gods, reveald by Augurie; Obeying which, one Chiefe he sav'd, and did his life apply, To be the heavie messenger, of all the others deaths; And that sad message (with his life) to Mæon he bequeaths; So brave a knight was Tydeus: of whom a sonne is sprong, Inferiour farre, in martiall deeds, though higher in his tongue. All this, Tydides silent heard, aw'd by the reverend king; Which stung hote Sthenelus with wrath, who thus put forth his sting:

The historie of Tydeus.

Sthenelus rough speech to Agamemnon.

Atrides? when thou know'st the truth, speake what thy knowledge is, And do not lie so; for I know, and I will bragge in this; That we are farre more able men, then both our fathers were; We tooke the seven-fold ported Thebes, when yet we had not there So great helpe as our fathers had; and fought beneath a wall, Sacred to Mars, by helpe of Jove; and trusting to the fall Of happie signes from other Gods, by whom we tooke the towne Untoucht; our fathers perishing there, by follies of their owne: And therefore never more compare, our fathers worth with ours.

Diomed rebukes Sthenelus.

Tydides frownd at this, and said; Suppresse thine angers pow'rs, (Good friend) and heare why I refrain'd: thou seest I am not mov'd Against our Generall, since he did, but what his place behov'd, Admonishing all Greekes to fight: for if Troy prove our prise, The honor, and the joy is his. If here our ruine lies, The shame and griefe for that, as much, is his in greatest kinds. As he then his charge, weigh we ours: which is our dantlesse minds.

Thus from his chariot (amply arm'd) he jumpt downe to the ground: The armor of the angrie king, so horribly did sound, It might have made his bravest foe, let feare take downe his braves.

Simile.

And as when with the West-wind flawes, the sea thrusts up her waves, One after other, thicke, and high, upon the groning shores; First, in her selfe, lowd (but opposed, with banks and Rocks) she rores, And (all her backe in bristles set) spits everie way her fome; So (after Diomed) instantly, the field was overcome The silence of the With thicke impressions of the Greekes; and all the noise that grew

Greeke fight.

(Ordring and chearing up their men) from onely leaders flew. The rest went silently away, you could not heare a voice, Nor would have thought, in all their breasts, they had one in their choice; Their silence uttering their awe, of them, that them contrould; Which made ech man keep bright his arms, march, fight still where he The Trojans (like a sort of Ewes, pend in a rich mans fold, should. Close at his dore, till all be milkt; and never basing hold, Hearing the bleating of their lambs) did all their wide host fill,

The Trojans compared to Ewes.

With showts and clamors; nor observ'd, one voice, one baaing still; But shew'd mixt tongs from many a land; of men, cald to their aid: Rude Mars, had th'ordring of their spirits: of Greeks, the learned Maid. Mars for the Trojans, Pallas But Terror follow'd both the hosts, and flight; and furious Strife, for the Greekes. The sister, and the mate of Mars, that spoile of humane life; Discord the sister of Mars. And never is her rage at rest; at first she is but small, Virgil the same Yet after, (but a little fed) she growes so vast, and tall, of Fame. That while her feet move here in earth, her forhead is in heaven. And this was she, that made even then, both hosts so deadly given. Through every troope she stalkt, and stird, rough sighes up as she went: But when in one field, both the foes, her furie did content; And both came under reach of darts, then darts, and shields opposd To darts and shields, strength answerd strength; then swords and targets closd With swords and targets; both with pikes; and then did tumult rise Up to her height; then conquerors boasts, mixt with the conquerds cries, Earth flow'd with blood. And as from hils, raine waters, headlong fall, That all waies, eate huge Ruts, which, met, in one bed, fill a vall With such a confluence of streames; that on the mountaine grounds Farre off, in frighted shepheards eares, the bustling noise rebounds: So grew their conflicts; and so shew'd, their scuffling to the eare; With flight, and clamor, still commixt, and all effects of feare.

Of all Achaias formost bands, with an undanted grace)
Echepolus Thalysiades: he was an armed man;
Whom, on his haire-plum'd helmets crest, the dart first smote; then ran
Into his forehead, and there stucke; the steele pile making way
Quite through his skull; a hastie night, shut up his latest day.
His fall was like a fight-rac't towre; like which, lying there dispred,
King Elephenor, (who was sonne to Chalcodon, and led
The valiant Abants) covetous that he might first possesse
His armes, laid hands upon his feet, and hal'd him from the preasse
Of darts, and Javelins hurld at him. The action of the king

And first renowm'd Antilochus, slew (fighting in the face

When (great in heart) Agenor saw, he made his Javeline sing

Elephenor drawing of the body of Echepolus is slaine by Age-

Antilochus slue Echepolus. To th'others labor; and along, as he the trunke did wrest, His side (at which he bore his shield, in bowing of his breast) Lay naked, and receiv'd the lance; that made him lose his hold, And life together; which in hope, of that he lost, he sold. But for his sake the fight grew fierce; the Trojans and their foe, Like wolves, on one another rusht; and man for man it goes.

Ajax slaies Simoysius.

The next of name, that serv'd his fate; great Ajax Telamon, Preferd so sadly; he was heire, to old Anthemion, And deckt with all the flowre of youth: the fruit of which yet fled, Before the honourd nuptiall torch, could light him to his bed; His name was Symoisius; For, some few yeares before, His mother walking downe the hill, of Ida, by the shore Of Sylver Symois, to see, her parents flocks; with them, She (feeling sodainely the paines, of child-birth) by the streame Of that bright river brought him forth; and so (of Symois) They cald him Symoisius. Sweet was that birth of his To his kind parents; and his growth, did all their care employ; And yet those rites of pietie, that should have bene his joy, To pay their honourd yeares againe, in as affectionate sort, He could not graciously performe, his sweet life was so short: Cut off with mightie Ajax lance. For, as his spirit put on, He strooke him at his breasts right pappe, quitethrough his shoulder bone; And in the dust of earth he fell, that was the fruitfull soyle Of his friends hopes; but where he sow'd, he buried all his toyle. And as a Poplar shot aloft, set by a river side, In moist edge of a mightie fenne, his head in curls implide; But all his bodie plaine and smooth: to which a Wheel-wright puts The sharpe edge of his shining axe, and his soft timber cuts From his innative roote; in hope, to hew out of his bole The Fell'ffs, or out-parts of a wheele, that compasse in the whole; To serve some goodly chariot; but (being bigge and sad, And to be hal'd home through the bogs) the usefull hope he had Sticks there; and there the goodly plant, lies withring out his grace:

Simile.

So lay, by Jove-bred Ajax hand, Anthemions forward race.

Nor could through that vast fen of toiles, be drawne to serve the ends

Intended by his bodies pow'rs, nor cheare his aged friends.

But now the gay-arm'd Antiphus (a sonne of Priam) threw
His lance at Ajax through the preasse, which went by him, and flew

On Leucus, wise Ulysses friend; his groine it smote, as faine He would have drawne into his spoile, the carkasse of the slaine;

By which he fell, and that by him; it vext Ulysses heart;

Who thrust into the face of fight, well arm'd at everie part,

Came close, and lookt about to find, an object worth his lance;

Which when the Trojans saw him shake, and he so neare advance,

All shrunke; he threw, and forth it shin'd: nor fell, but where it feld:

His friends griefe gave it angrie powre, and deadly way it held Upon *Democoon*, who was sprung, of *Priams* wanton force;

Came from Abydus, and was made, the maister of his horse.

Through both his temples strooke the dart, the wood of one side, shewd,

The pile out of the other lookt, and so the earth he strewd,

With much sound of his weightie armes. Then backe the formost went,

Even Hector yeelded; then the Greekes, gave worthie clamors vent,

Effecting then their first dumbe powers; some drew the dead and spoild;

Some followed; that in open flight, Troy might confesse it foild.

Apollo (angrie at the sight) from top of Ilion cride,

Turne head, ye well-rode Peeres of Troy, feed not the Grecians pride;

They are not charm'd against your points, of steele, nor Iron fram'd;

Nor fights the faire-haird Thetis sonne, but sits at fleet inflam'd.

So spake the dreadfull God from Troy. The Greekes, Joves noblest seed,

Encourag'd to keepe on the chace: and where fit spirit did need, She gave it, marching in the midst; Then flew the fatall howre

Backe on *Diores*, in returne, of Ilions sun-burnd powre;

Diores Amarincides, whose right legs ankle bone,

And both the sinewes, with a sharpe, and handfull charging stone,

Piros Imbrasides did breake, that led the Thracian bands,

And came from Ænos; downe he fell, and up he held his hands

Antiphus one of Priams sonnes.

Democoon Priams base son slain by Ulysses.

Apollo excites the Trojans.

Pallas encourageth the Greeks.

Diores.

Piros.

To his lov'd friends; his spirit wingd, to flie out of his breast; With which not satisfied, againe, *Imbrasides* addrest His Javeline at him, and so ript, his navill, that the wound, (As endlesly it shut his eyes) so (opend) on the ground, It powr'd his entrailes. As his foe, went then suffisd away, Thoas Ætolius threw a dart, that did his pile convay Above his nipple, through his lungs; when (quitting his sterne part) He closd with him; and from his breast, first drawing out his dart, His sword flew in, and by the midst, it wip'd his bellie out; So tooke his life, but left his armes; his friends so flockt about, And thrust forth lances of such length, before their slaughterd king; Which though their foe were big and strong, and often brake the ring, Forg'd of their lances; yet (enforc't) he left th'affected prise; The Thracian, and Epeian Dukes, laid close with closed eyes, By either other, drownd in dust; and round about the plaine All hid with slaughterd carkasses; yet still did hotely raigne The martiall planet; whose effects, had any eye beheld, Free, and unwounded (and were led, by Pallas through the field To keepe of Javelins, and suggest, the least fault could be found)

The end of the fourth Booke.

He could not reprehend the fight, so many strew'd the ground.

Piros slaine by

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

THE ARGUMENT.

ING DIOMED (by Pallas spirit inspir'd, With will and powre) is for his acts admir'd: Meere men, and men deriv'd from Deities, And Deities themselves, he terrifies; Addes wounds to terrors: his inflamed lance Drawes blood from Mars, and Venus: In a trance He casts Æneas, with a weightie stone; Apollo quickens him, and gets him gone: Mars is recur'd by Pæon; but by Jove Rebuk't, for authoring breach of humane love.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Epsilon, heavens blood is shed, By sacred rage of Diomed.

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



HEN PALLAS BREATH'D IN TYDEUS SONNE: TO RENDER WHOM SUPREAME TO ALL THE GREEKES, AT ALL HIS PARTS, SHE CAST A HOTER BEAME.

Pallas inspires and glorifies Diomed.

On his high mind; his body fild, with much superiour might, And made his compleate armor cast, a farre more complete light. From his bright helme and shield, did burne, a most unwearied fire: Like rich Autumnus golden lampe, whose brightnesse men admire, Past all the other host of starres, when with his chearefull face. Fresh washt in loftie Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchase.

This simile likewise Virgil learns of him.

To let whose glorie lose no sight, still Pallas made him turne, Where tumult most exprest his powre, and where the fight did burne.

Dares Priest of Mulciber, or Vulcan.

An honest and a wealthie man, inhabited in Troy; Dares the Priest of Mulciber, who two sons did enjoy, Idaus, and bold Phegeus, well seene in everie fight:

> Idaus and Phegeus both against Diomed.

These (singl'd from their troopes, and horst) assaild Minervas knight, Who rang'd from fight to fight, on foote; all hasting mutuall charge, (And now drawne neare) first *Phegeus* threw, a javeline swift and large: Whose head the kings left shoulder tooke, but did no harme at all:

Then rusht he out a lance at him, that had no idle fall: But in his breast stucke twixt the paps, and strooke him from his horse. Phogenus slaine.

Idaus flies.

Which sterne sight, when Idaus saw (distrustfull of his force To save his slaughterd brothers spoile) it made him headlong leape From his faire chariot, and leave all: yet had not scap't the heape Of heavie funerall, if the God, great president of fire,

Had not (in sodaine clouds of smoke, and pittie of his Sire,

To leave him utterly unheird) given safe passe to his feet. He gone, Tydides sent the horse, and chariot to the fleet.

The Trojans seeing Dares sonnes, one slaine, the other fled, Were strooke amaz'd; the blew-eyd maide (to grace her Diomed In giving free way to his power) made this so ruthfull fact, A fit advantage to remove, the warre-God out of act, Who rag'd so on the Ilion side; she grip't his hand and said, Mars, Mars, thou ruinor of men, that in the dust hast laid So many cities, and with blood, thy Godhead dost disteine;

Pallas to Mars.

Now shall we ceasse to shew our breasts, as passionate as men, And leave the mixture of our hands? resigning Jove his right (As rector of the Gods) to give, the glorie of the fight, Where he affecteth? lest he force, what we should freely yeeld? He held it fit, and went with her, from the tumultuous field, Who set him in an hearby seate, on brode Scamanders shore.

Mars leaves the field, and Troy flies.

Who set him in an hearby seate, on brode Scamanders shore. He gone, all Troy was gone with him, the Greekes drave all before, And everie Leader slue a man; but first the king of men

Deserv'd the honor of his name, and led the slaughter then,

Agamemnon slaies Odius. And slue a leader; one more huge, then any man he led; Great Odius, Duke of Halizons; quite from his chariots head He strooke him with a lance to earth, as first he flight addrest; It tooke his forward-turned backe, and lookt out of his breast; His huge trunke sounded, and his armes, did eccho the resound.

Idomenæus slaies Pbæstus. Idomenaus to the death, did noble Phastus wound,
The sonne of Maon Borus, that, from cloddie Terna came;
Who (taking chariot) tooke his wound, and tumbl'd with the same
From his attempted seate; the lance, through his right shoulder strooke,
And horrid darknesse strooke through him: the spoile his souldiers tooke.

Menelaus slaies Scamandrius. Atrides-Menelaus slue (as he before him fled)

Scamandrius, sonne of Strophius, that was a huntsman bred;
A skilfull huntsman, for his skill, Dianas selfe did teach;
And made him able with his dart, infallibly to reach
All sorts of subtlest savages, which many a wooddie hill
Bred for him; and he much preserv'd, and all to shew his skill.
Yet, not the dart-delighting Queene, taught him to shun this dart;
Nor all his hitting so farre off (the mastrie of his art:)
His backe receiv'd it, and he fell, upon his breast withall:
His bodies ruine, and his armes, so sounded in his fall,
That his affrighted horse flew off, and left him, like his life.

Meriones slue Phereclus an excellent Architect. Meriones slue Phereclus, whom she that nere was wife, Yet Goddesse of good housewives, held, in excellent respect, For knowing all the wittie things, that grace an Architect; And having pow'r to give it all, the cunning use of hand; Harmonides his sire built ships, and made him understand, (With all the practise it requir'd) the frame of all that skill; He built all Alexanders ships, that authord all the ill Of all the Trojans and his owne, because he did not know The Oracles, advising Troy (for feare of overthrow)

To meddle with no sea affaire, but live by tilling land; This man Meriones surprisd, and drave his deadly hand Through his right hip; the lances head, ran through the region About the bladder, underneath, th'in-muscles, and the bone; He (sighing) bow'd his knees to death, and sacrific'd to earth.

Phylides staid Pedæus flight; Antenors bastard birth:
Whom vertuous Theano his wife (to please her husband) kept
As tenderly as those she lov'd. Phylides neare him stept,
And in the fountaine of the nerves, did drench his fervant lance,
At his heads backe-part; and so farre, the sharpe head did advance,
It cleft the Organe of his speech; and th'Iron (cold as death)
He tooke betwixt his grinning teeth, and gave the aire his breath.

Eurypilus the much renowm'd, and great Evemons sonne,
Divine Hypsenor slue, begot, by stout Dolopion,
And consecrate Scamanders Priest; he had a Gods regard,
Amongst the people: his hard flight, the Grecian followed hard;
Rusht in so close, that with his sword, he on his shoulder laid
A blow, that his armes brawne cut off; nor there his vigor staid,
But drave downe, and from off his wrist, it hewd his holy hand,
That gusht out blood, and downe it dropt, upon the blushing sand;
Death, with his purple finger shut, and violent fate, his eyes.

Thus fought these, but distinguisht well; Tydides so implies His furie, that you could not know, whose side had interest In his free labours, Greece or Troy. But as a flood increast By violent and sodaine showres, let downe from hils, like hils Melted in furie; swels, and fomes, and so he overfils His naturall channell; that besides, both hedge and bridge resignes

Pedæus slain by Pbylides.

Eurypilus slaies Hypsenor.

Diomed compared to a torrent. Simile of a Lyon otherwise applied then before. Then snatcht he up two *Priamists*, that in one chariot stood; *Echemon*, and faire *Chromius*; as feeding in a wood Oxen or steeres are; one of which, a Lyon leapes upon, Teares downe, and wrings in two his necke: so sternely *Tydeus* sonne Threw from their chariot both these hopes, of old *Dardanides*; Then tooke their armes, and sent their horse, to those that ride the seas.

Æneas (seeing the troopes thus tost) brake through the heate of fight, And all the whizzing of the darts, to find the Lycian knight Lycaons sonne: whom having found, he thus bespake the Peere:

Æneas to Pan-

O Pandarus, where's now thy bow? thy deathfull arrowes where?
In which no one in all our host, but gives the palme to thee;
Nor in the Sun-lov'd Lycian greenes, that breed our Archerie,
Lives any that exceeds thy selfe. Come lift thy hands to Jove,
And send an arrow at this man (if but a man he prove,
That winnes such God-like victories; and now affects our host
With so much sorrow: since so much, of our best blood is lost
By his high valour;) I have feare, some God in him doth threat,
Incenst for want of sacrifice; the wrath of God is great.

Pandarus to Æneas. Lycaons famous sonne replyde; Great Counsellor of Troy,
This man so excellent in armes, I thinke is Tydeus joy;
I know him by his fierie shield, by his bright three plum'd caske,
And by his horse; nor can I say, if or some God doth maske
In his apparance; or he be (whom I nam'd) Tydeus sonne:
But without God, the things he does (for certaine) are not done;
Some great Immortall, that conveyes, his shoulders in a clowd,
Goes by, and puts by everie dart, at his bold breast bestowd;
Or lets it take with little hurt; for I my selfe let flie
A shaft that shot him through his armes, but had as good gone by:
Yet, which I gloriously affirm'd, had driven him downe to hell.
Some God is angrie, and with me; for farre hence, where I dwell,
My horse and Chariots idle stand; with which some other way
I might repaire this shamefull misse: eleven faire chariots stay
In old Lycaons Court; new made, new trimd, to have bene gone;

Curtaind and Arrast under-foote, two horse to every one, That eate white Barly and blacke Otes, and do no good at all: And these Lycaon, (that well knew, how these affaires would fall) Charg'd (when I set downe this designe) I should command with here; And gave me many lessons more, all which much better were Then any I tooke forth my selfe. The reason I laid downe, Was, but the sparing of my horse; since in a sieged towne, I thought our horse-meate would be scant; when they were usd to have Their mangers full; so I left them, and like a lackey slave Am come to Ilion, confident, in nothing but my bow, That nothing profits me; two shafts, I vainly did bestow At two great Princes; but of both, my arrowes neither slew; Nor this, nor Atreus yonger sonne: a little blood I drew, That serv'd but to incense them more. In an unhappie starre, I therefore from my Armorie, have drawne those tooles of warre: That day, when for great *Hectors* sake, to amiable Troy I came to leade the Trojan bands. But if I ever joy (In safe returne) my Countries sight; my wives, my lofty towres; Let any stranger take this head, if to the firie powres, This bow, these shafts, in peeces burst (by these hands) be not throwne; Idle companions that they are, to me and my renowne.

Æneas said, Use no such words; for, any other way Then this, they shall not now be usd: we first will both assay This man with horse and chariot. Come then, ascend to me, That thou maist trie our Trojan horse, how skild in field they be; And in pursuing those that flie, or flying, being pursude, How excellent they are of foote: and these (if Jove conclude) The scape of *Tydeus* againe, and grace him with our flight) Shall serve to bring us safely off. Come, Ile be first shall fight: Takethouthese fairereines and this scourge; or (if thou wilt) fight thou, And leave the horses care to me. He answered, I will now Descend to fight; keepe thou the reines, and guide thy selfe thy horse;

Who with their wonted manager, will better wield the force

Pandarus fights and Æneas puidetb the chariot.

Æneas to Pan-

Of the impulsive chariot, if we be driven to flie,
Then with a stranger; under whom, they will be much more shye,
And (fearing my voice, wishing thine) grow restie, nor go on,
To beare us off; but leave engag'd, for mightie Tydeus sonne,
Themselves and us; Then be thy part, thy one how'd horses guide;
Ile make the fight: and with a dart, receive his utmost pride.

With this the gorgious chariot, both (thus prepar'd) ascend, And make full way at *Diomed*; which noted by his friend; Mine owne most loved Mind (said he) two mightie men of warre

I see come with a purposd charge; one's he that hits so farre
With bow and shaft, Lycaons sonne: the other fames the brood
Of great Anchises, and the Queene, that rules in Amorous blood;
(Æneas excellent in armes) come up and use your steeds,
And looke not warre so in the face, lest that desire that feeds
Thy great mind be the bane of it. This did with anger sting

The blood of *Diomed*, to see, his friend that chid the king Before the fight, and then preferd, his ablesse, and his mind,

To all his ancestors in fight, now come so farre behind:

Whom thus he answerd; Urge no flight, you cannot please me so;

Nor is it honest in my mind, to feare a coming foe;

Or make a flight good, though with fight; my powers are yet entire, And scorne the help-tire of a horse; I will not blow the fire Of their hote valours with my flight; but cast upon the blaze

This body borne upon my knees: I entertaine amaze?

Minerva will not see that shame: and since they have begun,

They shall not both elect their ends; and he that scapes shall runne;

Or stay and take the others fate: and this I leave for thee;

If amply wise Athenia, give both their lives to me,

Reine our horse to their chariot hard, and have a speciall heed To seise upon Æneas steeds; that we may change their breed,

And make a Grecian race of them, that have bene long of Troy; For, these are bred of those brave beasts, which for the lovely Boy,

That waits now on the cup of Jove, Jove, that farre-seeing God,

Sthenelus to

Diomed now finds time to make Sthenelus see better his late rebuke of Agamemnon. Gave Tros the king in recompence: the best that ever trod The sounding Center, underneath, the Morning and the Sunne. Anchises stole the breed of them; for where their Sires did runne, He closely put his Mares to them, and never made it knowne To him that heird them, who was then, the king Laomedon. Sixe horses had he of that race, of which himselfe kept foure, And gave the other two his sonne; and these are they that scoure The field so bravely towards us, expert in charge and flight: If these we have the power to take, our prize is exquisite, And our renowne will farre exceed. While these were talking thus, The fir'd horse brought th'assailants neare: and thus spake Pandarus;

Most suffering-minded Tydeus sonne, that hast of warre the art: My shaft that strooke thee, slue thee not, I now will prove a dart: This said, he shooke, and then he threw, a lance, aloft and large, That in *Tydides* curets stucke, quite driving through his targe; Then braid he out so wild a voice, that all the field might heare; Now have I reacht thy root of life, and by thy death shall beare Our praises chiefe prize from the field: Tydides, undismaid, Replide; Thou err'st, I am not toucht: but more charge will be laid To both your lives before you part: at least the life of one Shall satiate the throate of Mars; this said, his lance was gone: Minervaled it to his face, which at his eye ranne in, Andashestoopt, strookethrough his jawes, his tongs roote, and his chinne. Diomed slaies

Downe from the chariot he fell, his gay armes shin'd and rung,

The swift horse trembled, and his soule, for ever charm'd his tongue.

Æneas with his shield and lance, leapt swiftly to his friend, Affraid the Greekes would force his trunke; and that he did defend, Bold as a Lyon of his strength: he hid him with his shield, Shooke round his lance, and horribly, did threaten all the field With death, if any durst make in; *Tydides* raisd a stone, With his one hand, of wondrous weight, and powr'd it mainly on The hip of Anchisiades, wherein the joynt doth move The thigh, tis cald the huckle bone, which all in sherds it drove;

Pandarus to Diamed

Æneas being sonne to Anchi-

Pandarus.

Brake both the nerves, and with the edge, cut all the flesh away: It staggerd him upon his knees, and made th'Heroe stay His strooke-blind temples on his hand, his elbow on the earth; And there this Prince of men had died, if she that gave him birth, (Kist by Anchises on the greene, where his faire oxen fed, Joves loving daughter) instantly, had not about him spred Her soft embraces, and convaid, within her heavenly vaile, (Usd as a rampier gainst all darts, that did so hote assaile) Her deare-lov'd issue from the field: Then Sthenelus in hast,

Venus takes off Æneas being wounded. (Usd as a rampier gainst all darts, that did so hote assaile)
Her deare-lov'd issue from the field: Then Sthenelus in hast,
(Remembring what his friend advisd) from forth the preasse made fast
His owne horse to their chariot, and presently laid hand,
Upon the lovely-coated horse, Æneas did command;

The horse of Æneas made prise.

Which bringing (to the wondring Greekes) he did their guard commend To his belov'd Deiphylus, who was his inward friend,
And (of his equals) one to whom, he had most honor showne;
That he might see them safe at fleete: then stept he to his owne,
With which he chearefully made in, to Tydeus mightie race;
He (madde with his great enemies rape) was hote in desperate chase
Of her that made it; with his lance (arm'd lesse with steele then spight)
Well knowing her no Deitie, that had to do in fight;
Minerva his great patronesse, nor she that raceth townes,
Bellona; but a Goddesse weake, and foe to mens renownes;
Her (through a world of fight) pursude, at last he over-tooke,
And (thrusting up his ruthlesse lance) her heavenly veile he strooke,
(That even the Graces wrought themselves, at her divine command)

Diomed wounds Venus.

(That even the Graces wrought themselves, at her divine command)
Quite through, and hurt the tender backe, of her delicious hand:
The rude point piercing through her palme; forth flow'd th'immortall
(Blood, such as flowes in blessed Gods, that eaten ohumane food, [blood,
Nor drinke of our inflaming wine, and therefore bloodlesse are,
And cald immortals:) out she cried, and could no longer beare
Her lov'd sonne, whom she cast from her; and in a sable clowd
Phabus (receiving) hid him close, from all the Grecian crowd;
Lest some of them should find his death. Away flew Venus then,

Venus for anguish throweth away Æneas, whom Apollo receives.

And after her cried Diomed; Away thou spoile of men, Though sprung from all-preserving Jove; These hote encounters leave: Is't not enough that sillie Dames, thy sorceries should deceive, Unlesse thou thrust into the warre, and rob a souldiers right? I thinke, a few of these assaults, will make thee feare the fight, Where ever thou shalt heare it nam'd. She sighing, went her way Extremely griev'd, and with her griefes, her beauties did decay; And blacke her Ivorie bodie grew. Then from a dewy mist, Brake swift-foot Iris to her aide, from all the darts that hist. At her quicke rapture; and to Mars, they tooke their plaintife course, And found him on the fights left hand; by him his speedie horse, And huge lance, lying in a fogge: the Queene of all things faire, Her loved brother on her knees, besought with instant prayre, His golden-ribband-bound-man'd horse, to lend her up to heaven, For she was much griev'd with a wound, a mortall man had given; Tydides: that gainst Jove himselfe, durst now advance his arme.

Diomed to Venus.

Iris rescues Venus

Venus to Mars. χρυσάμπυκας ήτεεν Ιππους.

Mars lends his borse to Venus.

He granted, and his chariot (perplext with her late harme)
She mounted, and her wagonnesse, was she that paints the aire;
The horse she reind, and with a scourge, importun'd their repaire,
That of themselves out-flew the wind, and quickly they ascend
Olympus, high seate of the Gods; th'horse knew their journies end,
Stood still, and from their chariot, the windie footed Dame
Dissolv'd, and gave them heavenly food; and to Dione came
Her wounded daughter; bent her knees; she kindly bad her stand;
With sweet embraces helpt her up; strok't her with her soft hand;
Call'd kindly by her name; and askt, what God hath bene so rude,
(Sweet daughter) to chastise thee thus? as if thou wert pursude,
Even to the act of some light sinne, and deprehended so?
For otherwise, each close escape, is in the Great let go.

Dione mother of Venus, to Venus.

Venus to Dione.

She answerd; Haughtie Tydeus sonne, hath bene so insolent; Since he, whom most my heart esteemes, of all my lov'd descent, I rescu'd from his bloodie hand: now battell is not given, To any Trojans by the Greekes; but by the Greekes to heaven. Dione to Venus.

She answerd, Daughter, thinke not much, though much it grieve The patience, whereof many Gods, examples may produce, [thee: use In many bitter ils receiv'd; as well that men sustaine By their inflictions; as by men, repaid to them againe.

Mars bound in chaines by Otus and Ephialtes.

Mars sufferd much more then thy selfe, by Ephialtes powre, And Otus, Aloeus sonnes, who in a brazen towre, (And in inextricable chaines) cast that warre-greedie God; Where twise sixe months and one he liv'd, and there the period Of his sad life perhaps had closd, if his kind step-dames eye, Faire Erebaahad not seene, who told it Mercurie; And he by stealth enfranchisd him, though he could scarce enjoy The benefite of franchisment, the chaines did so destroy His vitall forces with their weight. So Juno sufferd more, When with a three-forkt arrowes head, Amphytrios sonne did gore Her right breast, past all hope of cure. Pluto sustaind no lesse By that selfe man; and by a shaft, of equall bitternesse, Shot through his shoulder at hell gates; and there (amongst the dead, Were he not deathlesse) he had died: but up to heaven he fled (Extremely tortur'd) for recure, which instantly he wonne At Paons hand, with soveraigne Balme; and this did Joves great sonne.

Pæon Phisition to the Gods. ἐπιφώνημα.

Unblest, great-high-deed-daring man, that car'd not doing ill;
That with his bow durst wound the Gods; but by Minervas will,
Thy wound, the foolish Diomed, was so prophane to give;
Not knowing he that fights with heaven, hath never long to live;
And for this deed, he never shall, have child about his knee
To call him father, coming home. Besides, heare this from me,
(Strength-trustingman) though thou bestrong, & art instrength a towre;
Take heed a stronger meet thee not, and that a womans powre
Containes not that superiour strength; and lest that woman be
Adrastus daughter, and thy wife, the wise Ægiale,
When (from this houre not farre) she wakes, even sighing with desire
To kindle our revenge on thee, with her enamouring fire,
In choosing her some fresh young friend, and so drowne all thy fame,

Wonne here in warre, in her Court-peace, and in an opener shame.

This said, with both her hands she cleansd, the tender backe and palme

Of all the sacred blood they lost; and never using Balme,

The paine ceast, and the wound was cur'd, of this kind Queene of love.

Juno and Pallas seeing this, assaid to anger Jove,

And quit his late made-mirth with them, about the loving Dame,

With some sharpe jest, in like sort built, upon her present shame.

Grey-eyd Athenia began, and askt the Thunderer,

If (nothing moving him to wrath) she boldly might preferre

What she conceiv'd, to his conceipt: and (staying no reply)

She bade him view the Cyprian fruite, he lov'd so tenderly,

Whom she though hurt, and by this meanes, intending to suborne

Some other Ladie of the Greekes (whom lovely veiles adorne)

To gratifie some other friend, of her much-loved Troy,

As she embrac't and stird her blood, to the Venerean joy,

The golden claspe those Grecian Dames, upon their girdles weare,

Tooke hold of her delicious hand, and hurt it, she had feare.

The Thunderer smil'd, and cald to him, loves golden Arbitresse, And told her, those rough workes of warre, were not for her accesse:

She should be making mariages, embracings, kisses, charmes;

Sterne Mars and Pallas had the charge, of those affaires in armes.

While these thus talkt, Tydides rage, still thirsted to atchieve

His prise upon *Anchises* sonne; though well he did perceive The Sunne himselfe protected him: but his desires (inflam'd

With that great Trojan Princes blood, and armes so highly fam'd)

Not that great God did reverence. Thrise rusht he rudely on;

And thrise betwixt his darts and death, the Sunnes bright target shone:

But when upon the fourth assault (much like a spirit) he flew,

The far-off-working Deitie, exceeding wrathfull grew,

And askt him: What? Not yeeld to Gods? thy equals learne to know:

The race of Gods is farre above, men creeping here below.

Apollo to Diomed

This drave him to some small retreite; he would not tempt more neare The wrath of him that strooke so farre; whose powre had now set cleare

Pallas to Jove.

Scoptice.

Jove to Venus.

Apollo beares Æneas to Troy.

Æneas from the stormie field, within the holy place
Of Pergamus; where, to the hope, of his so soveraigne grace
A goodly Temple was advanc't; in whose large inmost part
He left him, and to his supply, enclin'd his mothers heart
(Latona) and the dart-pleasd Queene, who cur'd, and made him strong.
The silver-bow'd-faire God, then threw, in the tumultuous throng,

The Image of Æneas. An Image, that in stature, looke, and armes he did create
Like Venus sonne; for which, the Greekes, and Trojans made debate,
Laid lowd strokes on their Ox-hide shields, and bucklers easly borne:
Which error Phabus pleasd to urge, on Mars himselfe in scorne:

Apollo to Mars.

Mars, Mars, (saidhe) thou plague of men, smeard with the dust & blood Of humanes, and their ruin'd wals; yet thinks thy God-head good, To fright this Furie from the field? who next will fight with Jove. First, in a bold approch he hurt, the moist palme of thy Love: And next (as if he did affect, to have a Deities powre) He held out his assault on me. This said, the loftie towre Of Pergamus he made his seate, and Mars did now excite The Trojan forces, in the forme, of him that led to fight

Mars like Acamas to the sons of Priam. The Thracian troopes; swift Acamas. O Priams sonnes (said he)
How long, the slaughter of your men, can ye sustaine to see?
Even till they brave yeat your gates? Ye suffer beaten downe
Æneas, great Anchises sonne; whose prowesse we renowne
As much as Hectors: fetch him off, from this contentious prease.
With this, the strength and spirits of all, his courage did increase;

Sarpedon reproves Hector. And yet Sarpedon seconds him, with this particular taunt
Of noble Hector; Hector? where, is thy unthankfull vaunt,
And that huge strength on which it built? that thou, and thy allies,
With all thy brothers (without aid of us or our supplies,
And troubling not a citizen) the Citie safe would hold:
In all which, friends, and brothers helps, I see not, nor am told
Of any one of their exploits; but (all held in dismay
Of Diomed; like a sort of dogs, that at a Lion bay,
And entertaine no spirit to pinch;) we (your assistants here)

Fight for the towne, as you helpt us: and I (an aiding Peere, No Citizen, even out of care, that doth become a man, For men and childrens liberties adde all the aide I can: Not out of my particular cause; far hence my profit growes: For far hence Asian Lycia lies, where gulfie Xanthus flowes: And where my lov'd wife, infant sonne, and treasure nothing scant, Ileft behind me, which I see, those men would have, that want: And therefore they that have, would keepe; yet I (as I would lose Their sure fruition) cheere my troupes, and with their lives propose Mine owne life, both to generall fight, and to particular cope, With this great souldier: though (I say) I entertaine no hope To have such gettings as the Greeks, nor feare to lose like Troy: Yet thou (even Hector) deedlesse standst, and car'st not to employ Thy towne-borne friends; to bid them stand, to fight and save their wives: Lest as a Fowler casts his nets, upon the silly lives Of birds of all sorts; so the foe, your walls and houses hales, One with another) on all heads: or such as scape their fals, Be made the prey and prize of them, (as willing overthrowne) That hope not for you, with their force: and so this brave-built towne Will prove a Chaos: that deserves, in thee so hote a care As should consume thy dayes and nights, to hearten and prepare Th'assistant Princes: pray their minds, to beare their far-brought toiles, To give them worth, with worthy fight; in victories and foiles Still to be equal; and thy selfe (exampling them in all) Need no reproofes nor spurs: all this, in thy free choice should fall.

This stung great Hectors heart: and yet, as every generous mind Should silent beare a just reproofe, and shew what good they find In worthy counsels, by their ends, put into present deeds:
Not stomacke, nor be vainly sham'd: so Hectors spirit proceeds:
And from his Chariot (wholly arm'd) he jumpt upon the sand:
On foote, so toiling through the hoast; a dart in either hand,
And all hands turn'd against the Greeks; the Greeks despisde their worst,
And (thickning their instructed powres) expected all they durst.

Simile from the busbandman, expressing notably. Then with the feet of horse and foote, the dust in clouds did rise. And as in sacred floores of barnes, upon corne-winowers flies
The chaffe, driven with an opposite wind, when yellow Ceres dites;
Which all the Diters feet, legs, armes, their heads and shoulders whites:
So lookt the Grecians gray with dust, that strooke the solide heaven,
Raisd from returning chariots, and troupes together driven.
Each side stood to their labours firme: fierce Mars flew through the aire,
And gatherd darknesse from the fight: and with his best affaire,
Obeyd the pleasure of the Sunne, that weares the golden sword,
Who bad him raise the spirits of Troy, when Pallas ceast t'afford
Her helping office, to the Greeks; and then his owne hands wrought;
Which (from his Phanes rich chancell, cur'd) the true Æneas brought,

Apollo brings Æneas from bis Temple to field cured

Who bad him raise the spirits of Troy, when Pallas ceast t'afford Her helping office, to the Greeks; and then his owne hands wrought; Which (from his Phanes rich chancell, cur'd) the true Æneas brought, And plac't him by his Peeres in field; who did (with joy) admire, To see him both alive and safe, and all his powers entire: Yet stood not sifting, how it chanc't: another sort of taske, Then stirring th'idle sive of newes, did all their forces aske: Inflam'd by Phabus, harmfull Mars, and Eris, eagrer farre: The Greekes had none to hearten them; their hearts rose with the warre; But chiefly Diomed, Ithacus, and both th' Ajaces usde Stirring examples, and good words: their owne fames had infusde Spirit enough into their blouds, to make them neither feare The Trojans force, nor Fate it selfe; but still expecting were good; When most was done, what would be more; their ground they stil made And (in their silence, and set powers) like faire still clouds they stood: With which, Jove crownes the tops of hils, in any quiet day, When Boreas and the ruder winds (that use to drive away

Simile.

Are pleasingly bound up and calme, and not a breath exhale;
So firmely stood the Greeks, nor fled, for all the *Ilions* ayd.

Atrides yet coasts through the troupes; confirming men so stayd:
O friends (said he) hold up your minds; strength is but strength of will;
Reverence each others good in fight, and shame at things done ill:

Where souldiers show an honest shame, and love of honour lives.

Aires duskie vapors, being loose, in many a whistling gale)

That ranks men with the first in fight; death fewer liveries gives
Then life; or then where Fames neglect, makes cow-herds fight at length:
Flight neither doth the bodie grace, nor shewes the mind hath strength.
He said; and swiftly through the troupes, a mortall Lance did send,

That reft a standard-bearers life, renownd Æneas friend;

Deicoon Pergasides, whom all the Trojans lov'd,

As he were one of *Priams* sonnes; his mind was so approv'd

In alwayes fighting with the first: the Lance his target tooke,

Which could not interrupt the blow, that through it cleerly strooke,

And in his bellies rimme was sheath'd, beneath his girdle-stead;

He sounded falling; and his armes, with him resounded, dead.

Then fell two Princes of the Greeks, by great Æneas ire, Diocleus sonnes (Orsilochus, and Crethon) whose kind Sire

In bravely-builded Phæra dwelt; rich, and of sacred bloud;

He was descended lineally, from great Alphaus floud,

That broadly flowes through Pylos fields: Alphaus did beget

Orsilochus; who in the rule, of many men was set:

And that Orsilochus begat, the rich Diocleus:

Diocleus sire to Crethon was, and this Orsilochus:

Both these, arriv'd at mans estate, with both th' Atrides went,

To honor them in th' Ilion warres; and both were one way sent;

To death as well as Troy; for death, hid both in one blacke houre.

As two yong Lions (with their dam, sustaind but to devoure)

Bred on the tops of some steepe hill, and in the gloomie deepe

Of an inaccessible wood, rush out, and prey on sheepe,

Steeres, Oxen; and destroy mens stals, so long that they come short,

And by the Owners steele are slaine: in such unhappie sort,

Fell these beneath Aneas powre. When Menelaus view'd

(Like two tall fir-trees) these two fall; their timelesse fals he rew'd;

And to the first fight, where they lay, a vengefull force he tooke;

His armes beat backe the Sunne in flames; a dreadfull Lance he shooke:

Mars put the furie in his mind, that by Æneas hands,

(Who was to make the slaughter good) he might have strewd the sands.

Pergasides slain by Agamemnon.

Orsilochus and Crethon slain by

The pedigree of Orsilochus.

Simile.

Antilochus voluntary care of Menelaus, and their charge of Æneas. Antilochus (old Nestors sonne) observing he was bent
To urge a combat of such ods; and knowing the event,
Being ill on his part, all their paines (alone sustaind for him)
Er'd from their end, made after hard, and tooke them in the trim
Of an encounter; both, their hands, and darts advanc't, and shooke,
And both pitcht, in full stand of charge; when suddenly the looke
Of Anchisiades tooke note, of Nestors valiant sonne,
In full charge too; which two to one, made Venus issue shunne
The hote adventure, though he were, a souldier well approv'd.
Then drew they off their slaughterd friends; who given to their belov'd,
They turnd where fight shewd deadliest hate; and there mixt with the
Pylemen, that the targatiers of Paphlagonia led,
A man like Mars; and with him fell, good Mydon that did guide
His chariot; Atymnus sonne. The Prince Pylemen died

Menelaus slayes Pylemen. By Menelaus; Nestors joy, slue Mydon; one before,
The other in the chariot: Atrides lance did gore
Pylemens shoulder, in the blade: Antilochus did force
A mightie stone up from the earth, and (as he turnd his horse)

Strooke Mydons elbow in the midst: the reines of Ivorie

Antilochus slayes Mydon.

Fell from his hands into the dust: Antilochus let flie,
His sword withall, and (rushing in) a blow so deadly layd
Upon his temples, that he gron'd; tumbl'd to earth, and stayd
A mightie while preposterously (because the dust was deepe)
Upon his necke and shoulders there, even till his foe tooke keepe
Of his prisde horse, and made them stirre; and then he prostrate fell:
His horse Antilochus tooke home. When Hector had heard tell,

Hectors manner of assault.

(Amongst the uprore) of their deaths, he laid out all his voice,
And ran upon the Greeks: behind, came many men of choice;
Before him marcht great Mars himselfe, matcht with his femall mate,
The drad Bellona: she brought on (to fight for mutuall Fate)
A tumult that was wilde, and mad: he shooke a horrid Lance,
And, now led Hector, and anon, behind would make the chance.
This sight, when great Tydides saw, his haire stood up on end:

And him, whom all the skill and powre, of armes did late attend,
Now like a man in counsell poore, that (travelling) goes amisse,
And (having past a boundlesse plaine) not knowing where he is,
Comes on the sodaine, where he sees, a river rough, and raves
With his owne billowes ravished, into the king of waves;
Murmurs with fome, and frights him backe: so he, amazd, retirde,
And thus would make good his amaze; O friends, we all admirde
Great Hector, as one of himselfe, well-darting, bold in warre;
When some God guards him still from death, and makes him dare so farre;
Now Mars himselfe (formd like a man), is present in his rage:
And therefore, what so ever cause, importunes you to wage
Warre with these Trojans; never strive, but gently take your rod;
Lest in your bosomes, for a man, ye ever find a God.

As Greece retirde, the power of Troy, did much more forward prease; And *Hector*, two brave men of warre, sent to the fields of peace; Menesthes, and Anchialus; one chariot bare them both: Their fals made Ajax Telamon, ruthfull of heart, and wroth; Who lightned out a lance, that smote, Amphius Selages, That dwelt in Pædos; rich in lands, and did huge goods possesse: But Fate, to *Priam* and his sonnes, conducted his supply: The Javelin on his girdle strooke, and pierced mortally His bellies lower part; he fell; his armes had lookes so trim, That Ajax needs would prove their spoile; the Trojans powrd on him Whole stormes of Lances, large, and sharpe: of which, a number stucke In his rough shield; yet from the slaine, he did his Javelin plucke: But could not from his shoulders force, the armes he did affect: The Trojans, with such drifts of Darts, the body did protect: And wisely Telamonius fear'd, their valorous defence; So many, and so strong of hand, stood in, with such expence, Of deadly prowesse; who repeld (though big, strong, bold he were) The famous Ajax; and their friend, did from his rapture beare. Thus this place, fild with strength of fight, in th'armies other prease, Tlepolemus, a tall big man, the sonne of Hercules,

Hector slaughters Menesthes and Anchialus. Ajax slayes Amphius Selaoes Joves son Sarpedon, and Tlepolemus bis necules, draw to encounter. Tlepolemus to Sarpedon.

A cruell destinie inspir'd, with strong desire to prove Encounter with Sarpedons strength, the sonne of Cloudy Jove; Who, coming on, to that sterne end, had chosen him his foe: Thus Joves great Nephew, and his sonne, 'gainst one another go: Tlepolemus (to make his end, more worth the will of Fate) phew son to Her- Began, as if he had her powre; and shewd the mortall state Of too much confidence in man, with this superfluous Brave; Sarpedon, what necessitie, or needlesse humor drave Thy forme, to these warres? which in heart, I know thou doest abhorre; A man not seene in deeds of armes, a Lycian counsellor; They lie that call thee sonne to Jove, since Jove bred none so late; The men of elder times were they, that his high powre begat, Such men, as had *Herculean* force; my father *Hercules* Was Joves true issue; he was bold; his deeds did well expresse They sprung out of a Lions heart: he whilome came to Troy, (For horse that Jupiter gave Tros, for Ganimed his boy) \mathbf{W} ith sixe ships onely and few men, and tore the Citie downe, Left all her broad wayes desolate, and made the horse his owne: For thee, thy mind is ill disposde, thy bodies powers are poore, And therefore are thy troopes so weake: the souldier evermore Followes the temper of his chiefe; and thou pull'st downe a side. But say, thou art the sonne of Jove; and hast thy meanes supplide, With forces fitting his descent: the powers, that I compell, Shall throw thee hence; and make thy head, run ope the gates of hell.

Sarpedon to Tlepolemus.

Joves Lycian issue answerd him, Tlepolemus, tis true; Thy father, holy *Ilion*, in that sort overthrew; Th'injustice of the king was cause, that where thy father had Usde good deservings to his state, he quitted him with bad. Hesyone, the joy and grace, of king Laomedon, Thy father rescude from a whale; and gave to Telamon In honourd Nuptials; Telamon, from whom your strongest Greeke Boasts to have issude; and this grace, might well expect the like: Yet he gave taunts for thanks, and kept, against his oath, his horse; And therefore both thy fathers strength, and justice might enforce The wreake he tooke on Troy: but this, and thy cause differ farre; Sonnes seldome heire their fathers worths; thou canst not make his warre:

What thou assum'st from him, is mine, to be on thee imposde.

With this, he threw an ashen dart; and then *Tlepolemus* losde
Another from his glorious hand: Both at one instant flew;
Both strooke, both wounded; from his necke, *Sarpedons* Javelin drew

The life-bloud of *Thepolemus*; full in the midst it fell: And what he threatned, th'other gave; that darknesse, and that hell.

Sarpedons left thigh tooke the Lance; it pierc't the solide bone; And with his raging head, ranne through; but Jove preserv'd his sonne.

The dart yet vext him bitterly, which should have bene puld out; But none considerd then so much; so thicke came on the rout,

And fild each hand so full of cause, to plie his owne defence;

Twas held enough (both falne) that both, were nobly caried thence.

Ulysses knew the events of both, and tooke it much to hart,
That his friends enemie should scape; and in a twofold part
His thoughts contended; if he should, pursue Sarpedons life,
Or take his friends wreake on his men. Fate did conclude this strife;
By whom twas otherwise decreed, then that Ulysses steele
Should end Sarpedon. In this doubt, Minerva tooke the wheele
From fickle Chance; and made his mind, resolve to right his friend
With that bloud he could surest draw. Then did Revenge extend
Her full powre on the multitude; Then did he never misse;
Alastor, Halius, Chromius, Noemon, Pritanis,
Alkander, and a number more, he slue, and more had slaine,
If Hector had not understood; whose powre made in amaine,
And strooke feare through the Grecian troupes; but to Sarpedon gave
Hope of full rescue; who thus cried, O Hector! helpe and save

My body from the spoile of Greece; that to your loved towne, My friends may see me borne; and then, let earth possesse her owne, In this soyle, for whose sake I left, my countries; for no day Shall ever shew me that againe; nor to my wife display Sarpedon slaughters Tlepolemus.

Himselfe sore burt by Tlepolemus.

Ulysses valour.

Sarpedon to Hector.

(And yong hope of my Name) the joy, of my much thirsted sight: All which, I left for Troy; for them, let Troy then do this right. To all this *Hector* gives no word: but greedily he strives, With all speed to repell the Greekes, and shed in floods their lives, And left Sarpedon: but what face, soever he put on Of following the common cause; he left this Prince alone For his particular grudge; because, so late, he was so plaine In his reproofe before the host, and that did he retaine; How ever, for example sake, he would not shew it then; And for his shame to, since twas just. But good Sarpedons men Venturd themselves, and forc't him off, and set him underneath The goodly Beech of Jupiter, where now they did unsheath The Ashen lance: strong Pelagon, his friend, most lov'd, most true, Enforc'd it from his maimed thigh: with which his spirit flew, And darknesse over-flew his eyes, yet with a gentle gale That round about the dying Prince, coole Boreas did exhale,

Sarpedon in a trance.

> He was reviv'd, recomforted; that else had griev'd and dyed. All this time, flight drave to the fleet, the Argives, who applyed No weapon gainst the proud pursuite, nor ever turnd a head; They knew so well that Mars pursude, and dreadfull Hector led. Then who was first, who last, whose lives, the Iron Mars did seise. And Priams Hector? Helenus, surnam'd Oenopides, Good *Teuthras*, and *Orestes*, skild, in managing of horse; Bold Oenomaus, and a man, renownd for martiall force. Trechus, the great Ætolian Chiefe; Oresbius, that did weare The gawdy Myter; studied wealth, extremely, and dwelt neare Th'Athlantique lake Cephisides, in Hyla; by whose seate, The good men of Bœotia dwelt. This slaughter grew so great, It flew to heaven: Saturnia, discernd it, and cried out To Pallas; O unworthy sight? to see a field so fought, And breake our words to Spartas king, that Ilion should be rac't, And he returne reveng'd? when thus, we see his Greekes disgrac't And beare the harmfull rage of Mars? Come, let us use our care

Pallas armed.

That we dishonor not our powers. Minerva was as yare
As she, at the despight of Troy. Her golden-bridl'd steeds,
Then Saturns daughter brought abrode; and Hebe, she proceeds
T'addresse her chariot; instantly, she gives it either wheele,
Beam'd with eight Spokes of sounding brasse, the Axle-tree was steele; Junos chariot.
The Felffes, incorruptible gold; their upper bands, of brasse;
Their matter most unvallued; their worke of wondrous grace.
The Naves in which the Spokes were driven, were all with silver bound;
The chariots seate, two hoopes of gold, and silver, strengthned round;
Edg'd with a gold and silver fringe; the beame that lookt before,
Was massie silver; on whose top, geres all of gold it wore,
And golden Poitrils. Juno mounts, and her hote horses rein'd,
That thirsted for contention, and still of peace complaind.

Minerva wrapt her in the robe, that curiously she wove, With glorious colours, as she sate, on th' Azure floore of Jove;

And wore the armes that he puts on, bent to the tearefull field:

About her brode-spred shoulders hung, his huge and horrid shield,

Fring'd round with ever-fighting Snakes; through it, was drawne to life #gis (Joves The miseries, and deaths of fight; in it frownd bloodie Strife;

In it shin'd sacred Fortitude; in it fell Pursuit flew;

In it the monster Gorgons head, in which (held out to view)

Were all the dire ostents of Jove; on her big head she plac't

His foure-plum'd glittering caske of gold, so admirably vast, It would a hundred garrisons, of souldiers comprehend.

Then to her shining chariot, her vigorous feet ascend:

And in her violent hand she takes, his grave, huge, solid lance,

With which the conquests of her wrath, she useth to advance,

And overturne whole fields of men; to shew she was the seed

Of him that thunders. Then heavens Queene (to urge her horses speed)

Takes up the scourge, and forth they flie; the ample gates of heaven

Rung, and flew open of themselves; the charge whereof is given

(With all Olympus, and the skie) to the distinguisht Howres, That cleare, or hide it all in clowds; or powre it downe in showres. The three Howrs Guardians of beaven gates.

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* How farre a beavenly borse took at one reach or stroke in gal~ loping or running; wherein Homers mind is farre from being exprest in his Interpreters, al taking it for how far Deities were borne from the earth: when indowne to earth: τόσσον έπιθρώσκουσι, &c. tantum uno saltu conficiunt, vel, tantum subsultim progrediuntur deorum altizoni equi, &c. uno, being understood, and the horses swiftnes highly exprest. The sence otherwise is senslesse, and contradictorie. * Αμβροσίην is the originall liger taxeth, very learnedly, asking how the horse came by it on those bankes, when the text tels him Symois produced it: being willing to expresse by Hyperbole the delicacie of that soile. If not, I hope the Deities could ever command it.

This way their scourge-obeying horse, made haste, & soone they wonne The top of all the topfull heavens, where aged Saturns sonne Sate severd from the other Gods; then staid the white-arm'd Queene Her steeds; and askt of Jove, if Mars, did not incense his spleene With his foule deeds; in ruining, so many, and so great In the Command and grace of Greece, and in so rude a heate. At which (she said) Apollo laught, and Venus; who still sue To that mad God for violence, that never justice knew; For whose impietie she askt, if with his wished love stantly they came Her selfe might free the field of him? He bade her rather move Athenia to the charge she sought, who usd of old to be The bane of *Mars*; and had as well, the gift of spoile as he. This grace she slackt not, but her horse, scourg'd, that in nature flew Betwixt the cope of starres and earth: And how farre at a view A man into the purple Sea, may from a hill descrie: *So farre a high-neighing horse of heaven, at everie jumpe would flie. Arriv'd at Troy, where broke in curls, the two floods mixe their force, (Scamander, and bright Simois) Saturnia staid her horse; Tooke them from chariot; and a clowd, of mightie depth diffusd About them; and the verdant bankes, of Symois produc'd (In nature) what they * eate in heaven. Then both the Goddesses Marcht like a paire of timorous Doves, in hasting their accesse, word, which Sca- To th' Argive succour. Being arriv'd, where both the most, and best Were heapt together, (shewing all, like Lyons at a feast Of new slaine carkasses; or Bores, beyond encounter strong.) There found they *Diomed*; and there, midst all th'admiring throng, Saturnia put on Stentors shape; that had a brazen voice, And spake as lowd as fiftie men; like whom she made a noise, And chid the Argives; O ye Greekes, in name, and outward rite, But Princes onely; not in act: what scandall? what despight Use ye to honor? all the time, the great Æacides

Was conversant in armes; your foes, durst not a foote addresse

Without their ports; so much they feard, his lance that all controld;

And now they out-ray to your fleete. This did with shame make bold The generall spirit and powre of Greece; when (with particular note Of their disgrace) Athenia, made Tydeus issue hote. She found him at his chariot, refreshing of his wound Inflicted by slaine Pandarus; his sweat did so abound, It much annoid him, underneath, the brode belt of his shield; With which, and tired with his toile, his soule could hardly yeeld His bodie motion. With his hand, he lifted up the belt, And wip't away that clotterd blood, the fervent wound did melt. Minerva leand against his horse, and neare their withers laid Her sacred hand; then spake to him; Beleeve me Diomed, Tydeus exampl'd not himselfe, in thee his sonne; not Great, But yet he was a souldier; a man of so much heate, That in his Ambassie for Thebes, when I forbad his mind To be too ventrous; and when Feasts, his heart might have declind (With which they welcom'd him) he made, a challenge to the best, And foild the best; I gave him aide, because the rust of rest (That would have seisd another mind) he sufferd not; but usd The triall I made like a man; and their soft feasts refusd: Yet when I set thee on, thou faint'st; I guard thee, charge, exhort, $\mathsf{That}(\mathsf{Iabetting}\,\mathsf{thee})\mathsf{thou}\,\mathsf{shouldst}$, be to the Greekes a Fort, And a dismay to Ilion; yet thou obey'st in nought: Affraid, or slouthfull, or else both: henceforth, renounce all thought That ever thou wert Tydeus sonne. He answerd her; I know Thou art Joves daughter, and for that, in all just dutie owe Thy speeches reverence: yet affirme, ingenuously, that feare Doth neither hold me spiritlesse, nor sloth. I onely beare Thy charge in zealous memorie, that I should never warre With any blessed Deitie, unlesse (exceeding farre The limits of her rule) the Queene, that governs Chamber sport Should preasse to field; and her, thy will, enjoyed my lance to hurt: But he whose powre hath right in armes, I knew in person here (Besides the Cyprian Deitie) and therefore did forbeare;

Pallas to Diomed.

> Diomed to Pallas.

Pallas againe.

And here have gatherd in retreit, these other Greekes you see With note and reverence of your charge. My dearest mind (said she) What then was fit is chang'd: Tis true, Mars hath just rule in warre,

What unjust warre is. But just warre; otherwise he raves, not fights; he's alterd farre;
He vow'd to Juno and my selfe, that his aide should be usd
Against the Trojans, whom it guards; and therein he abusd
His rule in armes, infring'd his word, and made his warre unjust:
He is inconstant, impious, mad: Resolve then; firmly trust
My aide of thee against his worst, or any Deitie:
Adde scourge to thy free horse, charge home: he fights perfidiously.

This said; as that braveking, her knight, with his horse-guiding friend, Were set before the chariot, (for signe he should descend, That she might serve for wagonnesse) she pluckt the waggoner backe, And up into his seate she mounts: the Beechen tree did cracke Beneath the burthen; and good cause, it bore so huge a thing: A Goddesse so repleate with powre, and such a puissant king.

She snatcht the scourge up and the reines, and shut her heavenly looke In hels vast helme, from Mars his eyes: and full careere she tooke At him, who then had newly slaine, the mightie Periphas, Renown'd sonne to Ochesius; and farre the strongest was Of all th'Ætolians; to whose spoile, the bloodie God was run: But when this man-plague saw th'approch, of God-like Tydeus sonne; He let his mightie Periphas lie, and in full charge he ran At Diomed; and he at him; both neare; the God began, And (thirstie of his blood) he throwes, a brazen lance, that beares

The combat of Mars and Diomed.

And (thirstie of his blood) he throwes, a brazen lance, that beares Full on the breast of *Diomed*, above the reines and geres; But *Pallas* tooke it on her hand, and strooke the eager lance Beneath the chariot: then the knight, of *Pallas* doth advance, And cast a Javeline off, at *Mars*; *Minerva* sent it on; That (where his arming girdle girt) his bellie graz'd upon, Just at the rim, and rancht the flesh: the lance againe he got, But left the wound; that stung him so, he laid out such a throat, As if nine or ten thousand men, had bray'd out all their breaths

Mars burt by Diomed.

In one confusion; having felt, as many sodaine deaths. The rore made both the hosts amaz'd. Up flew the God to heaven; And with him, was through all the aire, as blacke a tincture driven (To Diomeds eyes) as when the earth, halfe chok't with smoking heate Of gloomie clouds, that stifle men; and pitchie tempests threat, Usherd with horrid gusts of wind: with such blacke vapors plum'd, Mars flew t'Olympus, and brode heaven; and there his place resum'd. Mars fled to Sadly he went and sate by Jove, shew'd his immortall blood, That from a mortall-man-made-wound, powrd such an impious flood; And (weeping) powr'd out these complaints: O Father, stormst thou not Mars to Jupiter. To see us take these wrongs from men? extreme griefes we have got Even by our owne deepe counsels held, for gratifying them; And thou (our Councels President) conclud'st in this extreme Of fighting ever; being ruld, by one that thou hast bred; One never well, but doing ill; a girle so full of head, That, though all other Gods obey, her mad moods must command By thy indulgence; nor by word, nor any touch of hand Correcting her; thy reason is, she is a sparke of thee, And therefore she may kindle rage, in men, gainst Gods; and she May make men hurt Gods; and those Gods, that are (besides) thy seed. First in the palms height Cyprides; then runs the impious deed On my hurt person: and could life, give way to death in me; Or had my feete not fetcht me off; heaps of mortalitie Had kept me consort. Jupiter, with a contracted brow, Thus answerd Mars: Thou many minds, inconstant changling thou; Jupiter to Mars. Sit not complaining thus by me; whom most of all the Gods (Inhabiting the starrie hill) I hate: no periods Being set to thy contentions, brawles, fights, and pitching fields; Just of thy mother Junes moods; stiffe-neckt, and never yeelds, Though I correct her still, and chide; nor can forbeare offence, Though to her sonne; this wound I know, tasts of her insolence; But I will prove more naturall, thou shalt be cur'd, because Thou com'st of me: but hadst thou bene, so crosse to sacred lawes.

Being borne to any other God; thou hadst bene throwne from heaven Long since, as low as Tartarus, beneath the Giants driven.

This said, he gave his wound in charge, to Paon, who applied Such soveraigne medicines, that as soone, the paine was qualified, And he recur'd; as nourishing milke, when runnet is put in, Runs all in heapes of tough thicke curd, though in his nature thin: Even so soone, his wounds parted sides, ran close in his recure; For he (all deathlesse) could not long, the parts of death endure. Then Hebe bath'd, and put on him, fresh garments, and he sate Exulting by his Sire againe, in top of all his state; So (having from the spoiles of men, made his desir'd remove)

Juno and Pallas reascend, the starrie Court of Jove.

Hebe attires

The end of the fifth Booke.

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

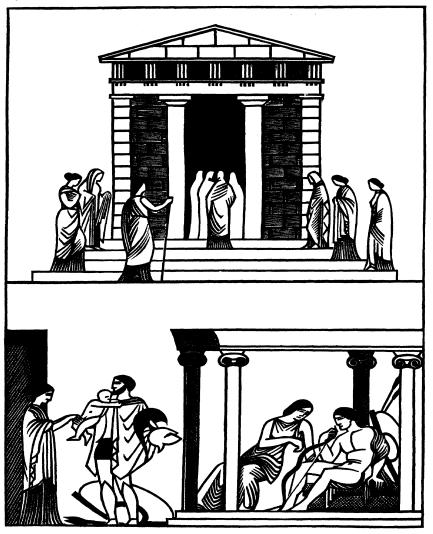
THE ARGUMENT.

THE GODS now leaving an indifferent field,
The Greekes prevaile, the slaughter'd Trojans yeeld;
Hector (by Hellenus advice) retires
In haste to Troy; and Hecuba, desires
To pray Minerva, to remove from fight
The sonne of Tydeus, her affected knight;
And vow to her (for favour of such price)
Twelve Oxen should be slaine in sacrifice.
In meane space, Glaucus and Tydides meete;
And either other, with remembrance greet
Of old love twixt their fathers; which enclines
Their hearts to friendship; who change armes for signes
Of a continu'd love for eithers life.
Hector, in his returne meets with his wife;
And taking, in his armed armes, his sonne,
He prophecies the fall of Ilion.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Zeta, Hector prophecies; Prayes for his sonne: wils sacrifice.

THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



HE STERN FIGHT FREED OF AL THE GODS; CONQUEST, WITH DOUBTFUL WINGS FLEW ON THEIR LANCES; EVERIE WAY, THE RESTLESSE FIELD SHE FLINGS,

Betwixt the floods of Symois, and Xanthus, that confin'd All their affaires at Ilion, and round about them shin'd.

The first that weigh'd downe all the field, of one particular side, Was Ajax, sonne of Telamon: who like a bulwarke plide
The Greekes protection, and of Troy, the knottie orders brake:
Held out a light to all the rest, and shew'd them how to make
Way to their conquest: he did wound, the strongest man of Thrace,
The tallest, and the biggest set, (Eussorian Acamas:)
His lance fell on his caskes plum'd top, in stooping; the fell head
Drave through his forehead to his jawes; his eyes Night shadowed.

Tydides slue Teuthranides Axilus, that did dwell
In faire Arisbas well-built towres, he had of wealth a Well,
And yet was kind and bountifull: he would a traveller pray
To be his guest; his friendly house, stood in the brode high way;
In which, he all sorts nobly usd: yet none of them would stand,
Twixt him and death; but both himselfe, and he that had command
Of his faire horse, Calisius, fell livelesse on the ground.
Euryalus; Opheltius, and Dresus dead did wound;
Nor ended there his fierie course, which he againe begins,
Andran to it successfully, upon a paire of twins,
Assepus, and bold Pedasus, whom good Bucolion,
(That first cald father, though base borne, renowm'd Laomedon)
On Nais Abarbaræa got; a Nymph that (as she fed
Her curled flocks) Bucolion woo'd, and mixt in love and bed.
Both these were spoild of armes, and life, by Mecistiades.

Then Polymetes for sterne death Astidus did seise:

Then Polypates, for sterne death, Astialus did seise: Ulysses slue Percosius: Teucer, Aretaon: Antilochus (old Nestors joy) Ablerus: the great sonne Of Atreus, and king of men, Elatus; whose abode He held at upper Pedasus, where Satnius river flow'd. The great Heroe Leitus, staid Philacus in flight,

Tydides, alias Diomed(being son to Tydeus.) From further life: Eurypilus, Melanthius reft of light.

The brother to the king of men, Adrestus tooke alive;
Whose horse, (affrighted with the flight) their driver now did drive,
Amongst the low-growne Tamricke trees; and at an arme of one
The chariot in the draught-tree brake; the horse brake loose, and ron
The same way other flyers fled; contending all to towne:
Himselfe close at the chariot wheele, upon his face was throwne,
And there lay flat, roll'd up in dust: Atrides inwards drave;
And (holding at his breast his lance) Adrestus sought to save
His head, by losing of his feet, and trusting to his knees:
On which, the same parts of the king, he hugs, and offers fees
Of worthie value for his life; and thus pleades their receipt:
Take me alive, O Atreus sonne, and take a worthie weight

This Virgill imitates.

Are in my fathers riches hid; which (when your servant brings Newes of my safetie to his eares) he largely will divide With your rare bounties: Atreus sonne, thought this the better side, And meant to take it; being about, to send him safe to fleete: Which when (farre off) his brother saw, he wing'd his royall feet, And came in threatning, crying out; O soft heart? whats the cause

Of brasse, elaborate iron, and gold: a heape of precious things

Agamemnon to Menelaus.

Thou spar'st these men thus? have not they, observ'd these gentle lawes Of mild humanitie to thee, with mightie argument, Why thou shouldst deale thus? In thy house? and with all president Of honord guest-rites entertaind? not one of them shall flie A bitter end for it, from heaven; and much lesse (dotingly) Scape our revengefull fingers; all, even th'infant in the wombe Shall tast of what they merited, and have no other tombe, Then razed Ilion; nor their race, have more fruite, then the dust. This just cause turnd his brothers mind, who violently thrust The prisoner from him; in whose guts, the king of men imprest His ashen lance; which (pitching downe, his foote upon the brest Of him that upwards fell) he drew; then Nestor spake to all:

Nestor to the Greekes.

O friends and household men of Mars, let not your pursuit fall

With those ye fell, for present spoile; nor (like the king of men) Let any scape unfeld: but on, dispatch them all; and then Ye shall have time enough to spoile. This made so strong their chace, That all the Trojans had been housd, and never turnd a face, Had not the *Priamist Helenus* (an Augure most of name) Hellenus to Hector and Æneas. Will'd \emph{Hector} , and $\emph{Æ}$ neas thus: \emph{Hector} ? $\emph{Anchises}$ fame? Since on your shoulders, with good cause, the weightie burthen lies Of Troy and Lycia, (being both, of noblest faculties, For counsell, strength of hand, and apt, to take chance at her best, In every turne she makes) stand fast, and suffer not the rest (By any way searcht out for scape) to come within the ports: Lest (fled into their wives kind armes) they there be made the sports Of the pursuing enemie: exhort and force your bands To turne their faces: and while we, employ our ventur'd hands (Though in a hard condition) to make the other stay: Hector, go thou to Ilion, and our Queene mother pray, To take the richest robe she hath; the same that's chiefly deare To her Court fancie: with which Jemme, (assembling more to her, Of Troys chiefe Matrones) let all go, (for feare of all our fates) To Pallas temple: take the key, unlocke the leavie gates; Enter, and reach the highest towre, where her Palladium stands, And on it put the precious veile, with pure, and reverend hands: And vow to her (besides the gift) a sacrificing stroke Of twelve fat Heifers of a yeare, that never felt the yoke: (Most answering to her maiden state) if she will pittie us; Our towne, our wives, our yongest joyes: and (him that plagues them thus) Take from the conflict; Diomed, that Furie in a fight; That true sonne of great Tydeus; that cunning Lord of Flight: Whom I esteeme the strongest Greeke: for we have never fled Achilles (that is Prince of men, and whom a Goddesse bred) Like him; his furie flies so high, and all mens wraths commands. Hector intends his brothers will; but first through all his bands, He made quicke way, encouraging, and all (to feare) affraide:

All turnd their heads and made Greece turne. Slaughter stood still dismaid, On their parts; for they thought some God, falne from the vault of starres, Was rusht into the Ilions aide, they made such dreadfull warres.

Hector to the Trojans. Thus Hector, toyling in the waves, and thrusting backe the flood Of his ebb'd forces, thus takes leave: So, so, now runs your blood In his right current; Forwards now, Trojans? and farre cald friends? Awhile hold out, till for successe, to this your brave amends, I haste to Ilion, and procure, our Counsellours, and wives To pray, and offer Hecatombs, for their states in our lives.

How Hector left the field. Then faire-helm'd *Hector* turnd to Troy, and (as he trode the field) The blacke Buls hide, that at his backe, he wore about his shield, (In the extreme circumference) was with his gate so rockt, That (being large) it (both at once) his necke and ankles knockt.

The encounter of Diomed and Glaucus.

And now betwixt the hosts were met, Hippolochus brave sonne Glaucus, who (in his verie looke) hope of some wonder wonne: And little Tydeus mightie heire: who seeing such a man Offer the field; (for usuall blowes) with wondrous words began.

Diomed to Glaucus.

What art thou (strongst of mortall men) that putst so farre before? Whom these fights never shew'd mine eyes? they have bene evermore Sonnes of unhappie parents borne, that came within the length Of this Minerva-guided lance, and durst close with the strength That she inspires in me. If heaven, be thy divine abode, And thou a Deitie; thus inform'd, no more, with any God Will I change lances: the strong sonne, of Drias did not live Long after such a conflict dar'd, who godlesly did drive Nisaus Nurses through the hill, made sacred to his name, And cald Nisseius: with a goade, he puncht each furious dame, And made them every one cast downe, their greene and leavie speares. This, t'homicide Lycurgus did; and those ungodly feares, He put the Froes in, seisd their God. Even Bacchus he did drive From his Nisseius; who was faine (with huge exclaimes) to dive Into the Ocean: Thetis there, in her bright bosome tooke The flying Deitie; who so feard, Lycurgus threats, he shooke:

For which, the freely-living Gods, so highly were incenst,

That Saturns great sonne strooke him blind, and with his life dispenc't

But small time after: all because, th'immortals lov'd him not:

Nor lov'd him, since he striv'd with them: and his end hath begot

Feare in my powres to fight with heaven: but if the fruits of earth

Nourish thy bodie, and thy life, be of our humane birth,

Come neare, that thou maist soone arrive, on that life-bounding shore, Glaucus his wor-

To which I see thee hoise such saile. Why dost thou so explore,

(Said Glaucus) of what race I am? when like the race of leaves

The race of man is, that deserves, no question; nor receives

My being any other breath: The wind in Autumne strowes

The earth with old leaves; then the Spring, the woods with new endowes:

And so death scatters men on earth: so life puts out againe

Mans leavie issue: but my race, if (like the course of men)

Thou seekst in more particular termes: tis this; (to many knowne)

In midst of Argos, nurse of horse, there stands a walled towne

Ephyré, where the Mansion house, of Sysiphus did stand;

Of Sysiphus Æolides, most wise of all the land:

Glaucus was sonne to him, and he, begat Bellerophon,

Whose bodie heaven endued with strength, and put a beautie on,

Exceeding lovely: Pratus yet, his cause of love did hate,

And banisht him the towne: he might; he ruld the Argive state:

The vertue of the one, Jove plac't, beneath the others powre.

His exile grew, since he denied, to be the Paramour

Of faire Anteia, Pratus wife; who felt a raging fire

Of secret love to him: but he, whom wisedome did inspire

As well as prudence (one of them, advising him to shunne

The danger of a Princesse love: the other, not to runne

Within the danger of the Gods: the act being simply ill)

Still entertaining thoughts divine, subdu'd the earthly still,

She(rul'd by neither of his wits) preferd her lust to both;

And (false to Pratus) would seeme true, with this abhorr'd untroth;

Pratus? or die thy selfe (said she) or let Bellerophon die;

Glaucus his worthie answer to Diomed: and his pedegree drawne even from Sysiphus.

The historie of Bellerophon.

Bellerophontis litera. Ad. Eras. This long speech many Critickes taxe as untimely, being (as they take it) in the heate of fight,

Hier. Vidas (a late observer) beinge eagrest against Homer, whose ignorance in this, I cannot but note, and prove to you: for (besides the authority & office of a Poet, to vary and quicken his Poem with these beyond the leasure of their actions the Critick notes not how far his forerunner prevents his worst as far: and sets downe his speech, at the sodain & strange turning of the Trojan field, set on a litle before by Hector; and that so fiercely, it made an admiring stand among the Grecians, & therein gave fit time for these great captaines to utter their admirations: the whole field in that part being to stand like their Commanders. And then bow full of decorum this gallant shew and speech was to sound understandings, I leave onely to such, and let our Criticks go

cavill.

He urg'd dishonour to thy bed: which since I did denie, He thought his violence should grant, and sought thy shame by force. The king, incenst with her report, resolv'd upon her course: But doubted, how it should be runne: he shund his death direct: (Holding a way so neare, not safe) and plotted the effect, By sending him with letters seald (that, opened, touch his life) To Rheuns king of Lycia, and father to his wife. He went, and happily he went: the Gods walkt all his way. episods, somtimes And being arriv'd in Lycia, where Xanthus doth display The silver ensignes of his waves: the king of that brode land Receiv'd him, with a wondrous free, and honourable hand. Nine daies he feasted him, and kild, an Oxe in every day, In thankfull sacrifice to heaven, for his faire guest; whose stay, With rosie fingers, brought the world, the tenth wel-welcomd morne: And then the king did move to see, the letters he had borne From his lov'd sonne in law; which seene, he wrought thus their conten's. Chymara the invincible, he sent him to convince: Sprung from no man, but meere divine; a Lyons shape before, Behind, a dragons, in the midst, a Gotes shagg'd forme she bore; And flames of deadly fervencie, flew from her breath and eyes: Yether he slue, his confidence, in sacred prodigies Renderd him victor. Then he gave, his second conquest way, Against the famous Solymi, when (he himselfe would say Reporting it he enterd on, a passing vigorous fight. His third huge labour he approv'd, against a womans spight That fild a field of Amazons: he overcame them all. Then set they on him slie Deceipt, when Force had such a fall; An ambush of the strongest men, that spacious Lycia bred, Was lodg'd for him; whom he lodg'd sure: they never raisd a head. His deeds thus shewing him deriv'd, from some Celestiall race,

The king detaind, and made amends, with doing him the grace Of his faire daughters Princely gift; and with her (for a dowre) Gave halfe his kingdome; and to this, the Lycians on did powre More then was given to any king: a goodly planted field,

In some parts, thicke of groves, and woods: the rest, rich crops did yeeld.

This field, the Lycians futurely (of future wandrings there

And other errors of their Prince, in the unhappie Rere

Of his sad life) the Errant cald: the Princesse brought him forth

Three children (whose ends griev'dhim more, the more they were of worth)

Isander, and Hippolochus, and faire Laodomy:

With whom, even Jupiter himselfe, left heaven it selfe, to lie;

And had by her the man at armes, Sarpedon, cald divine.

The Gods then left him (lest a man should in their glories shine)

And set against him: for his sonne, Isandrus, (in a strife,

Against the valiant Solymi) Mars reft of light and life;

Laodamia (being envied, of all the Goddesses)

The golden-bridle-handling Queene, the maiden Patronesse,

Slue with an arrow: and for this, he wandred evermore

Alone through his Aleian field; and fed upon the core

Of his sad bosome: flying all, the loth'd consorts of men.

Yet had he one surviv'd to him, of those three childeren;

Hippolochus, the root of me: who sent me here, with charge,

That I should alwaies beare me well, and my deserts enlarge

Beyond the vulgar: lest I sham'd, my race, that farre exceld

All that Ephyras famous towres, or ample Lycia held.

This is my stocke, and this am I. This cheard Tydides heart,

Who pitcht his speare downe; leand, and talkt, in this affectionate part.

Certesse (in thy great Ancetor, and in mine owne) thou art

A guest of mine, right ancient; king Oeneus twentie daies

Detaind, with feasts, Bellerophon, whom all the world did praise:

Betwixt whom, mutuall gifts were given: my Grandsire gave to thine,

A girdle of Phœnician worke, impurpl'd wondrous fine:

Thine gave a two-neckt Jugge of gold, which though I use not here,

Yet still it is my gemme at home. But if our fathers were

Familiar; or each other knew, I know not: since my sire

Left me a child, at siege of Thebes: where he left his lifes fire.

Sarpedons birth.

Diomeds answer to Glaucus. But let us prove our Grandsires sonnes, and be each others guests: To Lycia when I come, do thou, receive thy friend with feasts:

*Φ ρένας εξέλετο Ζεύς. Mentem text bath it: which onely I alter of all Homers originall, since Plutarch against the Stoicks, excuses this supposed folly in Glaucus. Spond. likewise encouraging my alterations, which I Enquiring how their husbands did, their fathers, brothers, loves. use for the loved and simple Nobility of the free exchange in Glaucus, contrarie to others that for the supposed folly in Glaucus, into a Proverb. χρύσεα χαλκείων. golden for brazen. Priams Court.

Peloponnesus, with the like, shall thy wisht presence greet; Meane space, shun we each other here, though in the preasse we meet: There are enow of Troy beside, and men enough renownd, To right my powres, whom ever heaven, shall let my lance confound: So are there of the Greeks for thee: kill who thou canst: and now For signe of amitie twixt us, and that all these may know We glorie in th'hospitious rites, our Grandsires did commend, Change we our armes before them all. From horse then Both descend, abemit Iup. the Joyne hands, give faith, and take; and then, did Jupiter * elate The mind of Glaucus: who to shew, his reverence to the state Of vertue in his grandsires heart, and gratulate beside The offer of so great a friend: exchang'd (in that good pride) Curets of gold for those of brasse, that did on Diomed shine: One of a hundred Oxens price, the other but of nine. By this, had Hector reacht the ports, of Scæa, and the tow'rs: About him flockt the wives of Troy, the children, paramours,

He stood not then to answer them, but said; It now behoves Ye should go all t'implore the aide, of heaven, in a distresse Of great effect, and imminent. Then hasted he accesse, To Priams goodly-builded Court; which round about was runne With walking porches, galleries, to keepe off raine and Sunne; turned bis change Within, of one side, on a rew, of sundrie colourd stones, Fiftie faire lodgings were built out, for Priams fiftie sonnes: And for as faire sort of their wives; and in the opposite view Twelve lodgings of like stone, like height, were likewise built arew; Where, with their faire and vertuous wives, twelve Princes, sons in law, To honourable *Priam*, lay: And here met *Hecuba* (The loving mother) her great sonne, and with her, needs must be The fairest of her femall race, the bright Laodice. The Queene grip't hard her *Hectors* hand, and said; O worthiest sonne,

Hecuba to Hector.

Why leav'st thou field? is't not because, the cursed nation
Afflict our countrimen and friends? they are their mones that move
Thy mind to come and lift thy hands (in his high towre) to Jove:
But stay a little, that my selfe, may fetch our sweetest wine,
To offer first to Jupiter: then that these joynts of thine
May be refresht: for (wo is me) how thou art toyld and spent!
Thou for our cities generall state: thou, for our friends farre sent,
Must now the preasse of fight endure: now solitude to call
Upon the name of Jupiter: thou onely for us all.
But wine will something comfort thee: for to a man dismaid,
With carefull spirits; or too much, with labour overlaid,
Wine brings much rescue, strengthning much, the bodie and the mind.

The great Helme-mover thus receiv'd, the authresse of his kind; My royall mother, bring no wine, lest rather it impaire, Hector to Hecuba. Then helpe my strength; and make my mind, forgetfull of th'affaire Committed to it. And (to poure, it out in sacrifice) I feare, with unwasht hands to serve, the pure-liv'd Deities; Nor is it lawfull, thus imbrew'd, with blood, and dust; to prove The will of heaven: or offer vowes, to clowd-compelling Jove. I onely come to use your paines (assembling other Dames, Matrons, and women honourd most, with high and vertuous names) With wine and odors; and a robe, most ample, most of price; And which is dearest in your love, to offer sacrifice, In *Pallas* temple: and to put, the precious robe ye beare, On her Palladium; vowing all, twelve Oxen of a yeare, Whose necks were never wrung with yoke, shall pay her Grace their lives, If she will pittie our sieg'd towne; pittie our selves, our wives; Pittie our children; and remove, from sacred Ilion, The dreadfull souldier *Diomed*; and when your selves are gone About this worke, my selfe will go, to call into the field, (If he will heare me) *Hellens* love; whom would the earth would yeeld, And headlong take into her gulfe, even quicke before mine eyes: For then my heart, I hope, would cast, her lode of miseries;

Borne for the plague he hath bene borne, and bred to the deface (By great Olympius) of Troy, our Sire, and all our race.

This said, grave *Hecuba* went home, and sent her maids about, To bid the Matrones: she her selfe, descended, and searcht out (Within a place that breath'd perfumes) the richest robe she had: Which lay with many rich ones more, most curiously made, By women of Sydonia; which *Paris* brought from thence, Sailing the brode Sea, when he made, that voyage of offence, In which he brought home Hellena. That robe, transferd so farre, (That was the undermost) she tooke; it glitterd like a starre; And with it, went she to the Fane, with many Ladies more: Amongst whom, faire cheekt *Theano*, unlockt the folded dore; Chaste Theano, Antenors wife, and of Cisseus race, Sister to *Hecuba*, both borne, to that great king of Thrace. Her, th'Hions made Minervas Priest; and her they followed all, Up to the Temples highest towre; where, on their knees they fall; Lift up their hands, and fill the Fane, with Ladies pitious cries. Then lovely *Theano* tooke the veile, and with it she implies The great Palladium, praying thus; Goddesse of most renowne? In all the heaven of Goddesses? great guardian of our towne? Reverend Minerva? breake the lance, of Diomed; ceasse his grace; Give him to fall in shamefull flight, headlong, and on his face, Before our ports of Ilion; that instantly we may, Twelve unyok't Oxen of a yeare, in this thy Temple slay To thy sole honor; take their bloods, and banish our offence; Accept Troyes zeale, her wives, and save, our infants innocence.

Theano Minervas Priest, and Antenors wife, prayes to Pallas.

She praid, but *Pallas* would not grant. Meane space was *Hector* come Where *Alexanders* lodgings were; that many a goodly roome Had, built in them by Architects, of Troys most curious sort; And were no lodgings, but a house; nor no house, but a Court; Or had all these containd in them; and all within a towre, Next *Hectors* lodgings and the kings. The lov'd of heavens chiefe powre, (*Hector*) here entred. In his hand, a goodly lance he bore,

Ten cubits long; the brasen head, went shining in before; Helpt with a burnisht ring of gold; he found his brother then Amongst the women; yet prepar'd, to go amongst the men. For in their chamber he was set, trimming his armes, his shield, His curets, and was trying how, his crooked bow would yeeld To his streight armes; amongst her maids, was set the Argive Queene, Commanding them in choisest workes. When Hectors eye had seene His brother thus accompanied; and that he could not beare The verie touching of his armes, but where the women were; And when the time so needed men: right cunningly he chid, That he might do it bitterly; his cowardise he hid (That simply made him so retir'd) beneath an anger faind, In him, by *Hector*; for the hate, the citizens sustaind Against him, for the foile he tooke, in their cause; and againe, For all their generall foiles in his. So Hector seemes to plaine Of his wrath to them, for their hate, and not his cowardise; As that were it that shelterd him, in his effeminacies; And kept him in that dangerous time, from their fit aid in fight: For which he chid thus; Wretched man? so timelesse is thy spight, That tis not honest; and their hate, is just, gainst which it bends: Warre burns about the towne for thee; for thee our slaughterd friends Besiege Troy with their carkasses, on whose heapes our high wals Are overlookt by enemies: the sad sounds of their fals Without, are eccho'd with the cries, of wives, and babes within: And all for thee: and yet for them, thy honor cannot win Head of thine anger: thou shouldst need, no spirit to stirre up thine, But thine should set the rest on fire; and with a rage divine Chastise impartially the best, that impiously forbeares: Come forth, lest thy faire towers and Troy, be burnd about thine eares. Paris acknowledg'd(as before) all just that Hector spake; Allowing justice, though it were, for his injustice sake: And where his brother put a wrath, upon him, by his art; He takes it (for his honors sake,) as sprung out of his hart:

Hector dissembles the cowardise be finds in Paris, turning it, as if be chid him for his anger at the Trojans for hating bim being conquered by Mene -laus: when it is for his effeminacie: which is all paraphrasticall in my translation.

And rather would have anger seeme, his fault, then cowardise: And thus he answerd: Since with right, you joynd checke with advise, And I heare you; give equall eare; It is not any spleene Against the Towne (as you conceive) that makes me so unseene; But sorrow for it: which to ease, and by discourse digest, (Within my selfe) I live so close: and yet, since men might wrest My sad retreat, like you; my wife, (with her advice) inclinde This my addression to the field; which was mine owne free minde, As well as th'instance of her words: for though the foyle were mine, Conquest brings forth her wreaths by turnes: stay then this hast of thine, But till I arme; and I am made, a consort for thee streight; Or go, Ile overtake thy haste. Hellen stood at receipt, Hellens ruthfull And tooke up all great Hectors powers, t'attend her heavie words;

complaint to Hector.

> Brother, (if I may call you so, that had bene better borne A dog, then such a horride Dame, as all men curse and scorne; A mischiefe maker, a man-plague) O would to God the day That first gave light to me, had bene, a whirlwind in my way, And borne me to some desert hill, or hid me in the rage Of earths most far-resounding seas; ere I should thus engage The deare lives of so many friends: yet since the Gods have beene Helplesse foreseers of my plagues, they might have likewise seene, That he they put in yoke with me, to beare out their award, Had bene a man of much more spirit; and, or had noblier dar'd To shield mine honour with his deed; or with his mind had knowne Much better the upbraids of men; that so he might have showne (More like a man) some sence of griefe, for both my shame and his: But he is senslesse, nor conceives, what any manhood is;

By which had *Paris* no reply; this vent her griefe affords:

Nor now, nor ever after will: and therefore hangs, I feare,

(Vile wretch) and for my Lovers wrong; on whom a destinie So bitter is imposde by Jove, that all succeeding times

A plague above him. But come neare; good brother, rest you here, Who (of the world of men) stands charg'd, with most unrest for me,

Hector to Hellen.

Will put (to our un-ended shames) in all mens mouthes our crimes. He answerd: *Hellen*, do not seeke, to make me sit with thee: I must not stay, though well I know, thy honourd love of me: My mind cals forth to aid our friends, in whom my absence breeds Longings to see me: for whose sakes, importune thou, to deeds, This man by all meanes, that your care, may make his owne make hast, And meete me in the open towne, that all may see at last, He minds his lover: I my selfe, will now go home, and see My houshold, my deare wife, and sonne, that little hope of me. For (sister) tis without my skill, if I shall ever more Returne and see them; or to earth, her right in me restore: The Gods may stoupe me by the Greekes. This said, he went to see The vertuous Princesse, his true wife, white arm'd Andromache. She (with her infant sonne, and maide) was climb'd the towre, about The sight of him that sought for her, weeping and crying out. Hector, not finding her at home, was going forth; retir'd; Stood in the gate: her woman cald; and curiously enquir'd, Where she was gone; bad tell him true, if she were gone to see

His sisters, or his brothers wives? or whether she should be At Temple with the other Dames, t'implore *Minervas* ruth.

Her woman answerd; since he askt, and urg'd so much the truth; The truth was, she was neither gone, to see his brothers wives, His sisters, nor t'implore the ruth, of Pallas on their lives; But (she advertisde of the bane, Troy sufferd; and how vast Conquest had made her selfe, for Greece) like one distraught, made hast To ample Ilion, with her sonne, and Nurse; and all the way Mournd, and dissolv'd in teares for him. Then Hector made no stay; But trod her path, and through the streets (magnificently built) All the great Citie past, and came, where (seeing how bloud was spilt) Andromache might see him come; who made as he would passe The ports without saluting her, not knowing where she was: She, with his sight, made breathlesse hast, to meet him: she, whose grace Brought him, withall, so great a dowre; she that of all the race

Of king Aetion, onely liv'd: Aetion, whose house stood
Beneath the mountaine Placius, environd with the wood
Of Theban Hippoplace, being Court, to the Cilician land:
She ran to Hector, and with her (tender of heart and hand)
Her sonne, borne in his Nurses armes: when like a heavenly signe,
Compact of many golden starres, the princely child did shine;
Whom Hector cald Scamandrius; but whom the towne did name
Astianax; because his sire, did onely prop the same.
Hector (though griefe bereft his speech, yet) smil'd upon his joy:
Andromache cride out, mixt hands, and to the strength of Troy,
Thus wept forth her affection: O noblest in desire;

Andromaches passion to Hector.

Thy mind, inflam'd with others good, will set thy selfe on fire:

Nor pitiest thou thy sonne, nor wife, who must thy widdow be,

If now thou issue: all the field, will onely run on thee.

Better my shoulders underwent, the earth, then thy decease;

For then would earth beare joyes no more: then comes the blacke increase

Of griefes (like Greeks on Ilion): Alas, what one survives

To be my refuge? one blacke day, bereft seven brothers lives,

By sterne Achilles; by his hand, my father breath'd his last:

His high-wald rich Cilician Thebes, sackt by him, and laid wast;

The royall bodie yet he left, unspoild: Religion charm'd

That act of spoile; and all in fire, he burnd him compleat arm'd;

Thebes a most ich citie (** Cilicia. His high-wald rich Cilician Thebes, sackt by him, and laid wast;
The royall bodie yet he left, unspoild: Religion charm'd
That act of spoile; and all in fire, he burnd him compleat arm'd;
Built over him a royall tombe: and to the monument
He left of him; Th' Oreades (that are the high descent
Of Ægis-bearing Jupiter) another of their owne
Did adde to it, and set it round, with Elms; by which is showne
(In theirs) the barrennesse of death: yet might it serve beside
To shelter the sad Monument, from all the ruffinous pride
Of stormes and tempests, usde to hurt, things of that noble kind:
The short life yet, my mother liv'd, he sav'd; and serv'd his mind
With all the riches of the Realme; which not enough esteemd,
He kept her prisoner; whom small time, but much more wealth redeemd:
And she in sylvane Hyppoplace, Cilicia rul'd againe;

But soone was over-rul'd by death: Dianas chast disdaine Gave her a Lance, and tooke her life; yet all these gone from me, Thou amply renderst all; thy life, makes still my father be; My mother; brothers: and besides, thou art my husband too; Most lov'd, most worthy. Pitie then (deare love) and do not go; For thou gone, all these go againe: pitie our common joy, Lest (of a fathers patronage, the bulwarke of all Troy) Thou leav'st him a poore widdowes charge; stay, stay then, in this Towre, And call up to the wilde Fig-tree, all thy retired powre: For there the wall is easiest scal'd, and fittest for surprise; And there, th' Ajaces, Idomen, th' Atrides, Diomed, thrise Have both survaid, and made attempt; I know not, if induc'd By some wise Augure; or the fact, was naturally infusd Into their wits, or courages. To this, great *Hector* said; Be well assur'd wife, all these things, in my kind cares are waid: Hector to Andromache. But what a shame, and feare it is, to thinke how Troy would scorne (Both in her husbands and her wives, whom long-traind gownes adorne) That I should cowardly flie off? The spirit I first did breath, Did never teach me that; much lesse, since the contempt of death Was settl'd in me; and my mind, knew what a Worthy was; Whose office is, to leade in fight, and give no danger passe Without improvement. In this fire, must *Hectors* triall shine; Here must his country, father, friends, be(in him) made divine. And such a stormy day shall come, in mind and soule I know, When sacred Troy shall shed her towres, for teares of overthrow; When *Priam*, all his birth and powre, shall in those teares be drownd. But neither Troyes posteritie, so much my soule doth wound: Priam, nor Hecuba her selfe, nor all my brothers woes (Who though so many, and so good, must all be food for foes) As thy sad state; when some rude Greeke, shall leade thee weeping hence; These free dayes clouded; and a night, of captive violence Loding thy temples: out of which, thine eyes must never see; But spin the Greeke wives, webs of taske; and their Fetch-water be,

The names of two fountaines: of which, one in Thessaly, the other neer Argos: or according to others, in Peloponnesus on Lacedamon.

To Argos, from Messeides, or cleare Hyperias spring:
Which (howsoever thou abhorst) Fate's such a shrewish thing,
She will be mistris: whose curst hands, when they shall crush out cries
From thy oppressions, (being beheld, by other enemies)
Thus they will nourish thy extremes: This dame was *Hectors* wife,
A man, that at the warres of Troy, did breath the worthiest life
Of all their armie. This againe, will rub thy fruitfull wounds,
To misse the man, that to thy bands, could give such narrow bounds:
But that day shall not wound mine eyes; the solide heape of night
Shall interpose, and stop mine eares, against thy plaints, and plight.

This said, he reacht to take his sonne: who (of his armes afraid; And then the horse-haire plume, with which, he was so overlaid, Nodded so horribly) he clingd, backe to his nurse, and cride.

Laughter affected his great Sire; who doft, and laid aside
His fearfull Helme; that on the earth, cast round about it, light;
Then tooke and kist his loving sonne; and (ballancing his weight
In dancing him) these loving vowes, to living Jove he usde,
And all the other bench of Gods: O you that have infusde
Soule to this Infant; now set downe, this blessing on his starre:

Hectors prayer for his sonne.

Then tooke and kist his loving sonne; and (ballancing his weight In dancing him) these loving vowes, to living Jove he usde, And all the other bench of Gods: O you that have infusde Soule to this Infant; now set downe, this blessing on his starre: Let his renowne be cleare as mine; equall his strength in warre; And make his reigne so strong in Troy, that yeares to come may yeeld His facts this fame; (when rich in spoiles, he leaves the conquerd field Sowne with his slaughters.) These high deeds, exceed his fathers worth: And let this eccho'd praise supply, the comforts to come forth Of his kind mother, with my life. This said; th' Heroicke Sire Gave him his mother; whose faire eyes, fresh streames of loves salt fire, Billow'd on her soft cheekes, to heare, the last of Hectors speech; In which his vowes comprised the summe, of all he did beseech In her wisht comfort. So she tooke, into her odorous brest, Her husbands gift; who (mov'd to see, her heart so much opprest) He dried her teares; and thus desir'd: Afflict me not (deare wife) With these vaine griefes; He doth not live, that can disjoyne my life And this firme bosome; but my Fate; and Fate, whose wings can flie?

Noble, ignoble, Fate controuls: once borne, the best must die: Go home, and set thy houswifrie, on these extremes of thought; And drivewarre from them with thy maids; keepe them from doing nought: These will be nothing: leave the cares, of warre, to men, and mee; In whom (of all the *Ilion* race) they take their high'st degree.

On went his helme; his Princesse home, halfe cold with kindly feares; When every feare, turnd backe her lookes; and every looke shed teares. Fo-slaughtering *Hectors* house, soone reacht, her many women there Wept all to see her: in his life, great Hectors funerals were; Never lookt any eye of theirs, to see their Lord safe home, Scap't from the gripes and powers of Greece. And now was Paris come From his high towres; who made no stay, when once he had put on His richest armour; but flew forth: the flints he trod upon Sparkled with luster of his armes; his long-ebd spirits, now flowd The higher, for their lower ebbe. And as a faire Steed, proud With ful-given mangers; long tied up, and now (his head-stall broke) He breakes from stable, runnes the field, and with an ample stroke Measures the center; neighs, and lifts, aloft his wanton head: About his shoulders, shakes his Crest; and where he hath bene fed, Or in some calme floud washt; or (stung, with his high plight) he flies Amongst his femals; strength put forth, his beautie beautifies. And like Lifes mirror, beares his gate: so Paris from the towre Of loftie Pergamus came forth; he shewd a Sun-like powre In cariage of his goodly parts, addrest now to the strife; And found his noble brother neere, the place he left his wife; Him(thus respected) he salutes; Right worthy, I have feare That your so serious haste to field, my stay hath made forbeare; And that I come not, as you wish. He answerd, Honourd man, Be confident; for not my selfe, nor any others can Reprove in thee, the worke of fight; at least, not any such, As is an equal judge of things: for thou hast strength as much As serves to execute a mind, very important: But Thy strength too readily flies off: enough will is not put

Paris overtakes Hector. His simile: high and expressive: which Virgil almost word for word hath translated, 12. Æn.

Paris to Hector.

Hector to Paris.

146 THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

To thy abilitie. My heart, is in my minds strife, sad, When Troy (out of her much distresse, she and her friends have had By thy procurement) doth deprave, thy noblesse in mine eares: But come, hereafter we shall calme, these hard conceits of theirs, When (from their ports the foe expulst) high Jove to them hath given Wisht peace; and us free sacrifice, to all the powers of heaven.

The end of the sixth Booke.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

THE ARGUMENT.

Adventurous combat on the boldest Greeke.

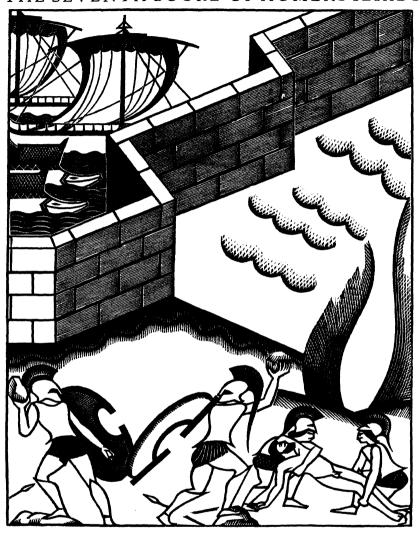
Nine Greekes stand up, Acceptants every one,
But lot selects strong Ajax Telamon.
Both, with high bonor, stand th'important fight,
Till Heralds part them by approched night.

Lastly, they grave the dead: the Greeks erect
A mightie wall, their Navie to protect;
Which angers Neptune. Jove, by haplesse signes,
In depth of night, succeeding woes divines.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Eta, Priams strongest sonne Combats with Ajax Telamon.

THE SEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



HIS SAID; BRAVE HECTOR THROUGH THE PORTS. WITH TROYES BANE-BRINGING KNIGHT, These next foure bookes MADE ISSUE TO TH'INSATIATE FIELD, bave not my last bana: & because the rest (for a RESOLV'D TO FERVENT FIGHT.

time) will be sufficient to employ your censures, suspend them of these: spare not the other.

And as the weather-wielder sends, to Sea-men prosperous gales, When with their sallow-polisht Oares, long lifted from their fals,

Their wearied armes, dissolv'd with toyle, can scarce strike one stroke more;

Like those sweet winds appear'd these Lords, to Trojans tir'd before.

Then fell they to the works of death: by Paris valour fell

King Areithous haplesse sonne, that did in Arna dwell,

(Menesthius) whose renown'd Sire, a Club did ever beare,

And of *Philomedusa* gat (that had her eyes so cleare)

This slaughterd issue: Hectors dart, strooke Eioneus dead;

Beneath his good steele caske, it pierc't, above his gorget stead.

Glaucus (Hyppolochus his sonne) that led the Lycian crew,

Iphinous-Dexiades, with sodaine Javelin slew,

As he was mounting to his horse: his shoulders tooke the speare;

And ere he sate, in tumbling downe, his powres dissolved were.

When gray-eyd Pallas had perceiv'd, the Greekes so fall in fight;

From high Olympus top she stoopt, and did on Ilion light. Apollo (to encounter her) to Pergamus did flie;

From whence he (looking to the field) wisht Trojans victorie.

At Joves broad Beech these godheads met; and first Joves sonne objects;

Why, burning in contention thus, do thy extreme affects

Conduct thee from our peacefull hill? is it to oversway

The doubtful victorie of fight, and give the Greeks the day?

Thou never pitiest perishing Troy: yet now let me perswade,

That this day no more mortall wounds, may either side invade.

Hereafter, till the end of Troy, they shall apply the fight,

Since your immortall wils resolve, to overturne it quite.

Pallas replide, It likes me well; for this came I from heaven:

But to make either army ceasse, what order shall be given? He said, We will direct the spirit, that burnes in Hectors brest,

To challenge any Greeke to wounds, with single powers imprest;

Which Greeks (admiring) will accept; and make some one stand out,

Pallas to the Grecian ayd: Apollo to the Trojan.

Apollo to Pallas

Pallas to Apollo.

His reply.

Hellenus Priams sonne, and a Prophet, to Hector. So stout a challenge to receive, with a defence as stout: It is confirmd; and Hellenus (King Priams loved seed)
By Augurie, discernd th' event, that these two powres decreed.
And (greeting Hector) askt him this: Wilt thou be once advisde?
I am thy brother, and thy life, with mine is evenly prisde;
Command the rest of Troy and Greece, to ceasse this publicke fight;
And what Greeke beares the greatest mind, to single strokes excite:
I promise thee that yet thy soule, shall not descend to fates;
So heard I thy survivall cast, by the celestiall States.
Hector, with glad allowance gave, his brothers counsell eare;
And (fronting both the hoasts) advanc't, just in the midst, his speare.
The Trojans instantly surceasse; the Greeks Atrides staid:
The God that beares the silver Bow, and warres triumphant Maide,

The combat prepared.

On Joves Beech, like two Vultures sat, pleasd to behold both parts, Flow in, to heare; so sternly arm'd, with huge shields, helmes and darts. And such fresh horror as you see, driven through the wrinkled waves By rising Zephyre, under whom, the sea growes blacke, and raves: Such did the hastie gathering troupes, of both hoasts make, to heare; Whose tumult settl'd, twixt them both, thus spake the challenger:

Simile.

Heare Trojans, and yewellarm'd Greeks, what my strong mind (diffus de Through all my spirits) commands me speake; Saturnius hath not us de His promist favour for our truce, but (studying both our ils) Will never ceasse till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomacke fils, With ruin'd Troy; or we consume, your mightie Sea-borne fleet. Since then, the Generall Peeres of Greece, in reach of one voice meete;

Hector, to both boasts. Amongst you all, whose breast includes, the most impulsive mind,
Let him stand forth as combattant, by all the rest designde.
Before whom thus I call high Jove, to witnesse of our strife;
If he, with home-thrust iron can reach, th' exposure of my life,
(Spoiling my armes) let him at will, convey them to his tent;
But let my body be returnd; that Troys two-sext descent
May waste it in the funerall Pile: if I can slaughter him,
(Apollo honoring me so much) Ile spoile his conquerd lim,

And beare his armes to Ilion, where in Apollos shrine
Ile hang them, as my trophies due: his body Ile resigne
To be disposed by his friends, in flamie funerals,
And honourd with erected tombe, where Hellespontus fals
Into Egæum; and doth reach, even to your navall rode;
That when our beings, in the earth, shall hide their period,
Survivers, sailing the blacke sea, may thus his name renew:
This is his monument, whose bloud, long since, did fates embrew;
Whom, passing farre in fortitude, illustrate Hector slew.
This shall posteritie report, and my fame never die.

This shall posteritie report, and my fame never die.

This said, dumbe silence seiz'd them all; they shamed to denie,

And fear'd to undertake. At last, did Menelaus speake,

Checkt their remisnesse, and so sigh'd, as if his heart would breake;

Aye me, but onely threatning Greeks, not worthy Grecian names:

This more and more, not to be borne, makes grow our huge defames,

If *Hectors* honorable proofe, be entertaind by none; But you are earth and water all, which (symboliz'd in one)

Have fram'd your faint unfirie spirits: ye sit without your harts,

Grosly inglorious: but my selfe, will use acceptive darts,

And arme against him; though you thinke, I arme gainst too much ods:

But conquests garlands hang aloft, amongst th'immortall gods.

He arm'd, and gladly would have fought: but (Menelaus) then,
By Hectors farre more strength, thy soule, had fled th'abodes of men;
Had not the kings of Greece stood up, and thy attempt restraind;
And even the king of men himselfe, that in such compasseraign'd;
Who tooke him by the bold right hand, and sternly pluckt him backe:
Mad brother, tis no worke for thee, thou seekst thy wilfull wracke:
Containe though it despite thee much; nor for this strife engage
Thy person with a man more strong, and whom all feare t'enrage:
Yea whom Æacides himselfe, in men-renowning warre,

Makes doubt t'encounter: whose huge strength, surpasseth thine by farre;

Sit thou then by thy regiment; some other Greeke will rise

(Though he be dreadlesse, and no warre, will his desires suffice,

Epitaphium per anticipationem.

Menelaus chides.

O vere Phrygia, neque enim Phryges: saith bis imitator.

Agamemnon wiser then his brother. That makes this challenge to our strength) our valours to avow: To whom, if he can scape with life, he will be glad to bow.

Nestor to the Creeks

This drew his brother from his will, who yeelded, knowing it true, And his glad souldiers tooke his armes: when Nestor did pursue The same reproofe he set on foote; and thus supplide his turne: What huge indignitie is this! how will our country mourne! Old Peleus that good king will weepe: that worthy counsellor, That trumpet of the Myrmidons, who much did aske me for All men of name that went to Troy: with joy he did enquire Their valour and their towardnesse: and I made him admire. But that ye all feare Hector now, if his grave eares shall heare, How will he lift his hands to heaven, and pray that death may beare His grieved soule into the deepe! O would to heavens great King, Minerva and the God of light, that now my youthful spring

O si præteritos referat mibi Jupiter annos, Qualis eram,

Did flourish in my willing veines, as when at Phaas towres, About the streames of *Iardanus*, my gather'd Pylean powres, And dart-employed Arcadians fought, neere raging Celadon: Amongst whom, first of all stood forth, great Ereuthalion, Who th'armes of Areithous wore (brave Areithous) And (since he still fought with a club) sirnam'd Clavigerus; All men, and faire-girt Ladies both, for honour cald him so: He fought not with a keepe-off speare, or with a farre shot bow; But with a massie club of iron, he brake through armed bands: And yet Lycurgus was his death, but not with force of hands; With sleight (encountring in a lane, where his club wanted sway) He thrust him through his spacious waste, who fell, and upwards lay; In death not bowing his face to earth: his armes he did despoile; Which iron, Mars bestowd on him: and those, in Mars his toile, And with these Armes he challeng'd all, that did in Armes excell: All shooke and stood dismaid, none durst, his adverse champion make;

Lycurgus ever after wore; but when he aged grew, Enforc't to keepe his peacefull house, their use he did renew, On mightie Ereuthalions lims; his souldier, loved well;

Yet this same forward mind of mine, of choice, would undertake To fight with all his confidence; though yongest enemie Of all the armie we conduct; yet I fought with him, I; Minerva made me so renownd; and that most tall strong Peere I slue; his big bulke lay on earth, extended here and there, As it were covetous to spread, the center every where. O that my youth were now as fresh, and all my powers as sound; Soone should bold *Hector* be impugn'd: yet you that most are crownd With fortitude, of all our hoast; even you, me thinkes are slow, Not free, and set on fire with lust, t'encounter such a foe.

With this, nine royall Princes rose; Atrides far the first;

Then Diomed; th' Ajaces then, that did th'encounter thirst:

King Idomen and his consorts, Mars-like Meriones;

Evemons sonne, Euripilus; and Andremonides,

Whom all the Grecians Thoas cald; sprong of Andremons bloud;

And wise *Ulysses*; every one, proposd, for combat stood.

Againe Gerenius Nestor spake; Let lots be drawne by all,

His hand shall helpe the wel-armd Greeks, on whom the lot doth fall; And to his wish shall he be helpt, if he escape with life,

The harmfull danger-breathing fit, of this adventrous strife.

Each markt his lot, and cast it in, to Agamemnons caske;

The souldiers praid, held up their hands, and this of Jove did aske, (With eyes advanc't to heaven): O Jove, so leade the Heralds hand,

That Ajax or great Tydeus sonne, may our wisht champion stand:

Or else the King himselfe, that rules, the rich Mycenian land.

This said, old *Nestor* mixt the lots: the foremost lot survaid, With Ajax Telamon was sign'd; as all the souldiers praid; One of the Heralds drew it forth, who brought and shewd it round, Beginning at the right hand first, to all the most renownd: None knowing it; every man denide: but when he forth did passe, To him which markt and cast it in, which famous Ajax was, He stretcht his hand, and into it, the Herald put the lot, Who (viewing it) th'inscription knew; the Duke denied not,

Nine Princes stand up to answer Hector.

Lots advised by Nestor for the combattant.

The lot fals to Ajax. He to the Greeks.

But joyfully acknowledg'd it, and threw it at his feet;
And said, (O friends) the lot is mine, which to my soule is sweet;
For now I hope my fame shall rise, in noble *Hectors* fall.
But whilst Larme my selfe, do you, on great Savenius call:

But whilst I arme my selfe, do you, on great Saturnius call; But silently, or to your selves, that not a Trojan heare:

Or openly (if you thinke good) since none alive we feare;

None with a will, if I will not, can my bold powers affright,

At least for plaine fierce swinge of strength, or want of skill in fight:

For I will well prove that my birth, and breed in Salamine,

Was not all consecrate to meate, or meere effects of wine.

This said, the wel-given souldiers prayed: up went to heaven their eyne; O Jove, that Ida doest protect, most happie, most divine; Send victorie to Ajax side; fame, grace his goodly lim: Or (if thy love blesse Hectors life, and thou hast care of him) Bestow on both, like power, like fame. This said, in bright armes shone The good strong Ajax: who, when all, his warre attire was on,

Ajax armed, & bis dreadful maner of approch to the combat. Marcht like the hugely figur'd Mars, when angry Jupiter,
With strength, on people proud of strength, sends him forth to inferre
Wreakfull contention; and comes on, with presence full of feare;
So th'Achive rampire, Telamon, did twixt the hoasts appeare:
Smil'd; yet of terrible aspect; on earth with ample pace,
He boldly stalkt, and shooke aloft, his dart, with deadly grace.
It did the Grecians good to see; but heartquakes shooke the joynts
Of all the Trojans; Hectors selfe, felt thoughts, with horrid points,
Tempt his bold bosome: but he now, must make no counterflight;
Nor (with his honour) now refuse, that had provokt the fight.

The shield of Ajax, like a tower.

Ajax came neare; and like a towre, his shield his bosome bard; The right side brasse, and seven Oxe hides, within it quilted hard: Old Tychius the best currier, that did in Hyla dwell,

Tychius the currier.
Hinc illud:
Dominus clypei septemplicis
Ajax.

Did frame it for exceeding proofe, and wrought it wondrous well.

With this stood he to *Hector* close, and with this Brave began: Now *Hector* thou shalt clearly know, thus meeting man to man, What other leaders arme our hoast, besides great *Thetis* sonne: Who, with his hardie Lions heart, hath armies overrunne. But he lies at our crookt-sternd fleet, a Rivall with our King In height of spirit; yet to Troy, he many knights did bring, Coequall with Æacides; all able to sustaine All thy bold challenge can import: begin then, words are vaine.

Hector to Ajax.

The Helme-grac't Hector answerd him; Renowned Telamon, Prince of the souldiers came from Greece; assay not me like one, Yong and immartiall, with great words, as to an Amazon dame; I have the habit of all fights; and know the bloudie frame Of every slaughter: I well know, the ready right hand charge; I know the left, and every sway, of my securefull targe; I triumph in the crueltie, of fixed combat fight, And manage horse to all designes; I thinke then with good right, I may be confident as farre, as this my challenge goes, Without being taxed with a vaunt, borne out with emptie showes. But (being a souldier so renownd) I will not worke on thee, With least advantage of that skill, I know doth strengthen me; And so with privitie of sleight, winne that for which I strive: But at thy best (even open strength) if my endevours thrive.

Thus sent he his long Javelin forth; it strooke his foes huge shield,

Neere to the upper skirt of brasse, which was the eighth it held.

Sixe folds th' untameddartstrooke through, and in the seventh toughhide

The point was checkt: then Ajax threw: his angry Lance did glide

Quite through his bright orbicular targe, his curace, shirt of maile;

And did his manly stomacks mouth, with dangerous taint assaile:

But in the bowing of himselfe, blacke death too short did strike;

Then both to plucke their Javelins forth, encountred Lion-like;

Whose bloudie violence is increast, by that raw food they eate:

Or Bores, whose strength, wilde nourishment, doth make so wondrous great.

Againe Priamides did wound, in midst, his shield of brasse,

Yet pierc't not through the upper plate, the head reflected was:

But Ajax (following his Lance) smote through his target quite,

And stayd bold Hector rushing in; the Lance held way outright,

Saxis pugnant.

And hurt his necke; out gusht the bloud: yet Hector ceast not so, But in his strong hand tooke a Flint (as he did backwards go)
Blacke, sharpe and big, layd in the field: the sevenfold targe it smit,
Full on the bosse; and round about, the brasse did ring with it.
But Ajax a farre greater stone, lift up, and (wreathing round,
With all his bodie layd to it) he sent it forth to wound,
And gave unmeasur'd force to it; the round stone broke within
His rundled target: his lov'd knees, to languish did begin;

Hector strooke on his knees.

And he leand, stretcht out on his shield; but Phabus raisd him streight. Then had they layd on wounds with swords, in use of closer fight; Unlesse the Heralds (messengers, of Gods and godlike men)
The one of Troy, the other Greece; had held betwixt them then Imperiall scepters: when the one (Idaus, grave and wise)
Said to them; Now no more my sonnes: the Soveraigne of the skies
Doth love you both; both souldiers are, all witnesse with good right:
But now night layes her mace on earth; tis good t'obey the night.

Ajax to Idaus.

Idaus? (Telamon replide,) To Hector speake, not me: He that cald all our Achive Peeres, to station fight, twas he; If he first ceasse, I gladly yeeld: great Hector then began:

Hector to Ajax.

Ajax, since Jove to thy big forme, made thee so strong a man, And gave thee skill to use thy strength; so much, that for thy speare, Thou art most excellent of Greece, now let us fight forbeare: Hereafter we shall warre againe, till Jove our Herald be, And grace with conquest, which he will; heaven yeelds to night, and we. Go thou and comfort all thy Fleet; all friends and men of thine,

Hector gives
Ajax a sword:
Ajax, Hector
a girdle. Both
which gifts were
afterward cause
of both their
deaths.

As I in Troy my favourers; who in the Fane divine
Have offerd Orisons for me; and come, let us impart
Some ensignes of our strife, to shew, each others suppled hart;
That men of Troy and Greece may say, Thus their high quarrell ends:
Those that encountring, were such foes, are now (being separate) friends.
He gave a sword, whose handle was, with silver studs through driven,
Scabard and all, with hangers rich: By Telamon was given
A faire well-glossed purple waste. Thus Hector went to Troy,

And after him a multitude, fild with his safeties joy; Despairing he could ever scape, the puissant fortitude And unimpeached Ajax hands. The Greeks like joy renude, For their reputed victorie, and brought him to the King; Who to the great Saturnides, preferd an offering: Sacrifice for victorie. An Oxe that fed on five faire springs; they fleyd and quartred him, Virgil imit. And then (in peeces cut) on spits, they rosted every lim: Which neatly drest, they drew it off: worke done, they fell to feast: Convivium a sacrificio. All had enough; but *Telamon*, the King fed past the rest, Nestor to the With good large peeces of the chine. Thus, thirst and hunger staid, Greeks. *Nestor* (whose counsels late were best) vowes new, and first he said: Atrides, and my other Lords, a sort of Greeks are dead, Whose blacke bloudneareScamanders streame, inhumane*Mars* hathshed: Their soules to hell descended are: it fits thee then our king, To make our souldiers ceasse from warre; and by the dayes first spring Let us our selves, assembled all, the bodies beare to fire, With Mules and Oxen neare our fleet; that when we home retire. Each man may carrie, to the sonnes, of fathers slaughterd here, Their honourd bones: one tombe for all, for ever let us reare; Circling the pile without the field: at which we will erect Wals, and a raveling, that may safe, our fleet and us protect. And in them let us fashion gates, solid and bard about, Through which our horse and chariots, may well get in and out. Without all, let us dig a dike; so deepe it may availe

The Kings do his advice approve: so Troy doth Court convent, At *Priams* gate, in th'Ilion tower, fearfull and turbulent. Amongst all, wise *Antenor* spake: Trojans and Dardan friends, And Peeres assistants, give good eare, to what my care commends To your consents, for all our good: resolve, let us restore The Argive *Hellen*, with her wealth, to him she had before: We now defend but broken faiths. If therefore ye refuse,

Our forces gainst the charge of horse, and foote, that come t'assaile: And thus th'attempts, that I see swell, in Troys proud heart, shall faile.

> Antenors counsell to the Trojans.

No good event can I expect, of all the warres we use.

Paris replies.

He ceast, and Alexander spake, husband to th' Argive Queene;
Antenor, to mine eares thy words, harsh and ungracious beene:
Thou canst use better if thou wilt: but if these truly fit
Thy serious thoughts; the Gods, with age, have reft thy graver wit:
To war-like Trojans I will speake; I clearly do denie
To yeeld my wife: but all her wealth, Ile render willingly,
What ever I from Argos brought; and vow to make it more;
Which I have readie in my house, if peace I may restore.

Priam to the Trojans. Priam, sirnam'd Dardanides (godlike in counsels grave)
In his sonnes favour well advisde, this resolution gave;
My royall friends of every state, there is sufficient done,
For this late counsell we have cald, in th'offer of my sonne;
Now then let all take needfull food; then let the watch be set,
And everie court of guard held strong: so when the morne doth wet
The high raisd battlements of Troy, Ideus shall be sent
To th'Argive fleet, and Atreus sonnes, t'unfold my sonnes intent,
From whose fact our contention springs: and (if they will) obtaine
Respit from heate of fight, till fire, consume our souldiers slaine:
And after, our most fatall warre, let us importune still,
Till Jove the conquest have disposd, to his unconquer'd will.
All heard, and did obey the king, and (in their quarters all,

Idaus to the Grecian fleet. That were to set the watch that night) did to their suppers fall. *Ideus* in the morning went, and th' Achive Peeres did find In counsell at *Atrides* ship: his audience was assignd: And in the midst of all the kings, the vocall Herald said:

Idæus to the Greekes. Atrides? my renowned king, and other kings his aid,
Propose by me, in their commands, the offers Paris makes,
(From whose joy all our woes proceed) he Princely undertakes
That all the wealth he brought from Greece (would he had died before)
He will (with other added wealth) for your amends restore:
But famous Menelaus wife, he still meanes to enjoy,
Though he be urg'd the contrarie, by all the Peeres of Troy.

And this besides, I have in charge, that if it please you all; They wish both sides may cease from warre, that rites of funerall May on their bodies be performd, that in the fields lie slaine: And after to the will of Fate, renue the fight againe.

All silence held at first: at last, Tydides made reply; Let no man take the wealth, or Dame; for now a childs weake eye May see the imminent blacke end, of Priams Emperie.

This sentence quicke, and briefly given, the Greeks did all admire: Then said the King; Herald, thou hear'st, in him, the voice entire Of all our Peeres, to answer thee, for that of *Priams* sonne: But, for our burning of the dead, by all meanes I am wonne

To satisfie thy king therein, without the slendrest gaine Made of their spoiled carkasses; but freely (being slaine) They shall be all consumd with fire: to witnesse which, I cite High thundring Jove, that is the king, of Junos beds delight.

With this, he held his scepter up, to all the skie thron'd powres:

And grave *Idaus* did returne, to sacred Ilions towres, Where Ilians, and Dardanians, did still their counsels plie, Expecting his returne: he came, and told his Legacie. All, whirlewind like, assembled then: some, bodies to transport, Some to hew trees: On th'other part, the Argives did exhort Their souldiers to the same affaires: then did the new fir'd Sunne Smite the brode fields, ascending heaven, and th'Ocean smoothdid runne: When Greece and Troy mixt in such peace, you scarce could either know: Then washt they off their blood and dust, and did warme teares bestow Upon the slaughterd, and in Carres, conveid them from the field: Priam commanded none should mourne, but in still silence yeeld Their honord carkasses to fire, and onely grieve in heart. All burnd: to Troy, Troyes friends retire: to fleet, the Grecian part: Yet doubtfull night obscur'd the earth, the day did not appeare: When round about the funerall pile, the Grecians gatherd were; The pile they circled with a tombe, and by it raisd a wall,

High towres to guard the fleet and them: and in the midst of all

Diomed to Idaus.

Agamemnon to

They built strong gates, through which the horse, and chariots passage had: Without the rampire a brode dike, long and profound they made, On which they Pallesados pitcht; and thus the Grecians wrought. Their huge workes in so little time, were to perfection brought, That all Gods, by the Lightner set, the frame thereof admir'd; Mongst whom, the earthquake-making God, this of their King enquir'd:

Neptune to Jupiter.

Father of Gods, will any man, of all earths grassie sphere, Aske any of the Gods consents, to any actions there, If thou wilt see the shag-haird Greekes, with headstrong labours frame So huge a worke, and not to us, due offrings first enflame? As farre as white Auroras dewes, are sprinkled through the aire, Fame will renowne the hands of Greece, for this divine affaire: Men will forget the sacred worke, the Sunne and I did raise, For king Laomedon (bright Troy) and this will beare the praise.

Jove to Neptune.

Jove was extremely mov'd with him, and said: What words are these, Thou mightie shaker of the earth, thou Lord of all the seas? Some other God, of farre lesse powre, might hold conceipts dismaid,

that in the twelft Booke is razed.

The fortification With this rare Grecian stratageme, and thou rest well apaid; For it will glorifie thy name, as farre as light extends: Since, when these Greekes shall see againe, their native soile and friends, (The bulwarke battred) thou maist quite, devoure it with thy waves, And cover (with thy fruitlesse sands) this fatall shore of graves: That what their fierie industries, have so divinely wrought, In raising it: in razing it, thy powre will prove it nought.

> Thus spake the Gods among themselves: set was the fervent Sunne; And now the great worke of the Greeks, was absolutely done. Then slue they Oxen in their tents, and strength with food reviv'd; When out of Lemnos a great fleete, of odorous wine arriv'd,

A fleete of wine of a thousand tun sent by Eunos Jasons son.

Sent by Euneus, Jasons sonne, borne of Hypsiphile. neus king of Lem- The fleete containd a thousand tunne: which must transported be To Atreus sons, as he gave charge; whose merchandize it was. The Greeks bought wine for shining steele, and some for sounding brasse; Some for Oxe hides; for Oxen some, and some for prisoners.

A sumptuous banquet was prepar'd, and all that night the Peeres, And faire-haird Greeks consum'd in feast: so Trojans and their aide. And all the night Jove thunderd lowd: pale feare all thoughts dismaide. While they were gluttonous in earth, Jove wrought their banes in heaven: They pourd full cups upon the ground; and were to offrings driven, In stead of quaffings: and to drinke, none durst attempt, before In solemne sacrifice they did, almightie Jove adore.

Then to their rests they all repaird: bold zeale their feare bereav'd: And sodaine sleepes refreshing gift, securely they receiv'd.

The end of the seventh Booke.

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

THE ARGUMENT.

WHEN JOVE to all the Gods had given command,
That none, to either host, should help full stand;
To Ida he descends: and sees from thence
Juno and Pallas haste the Greeks defence:
Whose purpose, his command by Iris given,
Doth intervent; then came the silent Even;
When Hector chargde fires should consume the night.
Lest Greeks in darkenesse tooke suspected flight.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

In Theta gods a Counsell have, Troyes conquest, glorious Hectors Brave.

THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



HE CHEARFULL LADIE OF THE LIGHT, Periphratis of DECKT IN HER SAFFRON ROBE, the Morning. DISPERST HER BEAMES THROUGH EVERY PART, OF THIS ENFLOWRED GLOBE,

When thundring Jove a Court of Gods, assembled by his will, In top of all the topfull heights, that crowne th' Olympian hill.

He spake, and all the Gods gave eare: Heare how I stand inclind: That God nor Goddesse may attempt, t'infringe my soveraigne mind:

But all give suffrage; that with speed, I may these discords end.

What God soever I shall find, indevour to defend

Or Troy or Greece, with wounds to heaven, he (sham'd) shall reascend;

Or (taking him with his offence) Ile cast him downe as deepe

As Tartarus (the brood of night) where Barathrum doth steepe Torment in his profoundest sinks; where is the floore of brasse,

And gates of iron: the place, for depth, as farre doth hell surpasse,

As heaven (for height) exceeds the earth; then shall he know from thence, tum tenditque

How much my power past all the Gods, hath soveraigne eminence.

Indanger it the whiles and see: let downe our golden chaine;

And, at it, let all Deities, their utmost strengths constraine,

To draw me to the earth from heaven: you never shall prevaile,

Though with your most contention, ye dare my state assaile:

But when my will shall be disposd, to draw you all to me;

Even with the earth it selfe, and seas, ye shall enforced be.

Then will I to Olympus top, our vertuous engine bind, And by it everie thing shall hang, by my command inclind:

So much I am supreme to Gods; to men supreme as much.

The Gods sat silent, and admir'd; his dreadfull speech was such.

At last, his blue-eyd daughter spake: O great Saturnides,

O Father, ô heavens highest King; well know we the excesse Of thy great power, compar'd with all: yet the bold Greekes estate

We needs must mourne, since they must fall, beneath so hard a fate:

For if thy grave command enjoyne, we will abstaine from fight:

But to afford them such advice, as may relieve their plight,

We will (with thy consent) be bold; that all may not sustaine The fearefull burthen of thy wrath, and with their shames be slaine. Jove to the bench of Deities.

Virgil maketh this likewise his place, adding, Bis patet in præceps, tantum tenditque sub umbras, &c. Homers golden

chaine.

Pallas to Jove.

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He smil'd. and said; Be confident, thou art belov'd of me: Jove to Pallas. I speake not this with serious thoughts, but will be kind to thee. This said, his brasse hov'd winged horse, he did to chariot bind, loves borse. Whose crestswere fring'd with manes of gold, and golden garments shin'd On his rich shoulders; in his hand, he tooke a golden scourge, Divinely fashiond, and with blowes, their willing speed did urge, Mid way betwixt the earth and heaven; to Ida then he came, Jove descends to Abounding in delicious springs, and nurse of beasts untame; Where (on the mountaine Gargarus) men did a Fane erect To his high name, and altars sweet; and there his horse he checkt; Dissolv'd them from his chariot, and in a cloud of jeate He coverd them, and on the top, tooke his triumphant seate; Beholding Priams famous towne, and all the Fleet of Greece. Joves prospect. Both hosts arme. The Greeks tooke breakfast speedily, and arm'd at everie peece: So Trojans; who though fewer farre, yet all to fight tooke armes: Dire need enfore't them, to avert, their wives and childrens harmes. All gates flew open, all the host, did issue, foote and horse, The fight. Inmightietumult: straiteoneplace, adjoyndeachadverse force: [opposd: Then shields with shields met, darts with darts, strength against strength The bosse-pik't targets were thrust on, and thunderd as they closd In mightie tumult; grone for grone, and breath for breath did breath: Of men then slaine and to be slaine; earth flowd with fruits of death. While the faire mornings beautie held, and day increast in height; Their Javelins mutually made death, transport an equall freight: Anceps victoria. But when the hote Meridian point, bright Phabus did ascend, The Meridian. Libra Jovis Au-Then Jove his golden Ballances, did equally extend: rea. Virg. tran-And of long-rest-conferring death, put in two bitter fates stulit Macrobius 5. For Troy and Greece he held the midst: the day of finall dates Fell on the Greeks: the Greeks hard lots, sunke to the flowrie ground. The Trojans leapt as high as heaven, then did the claps resound, Of his fierce thunder; lightning leapt, amongst each Grecian troope: Joves thunder amongst the The sight amaz'd them; pallid feare, made boldest stomacks stoope. Grecians. Then Idomen durst not abide; Atrides went his way,

And both th' Ajaces: Nestor yet, against his will did stay (That grave Protector of the Greekes): for Paris with a dart Enrag'd one of his chariot horse; he smote the upper part Of all his skull, even where the haire, that made his foretop, sprung: The hurt was deadly, and the paine, so sore the courser stung, (Pierc't to the braine) he stampt and plung'd: one on another beares: Entangled round about the beame; then Nestor cut the geres With his new drawne authentique sword; meane while the firie horse Of Hector brake into the preasse, with their bold rulers force: Then good old Nestor had bene slaine, had Diomed not espied; Who to Ulysses, as he fled, importunately cried;

Diomed to Ulysses.

Who to *Ulysses*, as he fled, importunately cried;
Thou, that in counsels dost abound, O *Laertiades*,
Why flyest thou? why thus coward like, shunst thou the honourd prease?
Take heed thy backe take not a dart: stay, let us both intend
To drive this cruell enemie, from our deare aged friend.

He spake: but warie Ithacus, would find no patient eare: But fled forth right, even to the fleet: yet though he single were, Brave Diomed mixt amongst the fight, and stood before the steeds Of old Neleides, whose estate, thus kingly he areeds:

Ulysses flies and Diomed alone steps to the rescue of Nestor.

O father, with these youths in fight, thou art unequall plac't,
Thy willing sinewes are unknit, grave age pursues thee fast,
And thy unruly horse are slow; my chariot therefore use,
And trie how readie Trojan horse, can flie him that pursues;
Pursue the flier, and every way, performe the varied fight:
I forc't them from Anchises sonne, well skild in cause of flight.
Then let my Squire leade hence thy horse: mine thou shalt guard, whilst I
(By thee advanc't) assay the fight; that Hectors selfe may trie
If my lance dote with the defects, that faile best minds in age,
Or find the palsey in my hands, that doth thy life engage.

This, noble Nestor did accept; and Diomeds two friends, Eurymedon, that valour loves; and Sthenelus, ascends, Old Nestors coach: of Diomeds horse, Nestor the charge sustains And Tydeus sonne tooke place of fight; Neleides held the rains, Diomed charges Hector.

And scourg'd the horse, who swiftly ran, direct in *Hectors* face, Whom fierce Tydides bravely charg'd: but, he turnd from the chace, His javeline Eniopeus smit, mightie Thebæus sonne, And was great Hectors chariotere; it through his breast did runne, Neare to his pappe; he fell to earth, backe flew his frighted horse; His strength and soule were both dissolv'd. Hector had deepe remorse Of his mishap: yet left he him, and for another sought; Nor long his steeds did want a guide: for straight good fortune brought Bold Archeptolemus, whose life, did from Iphytis spring; He made him take the reines and mount: then soules were set on wing: Then high exploits were undergone, then Trojans in their wals Had bene infolded like meeke Lambs, had Jove winkt at their fals; Who hurld his horrid thunder forth, and made pale lightnings flie Into the earth, before the horse, that Nestor did applie. A dreadfull flash burnt through the aire, that savourd sulphure-like, Which downe before the chariot, the dazled horse did strike: The faire reines fell from Nestors hand; who did (in feare) intreate Renownd Tydides, into flight, to turne his furies heate. For knowest thou not, said he, our aide, is not supplide from *Jove*? This day he will give fame to Troy, which when it fits his love We shall enjoy; let no man tempt, his unresisted will, Though he exceed in gifts of strength: for he exceeds him still.

Nestor to Diomed.

Though he exceed in gifts of strength: for he exceeds him still.

Father (replied the king) t' is true: but both my heart and soule

Are most extremely griev'd to thinke, how *Hector* will controule

My valour with his vants in Troy: that I was terror-sicke

Diomed to Nestor.

With his approch: which when he boasts, let earth devoure me quicke. Ah warlike Tydeus sonne (said he,) what needlesse words are these? Though Hector should report thee faint, and amorous of thy ease, The Trojans nor the Trojan wives, would never give him trust, Whose youthfull husbands thy free hand, hath smotherd so in dust.

Nestor to Diomed.

This said, he turn'd his one-hov'd horse, to flight, & troope didtake; When *Hector* and his men with showts, did greedie pursute make, And pour'd on darts, that made aire sigh; then *Hector* did exclame:

O Tydeus sonne, the kings of Greece, do most renowne thy name

With highest place, feasts, and full cups; who now will do thee shame:

Thou shalt be like a woman usd, and they will say; Depart

Immartial minion, since to stand Hector thou hadst no hart:

Nor canst thou scale our turrets tops, nor leade the wives to fleet

Of valiant men; that wifelike fear'st, my adverse charge to meet.

This, two waies mov'd him; still to flie, or turne his horse and fight:

Thrise thrust he forward to assault; and every time the fright Of Joves fell thunder drave him backe: which he proposd for signe

(To shew the change of victorie) Trojans should victors shine.

Then Hector comforted his men; All my adventrous friends,

Be men, and of your famous strength, thinke of the honourd ends.

I know, benevolent Jupiter, did by his becke professe

Conquest, and high renowne to me; and to the Greeks distresse.

O fooles, to raise such silly forts, not worth the least account,

Nor able to resist our force; with ease our horse may mount,

Quite over all their hollow dike: but when their fleet I reach,

Let Memorie to all the world, a famous bonfire teach:

For, I will all their ships inflame; with whose infestive smoke

(Feare-shrunke and hidden neare their keels) the conquerd Greeks shall choke.

Then cherisht he his famous horse: O Xanthus, now, said he,

And thou Podargus: Æthon to, and Lampus, deare to me;

Make me some worthy recompence, for so much choice of meate,

Given you by faire Andromache; bread of the purest wheate;

And with it (for your drinke) mixt wine, to make ye wished cheare,

Still serving you before my selfe (her husband young and deare:)

Pursue and use your swiftest speed, that we may take for prise

The shield of old Neleides, which Fame lifts to the skies;

Even to the handles, telling it, to be of massie gold:

And from the shoulders let us take, of Diomed the bold,

The royall curace Vulcan wrought, with art so exquisite.

These if we make our sacred spoile, I doubt not, but this Night, Even to their navie to enforce, the Greekes unturned flight.

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Hectors brave to Diomed.

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Hector to his friends.

The names of Hectors borse.

Vinum equis.

Nestors shield al of gold. This Juno tooke in high disdaine; and made Olympus shake, As she but stird within her throne; and thus to Neptune spake;

Juno to Neptune. O Neptune, what a spite is this? thou God so huge in power, Afflicts it not thy honor'd heart, to see rude spoile devoure These Greekes that have in Helice, and Aege, offred thee So many and such wealthie gifts, let them the victors be; If we that are the aids of Greece, would beate home these of Troy, And hinder brode-eyd Joves prowd will, it would abate his joy.

Neptune to Juno.

He (angrie) told her, she was rash, and he would not be one,
Of all the rest, should strive with Jove, whose powerwas matcht by none.
Whiles they conferd thus, all the space, the trench containd before,
(From that part of the fort that flankt, the navie-anchoring shore)
Was fild with horse and targateirs, who there for refuge came,
By Mars-swift Hectors power engagde; Jove gave his strength the fame:
And he with spoilefull fire had burnt, the fleet: if Junos grace
Had not inspired the king himselfe, to run from place to place,
And stirre up everie souldiers powre, to some illustrous deed;
First visiting their leaders tents, his ample purple weed

He wore, to shew all who he was; and did his station take At wise *Ulysses* sable barkes, that did the battell make

Agamemnons labor in ranging bis armie.

Of all the fleet: from whence his speech, might with more ease be driven To Ajax and Achilles ships; to whose chiefe charge were given The Vantguard and the Rereguard both: both for their force of hand, And trustie bosomes. There arriv'd, thus urg'd he to withstand Th'insulting Trojans: O what shame, ye emptie hearted Lords, Is this to your admired formes? where are your glorious words? In Lemnos vaunting you the best, of all the Grecian host? We are the strongest men (ye said) we will command the most: Eating most flesh of high-hornd beeves, and drinking cups full crownd: And everie man a hundred foes, two hundred, will confound: Now all our strength, dar'd to our worst, one Hector cannot tame,

Agamemnons exprobration of the Greeks.

Apostropbe ad Jovem. Who presently with horrid fire, will all our fleet inflame. O Father Jove, hath ever yet, thy most unsuffred hand Afflicted, with such spoile of soules, the king of any land?
And taken so much fame from him? when I did never faile
(Since under most unhappie starres, this fleet was under saile)
Thy glorious altars, I protest; but above all the Gods,
Have burnt fat thighs of beeves to thee; and praid to race th' abodes
Of rape-defending Ilions: yet grant (almightie Jove)
One favour, that we may at least, with life from hence remove:
Not under such inglorious hands, the hands of death imploy,
And where Troy should be stoopt by Greece, let Greece fall under Troy.

To this even weeping king, did Jove, remove full audience give

To this even weeping king, did Jove, remorsefull audience give, And shooke great heaven to him, for signe, his men and he should live: Then quickly cast he off his hawke, the Eagle prince of aire, That perfects his unspotted vowes; who seisd in her repaire A sucking hinde calfe; which she trust, in her enforcive seeres, And by Joves altar let it fall, amongst th'amazed peeres, Where the religious Achive kings, with sacrifice did please The authour of all Oracles, divine Saturnides.

Jove casts off his Eagle on the Greeks right hand, that trust a Hinde calfe.

Now when they knew the bird of Jove, they turnd couragious head: When none (though many kings put on) could make his vaunt, he led Tydides to renew dassault: or issued first the dike, Or first did fight: but farre the first, stone dead his lance did strike Arm'd Agelaus; by descent, surnam'd Phradmonides; He turn'd his readie horse to flight; and Diomeds lance did seise His backe betwixt his shoulder blades, and lookt out at his brest; He fell, and his armes rang his fall. Th' Atrides next addrest Themselves to fight; th' Ajaces next, with vehement strength endude: Idomeneus and his friend, stout Merion, next pursude: And after these Euripilus, Evemons honord race: The ninth, with backward wreathed bow, had little *Teucer* place; He still fought under Ajax shield; who sometimes held it by, And then he lookt his object out, and let his arrow flie: And whomsoever in the preasse, he wounded, him he slue; Then under Ajax seven-fold shield, he presently withdrew.

Diomed.

Teucer serving under Ajax shield, He far'd like an unhappie child, that doth to mother run
For succour, when heknowes full well, he some shrewd turne hath done.
What Trojans then were to their deaths, by Teucers shafts imprest?
Haplesse Orsylochus was first; Ormenus, Ophelest,
Detor, and hardie Cronius, and Lycophon divine;
And Amopaon, that did spring, from Polyemons line,
And Menalippus: all on heapes, he tumbled to the ground.
The king rejoyc't to see his shafts, the Phrygian ranks confound:
Who straight came neare, and spake to him; O Teucer lovely man,

Agamemnon to Tesicer. Who straight came neare, and spake to him; O Teucer lovely man,
Strike still so sure, and be a grace, to everie Grecian;
And to thy father Telamon, who tooke thee kindly home,
(Although not by his wife, his sonne) and gave thee foster roome,
Even from thy childhood; then to him, though far from hence remov'd,
Make good fame reach; and to thy selfe, I vow what shall be prov'd:
If he that dreadfull Egis beares, and Pallas grant to me
Th'expugnance of wel-builded Troy, I first will honour thee,
Next to my selfe with some rich gift, and put it in thy hand:
A three-foot vessell, that for grace, in sacred Fanes doth stand:
Or two horse and a chariot, or else a lovely Dame,
That may ascend on bed with thee, and amplifie thy name.

Teucer to Agamemnon. Teucer right nobly answerd him: Why (most illustrate king)
I being thus forward of my selfe, dost thou adjoyne a sting?
Without which, all the power I have, I ceasse not to imploy:
For, from the place where we repulst, the Trojans towards Troy,
I all the purple field have strew'd, with one or other slaine:
Eight shafts I shot, with long steele heads, of which not one in vaine;
All were in youthfull bodies fixt, well skild in warres constraint:
Yet this wild dog, with all my aime, I have no power to taint.
This said, another arrow forth, from his stiffe string he sent,
At Hector, whom he long'd to wound; but still amisse it went:
His shaft smit faire Gorgythion, of Priams princely race,
Who in Æpina was brought forth (a famous towne in Thrace)
By Castianira; that, for forme, was like celestiall breed.

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And as a crimson Poppie flower, surcharged with his seed, And vernall humors falling thicke, declines his heavie brow; So, of one side, his helmets weight, his fainting head did bow: Yet Teucer would another shaft, at Hectors life dispose; So faine, he such a marke would hit: but still besides it goes; Apollo did avert the shaft: but Hectors charioteere Bold Archeptolemus he smit, as he was rushing neere To make the fight: to earth he fell, his swift horse backe did flie, And there, were both his strength and soule, exilde eternally. Huge griefe, for Hectors slaughterd friend, pincht-in his mightie mind: Yet was he forc't to leave him there, and his void place resignd To his sad brother, that was by; Cebriones: whose eare Receiving Hectors charge, he straight, the weightie reines did beare; And Hector, from his shining coach (with horrid voice) leapt on, To wreake his friend on Teucers hand; and up he tooke a stone, With which he at the Archer ran; who, from his quiver, drew A sharpe-pild shaft, and nockt it sure: but, in great Hector flew, With such fell speed, that in his draught, he his right shoulder strooke, Where twixt his necke and breast, the joynt, his native closure tooke: The wound was wondrous full of death, his string in sunder flees; His nummed hand fell strengthlesse downe, and he upon his knees. Ajax neglected not to aid, his brother thus deprest; But came and saft him with his shield; and two more friends addrest To be his aide, tooke him to fleet, Mecistius, Echius son, And gay Alastor: Teucer sigh'd, for all his service done. Then did Olympius, with fresh strength, the Trojan powers revive; Who to their trenches once againe, the troubled Greekes did drive.

Hector brought terror with his strength, and ever fought before: As when some highly stomackt hound, that hunts a sylvan Bore, Or kingly Lion, loves the hanch, and pincheth oft behind, Bold of his feet, and still observes, the game, to turne inclind,

Not utterly dissolv'd in flight: so *Hector* did pursue; And whosoever was the last, he ever did subdue. Virg. in Pallante imitatus est.

Hector with a stone at Teucer.

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They fled, but when they had their dike, and Pallesados past, (A number of them put to sword) at ships they staid at last:
Then mutuall exhortations flew, then all with hands and eyes,
Advanc't to all the Gods, their plagues, wrung from them open cries.

Hectors terrible aspect. Hector with his fowre rich-man'd horse, assaulting alwaies rode; The eyes of Gorgon burnt in him, and warres vermilion God. The Goddesse that all Goddesses (for snowie armes) out shin'd, Thus spake to Pallas; to the Greeks, with gracious ruth inclin'd.

O Pallas, what a griefe is this? is all our succour past

Juno to Pallas.

To these our perishing Grecian friends? at least withheld at last?
Even now, when one mans violence, must make them perish all,
In satisfaction of a Fate, so full of funerall?
Hector Priamides now raves, no more to be indur'd;
That hath alreadie on the Greekes, so many harmes inur'd.
The Azure Goddesse answerd her; This man had surely found
His fortitude and life dissolv'd, even on his fathers ground,
By Grecian valour; if my Sire, infested with ill moods,
Did not so dote on these of Troy, too jelous of their bloods:
And ever, an unjust repulse, stands to my willing powres;
Little remembring what I did, in all the desperate howres
Of his affected Hercules: I ever rescued him,

In labours of *Euristheus*, untoucht in life or lim: Whenhe(heaven knowes) with drowned eyes, look tup for helpe to heaven:

Which ever at command of *Jove*, was by my suppliance given. But had my wisdome reacht so farre, to know of this event, When to the solid-ported depths, of hell his sonne was sent,

To hale out hatefull *Plutoes* dog, from darksome *Erebus*, He had not scap't the streames of *Styx*, so deepe and dangerous:

Yet Jove hates me, and shews his love, in doing Thetis will, That kist his knees, and strok't his chin; praid, and importun'd still,

That he would honour with his aid, her cittie-razing sonne,

Displeasd *Achilles*: and for him, our friends are thus undone. But time shall come againe, when he (to do his friends some aid)

Will call me his Glaucopides; his sweet and blew-eyd maid. Then harnesse thou thy horse for me, that his bright Pallace gates I soone may enter, arming me, to order these debates: And I will trie if *Priams* sonne, will still maintaine his cheare. When in the crimson paths of warre, I dreadfully appeare; For some prowd Trojan shall be sure, to nourish dogs and foules, And pave the shore with fat, and flesh, depriv'd of lives and soules.

Juno prepar'd her horse, whose manes, Ribands of gold enlac't: Pallas her partie coloured robe, on her bright shoulders cast,

Divinely wrought with her owne hands, in th'entrie of her Sire:

Then put she, on her ample breast, her under-arming tire,

And on it her celestiall armes: the chariot streight she takes,

With her huge heavie violent lance, with which she slaughter makes Of armies, fatall to her wrath: Saturnia whipt her horse,

And heaven gates, guarded by the Howres, op't by their proper force:

Through which they flew. Whom when Jove saw (set neare th' Idalian spring)

Highly displeasd: he Iris cald, that hath the golden wings,

And said; Flie Iris, turne them backe, let them not come at me:

Our meetings (severally disposd) will nothing gracious be.

Beneath their o'rethrowne chariot, Ile shiver their prowd steeds:

Hurledowne themselves, their wagon breake, and for their stubborne deeds

In ten whole yeares they shall not heale, the wounds I will impresse With horrid thunder; that my maid, may know, when to addresse

Armes gainst her father. For my wife, she doth not so offend,

 ${f T}'$ is but her use to interrupt, what ever ${f I}$ intend.

 Iris , with this, left Idas hils, and up t'Olympus flew,

Met (neare heaven gates) the Goddesses, and thus their haste with-drew.

What course intend you? why are you, wrapt with your fancies storme? *Jove* likes not ye should aid the Greeks, but threats, and will performe,

To crush in peeces your swift horse, beneath their glorious yokes,

Hurle downe your selves, your chariot breake: and those impoysoned strokes

His wounding thunder shall imprint, in your celestiall parts,

In ten full Springs ye shall not cure: that she that tames proud hearts

Pallas armes.

Juno her wag-

gonnesse.

Jove to Iris.

Iris to beaven.

(Thy selfe, Minerva) may be taught, to know for what, and when,

Facile facit quod semper facit. Thou doest against thy father fight; for sometimes childeren May with discretion plant themselves, against their fathers wils; But not where humors onely rule, in works beyond their skils. For, Juno, she offends him not, nor vexeth him so much; For, t'is her use to crosse his will, her impudence is such. The habite of offence in this, she onely doth contract, And so grieves or incenseth lesse, though nere the lesse her fact: But thou most griev'st him (dogged Dame) whom he rebukes in time, Lest silence should pervert thy will, and pride too highly clime In thy bold bosome (desperate girle) if seriously thou dare Lift thy unwieldie lance gainst Jove, as thy pretences are.

Juno to Pallas.

She left them, and Saturnia said, Ay me thou seed of Jove,
By my advice we will no more, unfit contention move
With Jupiter for mortall men; of whom, let this man die,
And that man live, who ever he, pursues with destinie:
And let him (plotting all events) dispose of either host,
As he thinks fittest for them both, and may become us most.

Thus turnd she backe, & to the Howres, her rich man'd horse resign'd, Who them t'immortall mangers bound; the chariot they inclin'd Beneath the Christall walls of heaven, and they in golden thrones Consorted other Deities, repleate with passions. Jove, in his bright-wheeld chariot, his firie horse now beats, Up to Olympus; and aspir'd, the Gods eternall seats. Great Neptune loosd his horse; his Carre, upon the Altar plac't, And heavenly-linnen Coverings, did round about it cast. The farre-seer usd his throne of gold: the vast Olympus shooke Beneath his feete; his wife, and maid, apart their places tooke; Nor any word afforded him: he knew their thoughts, and said; Why do you thus torment your selves? you need not sit dismaid With the long labours you have usd, in your victorious fight, Destroying Trojans: gainst whose lives, you heape such high despight. Ye should have held your glorious course; for be assur'd, as farre As all my powres (by all meanes urg'd) could have sustaind the warre:

Jove to Juno and Pallas.

Scoptice.

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Not all the host of Deities, should have retir'd my hand, From vowd inflictions on the Greeks: much lesse, you two withstand. But you before you saw the fight, much lesse the slaughter there, Had all your goodly lineaments, possest with shaking feare; And never had your chariot borne, their charge to heaven againe: But thunder should have smit you both, had you one Trojan slaine.

Both Goddesses let fall their chins, upon their Ivorie breasts,
Set next to Jove; contriving still, afflicted Troyes unrests:
Pallas for anger could not speake, Saturnia, contrarie,
Could not for anger hold her peace, but made this bold replie;

Not-to-be-suffred Jupiter, what needst thou still enforce
Thy matchlesse power? we know it well: But we must yeeld remorse
To them that yeeld us sacrifice: nor needst thou thus deride
Our kind obedience, nor our griefes, but beare our powers applide
To just protection of the Greeks; that anger tombe not all
In Troyes foule gulfe of perjurie, and let them stand, should fall.

Greeve not (said Jove) at all done yet: for if thy faire eyes please, This next red morning they shall see, the great Saturnides
Bring more destruction to the Greekes: and Hector shall not cease,
Till he have rowsed from the Fleet, swift-foot Æacides:
In that day, when before their ships, for his Patroclus slaine,
The Greekes in great distresse shall fight; for so the Fates ordaine.
I weigh not thy displeased spleene; though to th'extremest bounds
Of earth and seas it carrie thee; where endlesse night confounds
Japet, and my dejected Sire; who sit so farre beneath,
They never see the flying Sunne, nor heare the winds that breath,
Neare to profoundest Tartarus: nor thither if thou went,
Would I take pittie of thy moods, since none more impudent.
To this, she nothing did replie: and now Sols glorious light

The Trojans griev'd at Phabus fall, which all the Greeks desir'd: And sable night (so often wisht) to earths firme throne aspir'd. Hector (intending to consult) neare to the gulfie flood Farre from the Fleet; led to a place, pure, and exempt from blood,

Fell to the sea, and to the land, drew up the drowsie night:

Juno to Jupiter.

Jupiter to Juno.

The Night.

The Trojans forces: from their horse, all lighted, and did heare Th'Oration Jove-lov'd Hector made; who held a goodly speare, Eleven full cubits long; the head, was brasse, and did reflect A wanton light before him still; it round about was deckt With strong hoops of new burnisht gold. On this he leand, and said: Heare me, my worthie friends of Troy, and you our honord aid;

Hector to his friends.

A little since, I had conceipt, we should have made retreate, By light of the inflamed fleet, with all the Greeks escheate; But darknesse hath prevented us; and saft, with speciall grace, These Achives, and their shore-hal'd fleet. Let us then render place, To sacred Night; our suppers dresse; and from our chariot free Our faire-man'd horse, and meate them well: then let there convoid be, From forth the citie presently, Oxen, and well fed sheepe; Sweet wine, and bread; and fell much wood, that all night we may keepe Plentie of fires, even till the light, bring forth the lovely morne; And let their brightnesse glase the skies, that night may not suborne The Greeks escape, if they, for flight, the seas brode backe would take; At least they may not part with ease; but as retreit they make, Each man may beare a wound with him, to cure when he comes home, Made with a shaft or sharpned speare; and others feare to come, With charge of lamentable warre, gainst souldiers bred in Troy. Then let our Heralds, through the towne, their offices imploy, To warne the youth, yet short of warre; and time-white fathers, past; That in our god-built towres they see, strong courts of guard be plac't, About the wals; and let our Dames, yet flourishing in yeares, That (having beauties to keepe pure) are most inclin'd to feares (Since darknesse in distressefull times, more dreadfull is then light) Make loftie fires in every house: and thus, the dangerous night, Held with strong watch; if th'enemie, have ambuscadoes laid Neare to our wals (and therefore seeme, in flight the more dismaid,

Intending a surprise, while we, are all without the towne)
They every way shall be impugn'd, to every mans renowne.
Performe all this brave Trojan friends: what now I have to say,
Is all exprest; the chearfull morne, shall other things display;

Vina parant

It is my glorie (putting trust, in Jove, and other Gods) That I shall now expulse these dogs, fates sent to our abodes; Who bring ostents of destinie, and blacke their threatning fleet. But this night let us hold strong guards: to morrow we will meet (With fierce-made warre) before their ships; and Ile make knowne to all, If strong Tydides, from their ships, can drive me to their wall, Or I can pierce him with my sword; and force his bloudy spoile; The wished morne shall shew his powre, if he can shun his foile, I running on him with my Lance; I thinke when day ascends, He shall lie wounded with the first, and by him many friends. Othat I were as sure to live, immortall, and sustaine No frailties, with increasing yeares, but evermore remaine Ador'd like Pallas, or the Sunne; as all doubts die in me, That heavens next light shall be the last, the Greekes shall ever see. This speech all Trojans did applaud; who from their traces losde Their sweating horse; which severally with headstals they reposde, And fastned by their chariots; when others brought from towne, Fat sheepe and oxen, instantly; bread, wine; and hewed downe Huge store of wood: the winds transferd, into the friendly skie, Their suppers savour; to the which, they sate delightfully, And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shinde; As when about the silver Moone, when aire is free from winde. And stars shine cleare; to whose sweete beames, high prospects, and the brows Of all steepe hils and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for showes; Ignes Trojanorum astris similes. And even the lowly vallies joy, to glitter in their sight, When the unmeasur'd firmament, bursts to disclose her light, And all the signes in heaven are seene, that glad the shepheards hart; So many fires disclosde their beames, made by the Trojan part, Before the face of *Ilion*; and her bright turrets show'd. A thousand courts of guard kept fires: and every guard allow'd Fiftie stout men, by whom their horse, eate oates and hard white corne, And all did wishfully expect, the silver throned morne.

The end of the eighth Booke.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

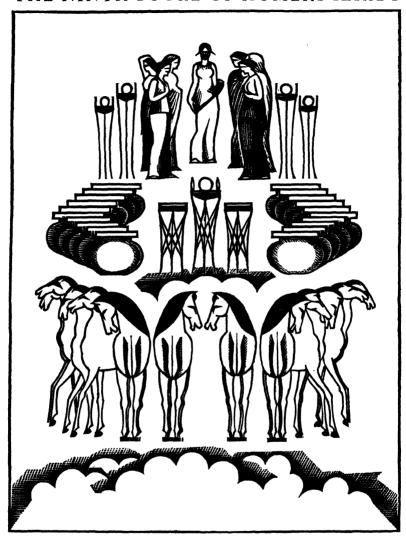
THE ARGUMENT.

TO AGAMEMNON (urging hopelesse flight)
Stand Diomed, and Nestor opposite:
By Nestors counsell, Legats are dismist,
To Thetis sonne, who still denies t'assist.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Iota sings the Ambassie, And great Achilles sterne replie.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



O HELD THE TROJANS SLEEPLESSE GUARD; THE GREEKS TO FLIGHT WERE GIVEN: THE FEEBLE CONSORT OF COLD FEARE (STRANGELY INFUSDE FROM HEAVEN)

Griefe, not to be endur'd, did wound, all Greeks of greatest worth. And as two laterall-sited winds (the West wind and the North) Meete at the Thracian seas blacke breast; joyne in a sodaine blore; Tumble together the darke waves, and powre upon the shore A mightie deale of froth and weed, with which men manure ground: So Jove and Troy did drive the Greeks, and all their minds confound: But Agamemnon most of all, was tortur'd at his heart, Who to the voicefull Heralds went, and bad them cite, apart, Each Grecian leader severally, not openly proclaime; In which he labourd with the first: and all together came. They sadly sate; the king arose, and pour'd out teares as fast As from a loftie rocke, a spring, doth his blacke waters cast. And deeply sighing, thus bespake, the Achives; O my friends, Princes and leaders of the Greeks; heavens adverse king extends His wrath, with too much detriment, to my so just designe; Since he hath often promist me, and bound it with the signe Of his bent forehead, that this Troy, our vengefull hands should race, And safe returne: yet now ingag'd, he plagues us with disgrace; When all our trust to him hath drawne, so much bloud from our friends. My glorie, nor my brothers wreake, were the proposed ends, For which he drew you to these toiles; but your whole countries shame, Which had bene huge, to beare the rape, of so divine a Dame, Made in despite of our revenge: and yet not that had mov'd Our powres to these designes, if Jove, had not our drifts approv'd; Which since we see he did for bloud; tis desperate fight in us To strive with him; then let us flie: tis flight he urgeth thus.

Long time still silence held them all; at last did *Diomed* rise: Atrides, I am first must crosse, thy indiscreet advise, As may become me, being a king, in this our martiall court. Be not displeased then: for thy selfe, didst broadly misreport In open field my fortitude, and cald me faint and weake;

Agamemnon to the Greeks.

Diomed to Agamemnon: and takes fit time to answer his wrong done by Agamemnon in the fourth booke.

Yet I was silent, knowing the time; loth any rites to breake, That appertaind thy publicke rule: yet all the Greekes knew well (Of every age) thou didst me wrong. As thou then didst refell My valour first of all the hoast, as of a man dismaid: So now, with fit occasion given, I first blame thee afraid. Inconstant Saturnes son hath given, inconstant spirits to thee; And with a scepter over all, an eminent degree: But with a scepters soveraigne grace, the chiefe powre, Fortitude, (To bridle thee) he thought not best, thy breast should be endude. Unhappie king, think'st thou the Greeks, are such a silly sort, And so excessive impotent, as thy weake words import? If thy mind move thee to be gone; the way is open, go: Mycenian ships enow ride neare, that brought thee to this wo; The rest of Greece will stay, nor stirre, till Troy be overcome, With full eversion; or if not, but (doters of their home) Will put on wings to flie with thee; my selfe and Sthenelus Will fight, till (trusting favouring Jove) we bring home Troy with us. This, all applauded, and admir'd, the spirit of Diomed; When *Nestor* (rising from the rest) his speech thus seconded:

Nestor approves Diomeds counsell, and goes further.

Tydides, thou art (questionlesse) our strongest Greeke, in warre, And gravest in thy counsels too, of all that equall are In place with thee, and stand on strength; Nor is there any one Can blame, or contradict thy speech: And yet thou hast not gone So farre, but we must further go; th'art yong, and well mightst be My yongest sonne, though still I yeeld, thy words had high degree Of wisedome in them to our kings; since well they did become Their right in question, and refute, inglorious going home; But I (well knowne thy senior far) will speake, and handle all Yet to propose: which none shall checke; no not our Generall. A hater of societie, unjust, and wilde is he, That loves intestine warre; being stuft, with manlesse crueltie: And therefore in perswading peace, and home-flight, we the lesse May blame our Generall; as one lothe, to wrap in more distresse

His loved souldiers: but because, they bravely are resolv'd To cast lives after toyles, before, they part in shame involv'd; Provide we for our honourd stay; obey blacke night, and fall Now to our suppers; then appoint, our guards without the wall, And in the bottome of the dike; which guards I wish may stand Of our brave youth. And (Atreus son) since thou art in command Before our other Kings; be first, in thy commands effect: It well becomes thee; since tis both, what all thy Peeres expect; And in the royall right of things, is no impaire to thee; Nor shall it stand with lesse then right, that they invited be To supper by thee; all thy tents, are amply stor'd with wine, Brought dayly in Greeke ships from Thrace; and to this grace of thine All necessaries thou hast fit, and store of men to wait: And many meeting there, thou maist, heare every mans conceit, And take the best: it much concernes, all Greekes to use advise Of gravest nature; since, so neare, our ships, our enemies Have lighted such a sort of fires: with which, what man is joyd? Looke, how all beare themselves this night, so live, or be destroyd.

Vinum Thracium.

of the watch, and

All heard, and followd his advice: there was appointed then Seven Captaines of the watch, who forth, did march with all their men. Seven Captaines The first was famous *Thrasymed*, advicefull *Nestors* sonne; Ascalaphus and Ialmen, and mightie Merion; Alphareus and Deipyrus, and lovely Lycomed; Old Creons joy: These seven bold Lords, an hundred souldiers led In every severd company; and every man his pike: Some placed on the rampires top, and some amidst the dike: All fiers made, and their suppers tooke: Atrides to his tent Invited all the Peeres of Greece; and food sufficient Apposde before them; and the Peeres, apposde their hands to it. Hunger and thirst being quickly quencht, to counsell still they sit. And first spake Nestor, who they thought, of late, advisde so well, A father grave, and rightly wise, who thus his tale did tell. Most high Atrides, since in thee, I have intent to end,

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Nestor to Agamemnon

From thee will I begin my speech, to whom Jove doth commend The Empire of so many men, and puts into thy hand A Scepter, and establisht lawes, that thou mayst well command And counsell all men under thee. It therefore doth behove Thy selfe to speake most, since of all, thy speeches most will move; And yet to heare as well as speake: and then performe as well A free just counsell; in thee still, must sticke, what others tell. For me; what in my judgement stands, the most convenient I will advise; and am assur'd, advice more competent Shall not be given: the generall proofe, that hath before bene made Of what I speake, confirmes me still; and now may well perswade, Because I could not then, yet ought, when thou (most royall King) Even from the tent, Achilles love, didst violently bring, Against my counsell, urging thee, by all meanes to relent: But you (obeying your high mind) would venture the event, Dishonoring our ablest Greeke, a man th'immortals grace: Againe, yet let's deliberate, to make him now embrace Affection to our generall good, and bring his force to field: Both which, kind words and pleasing gifts, must make his vertues yeeld.

Agamemnon to Nestor. O father (answered the King) my wrongs thou tell'st me right;
Mine owne offence, mine owne tongue grants; one man must stand in fight
For our whole armie; him I wrongd, him Jove loves from his hart:
He shewes it in thus honoring him; who living thus apart,
Proves us but number: for his want, makes all our weaknesse seene:
Yet after my confest offence, soothing my humorous spleene,
Ile sweeten his affects againe, with presents infinite,
Which (to approve my firme intent) Ile openly recite;

Gifts offered to Achilles. Which (to approve my firme intent) Ile openly recite;
Seven sacred Tripods free from fire, ten talents of fine gold,
Twentie bright caldrons, twelve yong horse, well shap't and well controld,
And victors too; for they have wonne, the price at many a race:
That man should not be poore, that had, but what their winged pace
Hath added to my treasury; nor feele sweet golds defect.
Seven Lesbian Ladies he shall have, that were the most select,

And in their needles rarely skild: whom (when he tooke the towne Of famous Lesbos) I did chuse; who wonne the chiefe renowne, For beautie from their whole faire sexe; amongst whom Ile resigne Faire Brysis; and I deeply sweare (for any fact of mine That may discourage her receit) she is untoucht, and rests As he resign'd her. To these gifts (if Jove to our requests ${
m Vouchsafe}$ performance, and affoord, the worke for which we waite; Of winning Troy) with brasse and gold, he shall his navie freight; And (entring when we be at spoile) that princely hand of his Shall chuse him twentie Trojan Dames, excepting Tyndaris, The fairest Pergamus infolds: and if we make retreat To Argos (cald of all the world, the Navill, or chiefe seat) He shall become my sonne in law, and I will honour him Even as Orestes, my sole sonne, that doth in honours swim. Three daughters in my wel-built court, unmarried are, and faire; Laodice, Chrysothemis, that hath the golden haire, And Iphianassa: of all three, the worthiest let him take All joynturelesse, to Peleus Court: I will her joyncture make; And that so great, as never yet, did any maide preferre; Seven cities right magnificent, I will bestow on her: Enope, and Cardamile; Hyra for herbes renownd; The faire Æpæa, Pedasus, that doth with grapes abound: Antæa, girdled with greene meades: Phera, surnam'd Divine; All whose bright turrets, on the seas, in sandie Pylos shine: Th'inhabitants in flockes and heards, are wondrous confluent; Who like a God will honour him, and him with gifts present; And to his throne will contribute, what tribute he will rate; All this I gladly will performe, to pacifie his hate: Let him be milde and tractable: tis for the God of ghosts To be unrul'd, implacable, and seeke the bloud of hoasts; Whom therefore men do much abhorre: then let him yeeld to me; I am his greater, being a King, and more in yeares then he. Brave King (said Nestor) these rich gifts, must make him needs relent: Achilles.

Nestor makes choice of Ambassadors to

Chuse then fit legates instantly, to greete him at his Tent;
But stay, admit my choice of them; and let them strait be gone:

Jove-loved Phanix shall be chiefe; then Ajax Telamon,
And Prince Ulysses; and on them, let these two heralds wait,
Grave Odius and Euribates. Come Lords, take water strait,
Make pure your hands; and with sweet words, appease Achilles'mind;
Which we will pray, the king of Gods, may gently make inclin'd.

All lik't his speech, and on their hands, the Heralds water shed:
The youths, crownd cups of sacred wine, to all distributed:
But, having sacrific'd and drunke, to everie mans content,
(With many notes by Nestor given) the Legats forwards went:
With courtship in fit gestures usd, he did prepare them well,
But most Ulysses; for his grace, did not so much excell:
Such rites beseeme Ambassadors: and Nestor urged these,
That their most honours might reflect, enrag'd Æacides.
They went along the shore, and praid, the God that earth doth bind
In brackish chaines, they might not faile, but bow his mightie mind.

The quarter of the Myrmidons, they reacht, and found him set Delighted with his solemne harpe, which curiously was fret Withworkes conceited, through the verge: the bawdricke that embrac't His loftie necke, was silver twist: this (when his hand laid waste Aetions citie) he did chuse, as his especiall prise,

And (loving sacred musicke well) made it his exercise:

To it he sung the glorious deeds, of great Heroes dead, And his true mind, that practise faild, sweet contemplation fed.

With him alone, and opposite; all silent sat his friend, Attentive, and beholding him, who now his song did end. Th'Ambassadors did forwards preasse, renown'd *Ulysses* led,

And stood in view: their sodaine sight, his admiration bred; Who with his harpe and all arose: so did *Menetius* sonne

When he beheld them: their receipt, Achilles thus begun.

Health to my Lords: right welcome men, assure your selves you be; Though some necessitie I know, doth make you visite me,

Achilles at bis Harpe.

Achilles love of Musicke. Himselfe sings the deeds of Heroes.

Achilles gentle receit of Ulysses, Ajax, &c. Incenst with just cause gainst the Greeks. This said, a severall seate With purple cushions he set forth, and did their ease intreate: And said, Now friend, our greatest bolle, with wine unmixt, and neate, Appose these Lords; and of the depth, let everie man make proofe: These are my best-esteemed friends, and underneath my roofe.

Patroclus did his deare friends will: and he that did desire To cheare the Lords (come faint from fight) set on a blasing fire A great brasse pot, and into it, a chine of mutton put, And fat Goates flesh: Automedon, held, while he peeces cut To rost and boile, right cunningly: then of a well fed swine, A huge fat shoulder he cuts out, and spits it wondrous fine; His good friend made a goodly fire: of which the force once past, He laid the spit low, neare the coales, to make it browne at last: Then sprinkled it with sacred salt, and tooke it from the rackes: This rosted and on dresser set, his friend Patroclus takes Bread in faire baskets; which set on, Achilles brought the meate; And to divinest Ithacus, tooke his opposed seate Upon the bench: then did he will, his friend to sacrifice; Who cast sweet incense in the fire, to all the Deities. Thus fell they to their readie food: hunger and thirst allaid, Ajax to Phanix made a signe, as if too long they staid, Before they told their Legacie. *Ulysses* saw him winke, And (filling the great boule with wine) did to Achilles drinke.

Health to Achilles; but our plights, stand not in need of meate,
Who late supt at Atrides tent, though for thy love we eate
Of many things, whereof a part, would make a compleat feast:
Nor can we joy in these kind rites, that have our hearts opprest
(O Prince) with feare of utter spoile: tis made a question now
If we can save our fleet or not, unlesse thy selfe endow
Thy powers with wonted fortitude: now Troy and her consorts,
Bold of thy want, have pitcht their tents, close to our fleet and forts;
And made a firmament of fires: and now no more they say
Will they be prison'd in their wals, but force their violent way

Principes ipsi servilia munera obeunt, ut alibi.

Sacrifice before meate.

Ulysses oration

Even to our ships; and Jove himselfe, hath with his lightnings showd Their bold adventures happie signes; and Hector growes so prowd Of his huge strength, borne out by Jove, that fearfully he raves; Presuming neither men nor Gods, can interrupt his braves. Wilderage invades him, and he prayes, that soone the sacred morne Would light his furie; boasting then, our streamers shall be torne, And all our navall ornaments, fall by his conquering stroke; Our ships shall burne, and we our selves, lie stifl'd in the smoke. And I am seriously affraid, heaven will performe his threats; And that tis fatall to us all, farre from our native seates To perish in victorious Troy: but rise, though it be late, Deliver the afflicted Greeks, from Troyes tumultuous hate. It will hereafter be thy griefe, when no strength can suffise To remedie th'effected threats, of our calamities; Consider these affaires in time, while thou maist use thy powre, And have the grace to turne, from Greece, fates unrecovered houre. O friend?thouknowest, thyroyall Sire, forewarndwhat should be done, That day he sent thee from his Court, to honour Atreus sonne: My sonne (said he) the victory, let Jove and Pallas use At their high pleasures; but do thou, no honor'd meanes refuse That may advance her; in fit bounds, containe thy mightie mind; Nor let the knowledge of thy strength, be factiously inclind, Contriving mischiefes; be to fame, and generall good profest; The more will all sorts honour thee; Benignitie is best. Thus charg'd thy sire, which thou forgetst: yet now those thoughts appease That torture thy great spirit with wrath: which if thou wilt surcease, The King will merit it with gifts; (and if thou wilt give eare) Ile tell how much he offers thee, yet thou sitst angrie here. Seven Tripods that no fire must touch; twise ten pans fit for flame: Ten talents of fine gold; twelve horse, that ever overcame, And brought huge prises from the field, with swiftnes of their feete: That man should be are no poor eaccount, nor want golds quickning sweete, That had but what he won with them: seven worthiest Lesbian Dames,

Renown'd for skill in houswifrie, and beare the soveraigne fames, For beautie, from their generall sexe; which at thy overthrow Of wel-built Lesbos he did chuse; and these he will bestow; And with these, her he tooke from thee, whom (by his state since then) He sweares he toucht not, as faire Dames, use to be toucht by men. All these are readie for thee now: and if at length we take, By helpes of Gods, this wealthie towne, thy ships shall burthen make Of gold and brasse at thy desires, when we the spoile divide: And twentie beautious Trojan Dames, thou shalt select beside, (Next *Hellen*) the most beautifull; and (when return'd we be To Argos) be his sonne in law: for he will honour thee Like his Orestes, his sole sonne, maintaind in height of blisse: Three daughters beautifie his Court, the faire Chrysothemis, Laodice, and Iphianesse; of all, the fairest take To Peleus thy grave fathers Court, and never joynture make: He will the jointure make himselfe, so great, as never Sire Gave to his daughters nuptials: seven cities left entire; Cardamile, and Enope, and Hyrafull of flowers; Anthaa, for sweet meadowes praisd; and Phera, deckt with towers; The bright *Epea*; *Pedassus*, that doth God *Bacchus* please, All on the Sandie Pylos soyle, are seated neare the seas: Th'inhabitants, in droves and flocks, exceeding wealthie be, Who like a God with worthie gifts, will gladly honour thee; And tribute of especiall rate, to thy high scepter pay: All this he freely will performe, thy anger to allay. But if thy hate to him be more, then his gifts may represse, Yet pittie all the other Greeks, in such extreme distresse; Who with religion honour thee: and to their desperate ill, Thou shalt triumphant glorie bring; and Hector thou maist kill, When pride makes him encounter thee: fild with a banefull sprite, Who vaunts, our whole fleet brought not one, equall to him in fight. Swift-foot Æacides replide: Divine Laertes sonne, T'is requisite I should be short, and shew what place hath wonne

Achilles answers Ulysses Oration.

Thy serious speech: affirming nought, but what you shall approve Establisht in my settled heart; that in the rest I move No murmure nor exception: for like hell mouth I loath, Who holds not in his words and thoughts, one indistinguisht troth. What fits the freenesse of my mind, my speech shall make displaid; Nor Atreus sonne, nor all the Greeks, shall winne me to their aid: Their suite is wretchedly enforc't, to free their owne despaires; And my life never shall be hir'd, with thanklesse desperate praires: For never had I benefite, that ever foild the foe; Even share hath he that keepes his tent, and he to field doth go; With equall honour cowards die, and men most valiant: The much performer, and the man, that can of nothing vant. No overplus I ever found, when with my minds most strife, To do them good, to dangerous fight, I have exposd my life. But even as to unfeatherd birds, the carefull dam brings meate, Which when she hath bestow'd, her selfe, hath nothing left to eat: So when my broken sleepes have drawne, the nights t'extremest length; And ended many bloodie daies, with still-employed strength, To guard their weaknesse: and preserve, their wives contents infract; I have bene robd before their eyes; twelve cities I have sackt, Assaild by sea; eleven by land, while this siege held at Troy: And of all these, what was most deare, and most might crowne the joy Of Agamemnon, he enjoyd; who here behind remaind: Which when he tooke, a few he gave, and many things retaind: Other, to Optimates and Kings, he gave, who hold them fast; Yet mine he forceth; onely I, sit with my losse disgrac't. But so he gaine a lovely Dame, to be his beds delight, It is enough; for what cause else, do Greeks and Trojans fight? Why brought he hither such an hoast? was it not for a Dame? For faire-hair'd Hellen? and doth love, alone the hearts inflame Of the Atrides to their wives, of all the men that move? Every discreet and honest mind, cares for his private love, As much as they: as I my selfe, lov'd Brysis as my life,

Although my captive; and had will, to take her for my wife: Whom, since he forc't, preventing me; in vaine he shall prolong Hopes to appease me, that know well, the deepnesse of my wrong. But good *Ulysses*, with thy selfe, and all you other Kings, Let him take stomacke to repell, Troyes firie threatenings: Much hath he done without my helpe; built him a goodly fort, Cut a dike by it, pitcht with pales, broad, and of deepe import: And cannot all these helpes represse, this kil-man Hectors fright? When I was arm'd amongst the Greekes, he would not offer fight Without the shadow of his wals; but to the Scan ports, Or to the holy Beech of *Jove*, come, backt with his consorts; Where once he stood my charge alone, and hardly made retreat; And to make new proofe of our powers, the doubt is not so great. To morrow then with sacrifice, perform'd t'imperiall Jove And all the Gods, Ile lanch my fleet, and all my men remove; Which (if thou wilt use so thy sight, or think'st it worth respect) In forehead of the morne thine eyes, shall see with sailes erect Amidst the fishie Hellespont, helpt with laborious oares: And if the sea-god send free saile, the fruitfull Pthian shores Within three dayes we shall attaine; where I have store of prise, Left, when with prejudice I came, to these indignities; There have I gold as well as here, and store of ruddie brasse, Dames slender, elegantly girt, and steele as bright as glasse; These will I take as I retire, as shares I firmly save; Though Agamemnon be so base, to take the gifts he gave. Tell him all this, and openly; I on your honors charge, That others may take shame to heare, his lusts command so large: And if there yet remaine a man, he hopeth to deceive, (Being dide in endlesse impudence) that man may learne to leave His trust and Empire: but alas, though like a wolfe he be, Shamelesse and rude; he durst not take, my prise, and looke on me. Inever will partake his works, nor counsels, as before; He once deceiv'd, and injur'd me, and he shall never more

Tie my affections with his words; enough is the increase

Of one successe in his deceits; which let him joy in peace, And beare it to a wretched end; wise Jove hath reft his braine, To bring him plagues; and these his gifts, I (as my foes) disdaine: Even in the numnesse of calme death, I will revengefull be, Though ten or twentie times so much, he would bestow on me: All he hath here, or any where; or Orchomen containes, To which men bring their wealth for strength; or all the store remaines In circuite of Ægyptian Thebes, where much hid treasure lies, Whose wals containe an hundred ports, of so admir'd a size, Two hundred souldiers may, afront, with horse and chariots passe. Nor, would he amplifie all this, like sand, or dust, or grasse, Should he reclaime me, till his wreake, payd me for all the paines, That, with his contumely burnd, like poison in my veines. Nor shall his daughter be my wife, although she might contend With golden Venus for her forme; or if she did transcend Blew-eyd Minerva for her works: let him a Greeke select Fit for her, and a greater King. For if the Gods protect My safetie to my fathers court, he shall chuse me a wife. Many faire Achive Princesses, of unimpeached life, In Helle and in Pthia live, whose Sires do cities hold, Of whom I can have whom I will. And more, an hundred fold, My true mind in my countrie likes, to take a lawfull wife, Then in another nation; and there delight my life With those goods that my father got, much rather then die here. Not all the wealth of wel-built Troy, possest when peace was there: All that *Apollos* marble Fane, in stonie Pythos holds, I value equal with the life, that my free breast infolds. Sheepe, Oxen, Tripods, crest-deckthorse, though lost, may come againe:

But when the white guard of our teeth, no longer can containe Our humane soule, away it flies; and once gone, never more To her fraile mansion any man, can her lost powres restore. And therefore since my mother-queene (fam'd for her silver feet)

The free and most ingenuous spirit of Achilles. Told me two fates about my death, in my direction meet: The one, that if I here remaine, t'assist our victorie, My safe returne shall never live, my fame shall never die: If my returne obtaine successe, much of my fame decayes, But death shall linger his approach, and I live many dayes. This being reveal'd, twere foolish pride, t'abridge my life for praise. Then with my selfe, I will advise, others to hoise their saile; For, gainst the height of Ilion, you never shall prevaile: Jove with his hand protecteth it, and makes the souldiers bould. This tell the King in every part: for so grave Legates should; That they may better counsels use, to save their fleet and friends By their owne valours; since this course, drown'd in my anger ends. Phanix may in my tent repose; and, in the morne, stere course For Pthia, if he thinke it good; if not, Ile use no force.

All wondred at his sterne reply; and Phanix full of feares, His words would be more weake then just, supplied their wants with teares.

If thy returne incline thee thus, (Peleus renowned joy) And thou wilt let our ships be burnd, with harmfull fire of Troy, Since thou art angrie, O my sonne; how shall I after be Alone in these extremes of death, relinquished by thee? I, whom thy royall father sent, as orderer of thy force, When to Atrides from his Court, he left thee, for this course; Yet young, and when in skill of armes, thou didst not so abound; Nor hadst the habite of discourse, that makes men so renownd: In all which, I was set by him, t'instruct thee as my sonne, That thou mightst speake when speech was fit, and do, when deeds were done; Not sit as dumbe, for want of words; idle, for skill to move: I would not then be left by thee; deare sonne, begot in love; No not if God would promise me, to raze the prints of time Carv'd in my bosome, and my browes; and grace me with the prime Of manly youth, as when at first, I left sweet Helles shore Deckt with faire Dames, and fled the grudge, my angrie father bore; Who was the faire Amyntor cald, surnam'd Ormenides:

Morem senum observat, qui de præteritis libenter solent meminisse.

Phanix Oration to Achilles.

And for a faire-haird harlots sake, that his affects could please, Contemnd my mother his true wife; who ceaslesse urged me To use his harlot Clytia, and still would claspe my knee To do her will; that so my Sire, might turne his love to hate Of that lewde Dame; converting it, to comfort her estate. At last, I was content to prove, to do my mother good, And reconcile my fathers love; who straight suspitious stood, Pursuing me with many a curse, and to the Furies praide No Dame might love, nor bring me seed: the Deities obayd That governe hell: infernall Jove, and sterne Persephone. Then durst I in no longer date, with my sterne father be: Yet did my friends, and neare allies, enclose me with desires Not to depart: kild sheepe, bores, beeves; rost them at solemne fires: And from my fathers tuns we drunke, exceeding store of wine. Nine nights they guarded me by turns; their fires did ceaslesse shine, One in the porch of his strong hall, and in the portall one, Before my chamber: but when day, beneath the tenth night shone, I brake my chambers thick-fram'd dores, & through the hals guard past, Unseene of any man or maide. Through Greece, then rich, and vast, I fled to Pthia, nurse of sheepe: and came to Peleus Court, Who entertaind me heartily, and in as gracious sort As any Sire his onely sonne; borne when his strength is spent, And blest with great possessions, to leave to his descent. He made me rich, and to my charge, did much command commend: Idwelt in th'utmost region, rich Pthia doth extend; And governd the Dolopians; and made thee what thou art, O thou that like the Gods art fram'd: since (dearest to my heart) I usde thee so, thou lov'dst none else; nor any where wouldst eate, Till I had crownd my knee with thee, and karv'd thee tenderst meate, And given thee wine so much, for love, that in thy infancie (Which still discretion must protect, and a continual eye) My bosome lovingly sustain'd, the wine thine could not beare: Then, now my strength needs thine as much, be mine to thee as deare; Much have I sufferd for thy love, much labour'd, wished much;

Thinking since I must have no heire, (the Gods decrees are such) I would adopt thy selfe my heire: to thee my heart did give What any Sire could give his sonne; in thee I hop't to live: Omitigate thy mightie spirits: it fits not one that moves The hearts of all, to live unmov'd, and succour hates, for loves: The Gods themselves are flexible, whose vertues, honors, powers, Are more then thine: yet they will bend, their breasts as we bend ours. Perfumes, benigne devotions, savors of offrings burnd, And holy rites, the engines are, with which their hearts are turnd, By men that pray to them; whose faith, their sinnes have falsified: For, prayers are daughters of great Jove; lame, wrinkled, ruddie eyd, And ever following injury: who (strong and sound of feet) Flies through the world, afflicting men: beleeving prayers, yet (To all that love that seed of *Jove*) the certaine blessing get To have Jove heare, and helpe them too: but if he shall refuse, And stand inflexible to them, they flie to Jove, and use Their powres against him; that the wrongs, he doth to them, may fall On his owne head, and pay those paines, whose cure he failes to call.

Prayers, how necessary and helpful: if shund or neglected, how wreakefull. Joves daughters and cald Lita.

tion, de bello

Ætolico

Then great Achilles honour thou, this sacred seed of Jove, And yeeld to them; since other men, of greatest minds they move: If Agamemnon would not give, the selfe same gifts he vowes, But offer other afterwards: and in his stil-bent browes Entombe his honour and his word; I would not thus exhort (With wrath appeasde) thy aide to Greece, though plagu'd inheaviest sort: But, much he presently will give; and after, yeeld the rest: T'assure which, he hath sent to thee, the men thou lovest best, And most renownd of all the hoast, that they might soften thee: Then let not both their paines and prayers, lost and despised be. Before which, none could reprehend, the tumult of thy heart: But now to rest inexpiate, were much too rude a part. Of ancient worthies we have heard, when they were more displeasde, (To their high fames) with gifts and prayers, they have bene still appeasde. For instance, I remember well, a fact perform'd of old, Another narra-

Which to you all my friends Ile tell: The Curets warres did hold

With the well-fought Etolians: where mutuall lives had end About the citie Calidon: th'Etolians did defend Their flourishing countrie; which to spoile, the Curets did contend. Diana with the golden throne (with Oeneus much incenc't, Since with his plenteous lands first fruits, she was not reverenc't; Yet other Gods, with Hecatombes, had feasts; and she alone, (Great Joves bright daughter) left unserv'd; or by oblivion, Or undue knowledge of her dues) much hurt in heart she swore: And she enrag'd, excited much: she sent a sylvan Bore

Aper Calidonius. From their greene groves, with wounding tuskes, who usually did spoile King Oeneus fields: his loftie woods, layd prostrate on the soile; Rent by the roots, trees fresh, adornd, with fragrant apple flow'rs: Which Meleager (Oeneus sonne) slue with assembled pow'rs Of hunters, and of fiercest hounds; from many cities brought: For, such he was, that with few lives, his death could not be bought; Heapes of dead humanes, by his rage, the funerall piles applide: Yet(slaine at last) the Goddesse stird, about his head, and hide A wondrous tumult; and a warre, betwixt the Curets wrought And brave Ætolians: all the while, fierce Meleager fought, Ill far'd the Curets: neare the wals, none durst advance his crest Though they were many: but when wrath, inflam'd his hautie brest, (Which oft the firme mind of the wise, with passion doth infest) Since twixt his mother Queene and him, arose a deadly strife; He left the Court, and privately, liv'd with his lawfull wife: Faire Cleopatra, femall birth, of bright Marpissas paine, And of Ideus; who, of all, terrestriall men, did raigne (At that time) king of fortitude; and, for Marpissas sake, Gainst wanton Phabus, king of flames, his bow in hand did take, Since he had ravisht her, his joy; whom her friends, after, gave The surname of Alcyone; because they could not save Their daughter from Alcyones Fate: in Cleopatras armes Lay Meleager, feeding on, his anger for the harmes

> His mother praid might fall on him; who, for her brother slaine By Meleager, griev'd, and praid, the Gods to wreake her paine,

With all the horror could be pour'd, upon her furious birth: Still knockt she, with her impious hands, the many-feeding earth, To urge sterne Pluto and his Queene, t'incline their vengefull eares; Fell on her knees, and all her breast, dewd with her fierie teares To make them massacre her sonne; whose wrath enrag'd her thus. Erynnis (wandring through the aire) heard, out of Erebus, Pray'rs, fit for her unpleased mind; yet Meleager lay, Obscurd in furie; then the bruit, of the tumultuous fray, Rung through the turrets as they scal'd; then came the Ætolian Peeres, To Meleager with low suits, to rise and free their feares: Then sent they the chiefe Priests of Gods, with offered gifts t'attone His differing furie; bad him chuse, in sweet-soild Calidon, Of the most fat and yeeldie soile, what with an hundred steares, Might in a hundred dayes be plowde; halfe, that rich vintage beares, And halfe of naked earth to plow: yet yeelded not his ire. Then to his loftie chamber dore, ascends his royall Sire Withruthfull plaints; shooke the strong barres; then came his sisters cries, His mother then, and all intreate: yet still more stiffe he lies: His friends, most reverend, most esteem'd; yet none impression tooke, Till the high turrets where he lay, and his strong chamber shooke With the invading enemie: who now forc't dreadfull way Along the cittie: then his wife (in pittifull dismay) Besought him weeping: telling him, the miseries sustaind By all the citizens, whose towne, the enemie had gaind; Men slaughterd, children bondslaves made; sweet Ladies forc't with lust: Fires climing towres, and turning them, to heapes of fruitlesse dust. These dangers softned his steele heart: up the stout Prince arose, Indude his bodie with rich armes, and freed th'Ætolians woes: His smotherd anger giving aire, which gifts did not asswage, But his owne perill. And because, he did not dis-ingage Their lives for gifts, their gifts he lost. But for my sake (deare friend) Be not thou bent to see our plights, to these extremes descend, Ere thou assist us; be not so, by thy ill angell, turnd From thine owne honor: it were shame, to see our navie burnd,

And then come with thy timelesse aide. For offerd presents come, And all the Greeks will honour thee, as of celestiall roome. But if without these gifts thou fight, forc't by thy private woe, Thou wilt be nothing so renown'd, though thou repell the foe.

Achilles to Phænix.

Achilles answerd the last part, of this oration, thus: Phanix, renown'd and reverend; the honors urgde on us We need not; *Jove* doth honor me, and to my safetie sees, And will whiles I retaine a spirit, or can command my knees. Then do not thou, with teares and woes, impassion my affects, Becoming gracious to my foe: nor fits it the respects Of thy vowd love, to honor him, that hath dishonord me; Lest such loose kindnesse lose his heart, that yet is firme to thee. It were thy praise to hurt, with me, the hurter of my state; Since halfe my honor and my Realme, thou maist participate. Let these Lords then returne th'event; and do thou here repose; And when darke sleepe breakes with the day, our counsels shall disclose The course of our returne or stay. This said, he with his eye Made to his friend, a covert signe, to hasten instantly A good soft bed, that the old Prince, soone as the Peeres were gone, Might take his rest; when souldier-like, brave Ajax Telamon Spake to *Ulysses*, as with thought; *Achilles* was not worth The high direction of his speech; that stood so sternly forth, Unmov'd with th'other Orators: and spake, not to appease Pelides wrath, but to depart: his arguments were these:

Ajax souldierlike speech and fashion. High-issued Laertiades? let us insist no more
On his perswasion: I perceive, the world would end before
Our speeches end, in this affaire: we must with utmost haste
Returne his answer, though but bad: the Peeres are else-where plac't,
And will not rise till we returne; great Thetis sonne hath stor'd
Prowd wrath within him, as his wealth, and will not be implor'd;
Rude that he is; nor his friends love, respects, do what they can:
Wherein past all, we honourd him. O unremorsefull man!
Another for his brother slaine, another for his sonne,
Accepts of satisfaction: and he the deed hath done

Lives in belov'd societie, long after his amends;
To which, his foes high heart for gifts, with patience condescends:
But thee a wild and cruell spirit, the Gods for plague have given,
And for one girle; of whose faire sexe, we come to offer seaven,
The most exempt for excellence, and many a better prise.
Then put a sweet mind in thy breast, respect thy owne allies,
Though others make thee not remisse: a multitude we are,
Sprung of thy royall familie, and our supremest care
Is to be most familiar, and hold most love with thee,
Of all the Greeks, how great an host, soever here there be.
He answerd; Noble Telamon, Prince of our souldiers here:

Achilles to Ajax.

Out of thy heart I know thou speakst, and as thou holdst me deare:
But still as often as I thinke, how rudely I was usd,
And like a stranger for all rites, fit for our good, refusd:
My heart doth swell against the man, that durst be so profane
To violate his sacred place: not for my private bane;
But since wrackt vertues generall lawes, he shamelesse did infringe:
For whose sake I will loose the reines, and give mine anger swinge,
Without my wisedomes least impeach. He is a foole, and base,
That pitties vice-plagu'd minds, when paine, not love of right gives place.
And therefore tell your king, my Lords, my just wrath will not care
For all his cares: before my tents, and navie charged are
By warlike Hector; making way, through flockes of Grecian lives,
Enlightned by their navall fire: but when his rage arrives
About my tent, and sable barke, I doubt not but to shield
Them and my selfe: and make him flie, the there-strong-bounded field.

This said, each one but kist the cup, and to the ships retir'd, Ulysses first. Patroclus then, the men and maids requir'd
To make grave Phanix bed with speed, and see he nothing lacks:
They straite obeyd, and thereon laid, the subtile fruite of flax,
And warme sheep-fels for covering: and there the old man slept,
Attending till the golden Morne, her usuall station kept.
Achilles lay in th'inner roome, of his tent richly wrought;
And that faire Ladie by his side, that he from Lesbos brought,
dd

Bright *Diomeda*, *Phorbas* seed: *Patroclus* did embrace The beautious *Iphis*, given to him, when his bold friend did race The loftie Syrus, that was kept, in *Enyeius* hold.

Agamemnon to Ulysses. Now at the tent of Atreus sonne, each man with cups of gold Receiv'd th' Ambassadors returnd; all clusterd neare to know Whatnewesthey brought: which first the king, would have Ulysses show. Say most praise-worthie Ithacus; the Grecians great renowne, Will he defend us? or not yet, will his prowd stomacke downe?

Ulysses to Agamemnon. Ulysses made replie; Not yet, will he appeased be,
But growes more wrathfull, prizing light, thy offerd gifts and thee;
And wils thee to consult with us, and take some other course
To save our armie and our fleete: and sayes, with all his force,
The morne shall light him on his way, to Pthias wished soile:
For never shall high-seated Troy, be sackt with all our toile:
Jove holds his hand twixt us and it: the souldiers gather heart.
Thus he replies: which Ajax here, can equally impart,
And both these Heralds: Phanix stayes, for so was his desire
To go with him, if he thought good; if not, he might retire.
All wondred he should be so sterne: at last bold Diomed spake:

Diomed to Agamemnon. Would God, Atrides, thy request, were yet to undertake; And all thy gifts unofferd him, he's proud enough beside: But this ambassage thou hast sent, will make him burst with pride. But let us suffer him to stay, or go at his desire: Fight when his stomacke serves him best; or when Jove shall inspire: Meane while our watch being strongly held, let us a little rest After our food: strength lives by both; and vertue is their guest. Then, when the rosie-fingerd Morne, holds out her silver light, Bring forth thy host, encourage all; and be thou first in fight.

The kings admir'd the fortitude, that so divinely mov'd The skilfull horseman *Diomed*; and his advice approv'd: Then with their nightly sacrifice, each tooke his severall tent; Where all receiv'd the soveraigne gifts, soft *Somnus* did present.

The end of the ninth Booke.

THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

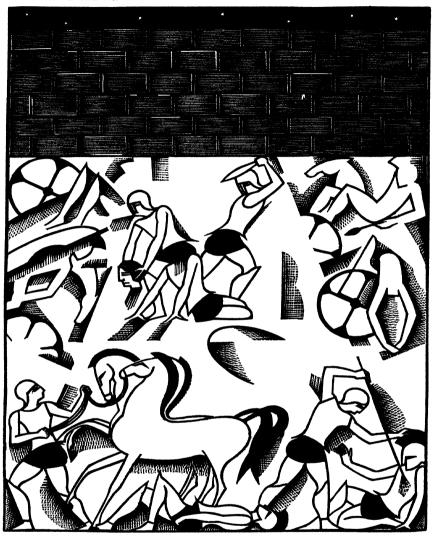
THE ARGUMENT.

TH'ATRIDES watching, wake the other Peeres:
And (in the Fort, consulting of their feares)
Two kings they send, most stout, and honord most,
For royall skowts, into the Trojan host:
Who meeting Dolon (Hectors bribed Spie)
Take him; and learne, how all the Quarters lie.
He told them, in the Thracian regiment
Of rich king Rhesus, and his royall Tent;
Striving for safetie; but they end his strife,
And rid poore Dolon, of a dangerous life.
Then with digressive wyles, they use their force
On Rhesus life, and take his snowie horse.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Kappa the Night exploits applies; Rhesus and Dolons tragedies.

THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



HE OTHER PRINCES AT THEIR SHIPS, SOFT FINGERD SLEEPE DID BIND, BUT NOT THE GENERALL; SOMNUS SILKES, BOUND NOT HIS LABORING MIND,

That turnd, and returnd, many thoughts. And as quicke lightnings flie Trom well-deckt-Junos soveraigne, out of the thickned skie, Preparing some exceeding raine, or haile, the fruite of cold:
Or downe-like Snow, that sodainly, makes all the fields looke old;
Or opes the gulfie mouth of warre, with his ensulphur'd hand In dazling flashes, pour'd from clouds, on any punisht land:
So from Atrides troubled heart, through his darke sorowes, flew Redoubled sighes: his intrailes shooke, as often as his view Admir'd the multitude of fires, that gilt the Phrygian shade, And heard the sounds of fifes, and shawmes, and tumults souldiers made. But when he saw his fleet and host, kneele to his care and love, He rent his haire up by the roots, as sacrifice to Jove, Burnt in his firie sighes, still breath'd, out of his royall heart; And first thought good, to Nestors care, his sorowes to impart: To trie if royall diligence, with his approv'd advise,

Might fashion counsels, to prevent, their threatned miseries.

So up he rose, attir'd himselfe, and to his strong feet tide
Rich shoes, and cast upon his backe, a ruddie Lions hide,
So ample, it his ankles reacht: then tooke his royall speare.

Like him was Mareles piere't, with an industrious feare.

Like him was Menelaus pierc't, with an industrious feare,
Nor sat sweet slumber on his eyes; lest bitter Fates should quite
The Greekes high favours, that for him, resolv'd such endlesse fight.
And first a freckled Panthers hide, hid his brode backe athwart:
His head, his brasen helme did arme; his able hand his dart;
Then made he all his haste to raise, his brothers head as rare,
That he who most exceld in rule, might helpe t'effect his care.
He found him at his ships crookt-sterne, adorning him with armes;
Who joyd to see his brothers spirits, awak't without alarmes:
Well weighing th'importance of the time. And first the yonger spake:

Why brother, are ye arming thus? is it to undertake The sending of some ventrous Greeke, t'explore the foes intent? Agamemnons cares.
These are the lightnings before snow, &c. that Scalligers
Criticus so unvortibly taxeth, citing the place falsly, as in the 3, bookes annotations, &c.

Agamemnons babite rising in the night. He wearing a Lions hide.

Menelaus a Leopards.

Menelaus to Agamemnon. Alas I greatly feare, not one, will give that worke consent, Exposd alone to all the feares, that flow in gloomie night: He that doth this, must know death well; in which ends everie fright.

Agamemnon to Menelaus.

Brother (said he) in these affaires, we both must use advice; love is against us, and accepts, great Hectors sacrifice; For I have never seene, nor heard, in one day, and by one, So many high attempts well urg'd, as Hectors power hath done Against the haplesse sons of Greece: being chiefly deare to Jove; And without cause; being neither fruite, of any Goddesse love, Nor helpfull God: and yet I feare, the deepnesse of his hand Ere it be rac't out of our thoughts, will many yeares withstand. But brother, hie thee to thy ships, and Idomen disease With warlike Ajax: I will haste, to grave Neleides; Exhorting him to rise, and give, the sacred watch command; For they will specially embrace, incitement at his hand; And now his sonne, their captaine is; and Idomens good friend Bold Merion; to whose discharge, we did that charge commend.

Directions for command in wars extremity.

Commandst thou then (his brother askt) that I shall tarrie here Attending thy resolv'd approach, or else the message beare And quickly make returne to thee? He answerd: Rather stay, Lest otherwise we faile to meete: for many a different way Lies through our labyrinthian host; speake ever as you go; Command strong watch; from Sire to sonne, urgeall t'observe the foe; Familiarly, and with their praise, exciting everie eye; Not with unseason'd violence, of prowd authoritie. We must our patience exercise, and worke, our selves with them, Jove in our births combin'd such care, to eithers Diadem.

Thus he dismist him, knowing well, his charge before he went, Himselfe to Nestor, whom he found, in bed within his tent: By him, his damaske curets hung, his shield, a paire of darts; His shining caske, his arming waste: in these he led the hearts Of his apt souldiers to sharpe warre, not yeelding to his yeares. He quickly started from his bed, when to his watchfull eares

Nestors armes. and readinesse to use them.

Untimely feet told some approach: he tooke his lance in hand, And spake to him; Ho, what art thou? that walk'st at midnight? stand; Is any wanting at the guards? or lack'st thou any Peere? Speake, come not silent towards me: say what intendst thou heere? He answerd. O Neleides, grave honour of our host:

Agamemnon to Nestor.

He answerd, O Neleides, grave honour of our host: T'is Agamemnon thou maist know, whom Jove afflicteth most Of all the wretched men that live; and will, whilst any breath Gives motion to my toiled lims, and beares me up from death. I walke the round thus, since sweet sleepe, cannot inclose mine eyes, Nor shut those Organs care breaks ope, for our calamities. My feare is vehement for the Greeks: my heart (the fount of heate) With his extreme affects, made cold, without my breast doth beate; And therefore are my sinewes strooke, with trembling: everie part Of what my friends may feele, hath act, in my dispersed heart. But if thou thinkst of any course, may to our good redound, (Since neither thou thy selfe canst sleepe) come, walke with me the round; In way whereof we may confer, and looke to everie guard: Lest watching long, and wearinesse, with labouring so hard, Drowne their oppressed memories, of what they have in charge. The libertie we give the foe, (alas) is over large; Their campe is almost mixt with ours; and we have forth no spies, To learne their drifts; who may perchance, this night intend surprise.

Jove is not bound to perfect all, this busie Hectors will;
But I am confidently given, his thoughts are much dismaid
With feare, lest our distresse incite, Achilles to our aide:
And therefore will not tempt his fate, nor ours with further pride.
But I will gladly follow thee, and stirre up more beside:

Grave Nestor answerd: Worthie king, let good hearts beare our ill:

Tydides, famous for his lance; Ulysses, Telamon, And bold Phyleus valiant heire: or else if any one

Would haste to call king Idomen, and Ajax, since their saile

Lie so remov'd; with much good speed, it might our haste availe.

But (though he be our honord friend,) thy brother I will blame,

Nestor to Aga-

Not fearing if I anger thee: it is his utter shame
He should commit all paines to thee, that should himselfe imploy,
Past all our Princes, in the care, and cure of our annoy;
And be so farre from needing spurres, to these his due respects,
He should apply our spirits himselfe, with pray'rs, and urg'd affects.
Necessitie (a law to lawes, and not to be endur'd)
Makes proofe of all his faculties; not sound, if not inur'd.

Agamemnons excuse of his brother. Good father (said the king) sometimes, you know I have desir'd You would improve his negligence, too oft to ease retir'd:
Nor is it for defect of spirit, or compasse of his braine,
But with observing my estate, he thinks, he should abstaine
Till I commanded, knowing my place: unwilling to assume,
For being my brother, any thing, might prove he did presume.
But now he rose before me farre, and came, t'avoid delaies:
And I have sent him for the man, your selfe desir'd to raise:
Come, we shall find them at the guards, we plac't before the fort:
For thither my direction was, they should with speed resort.

Why now (said *Nestor*) none will grudge, nor his just rule withstand; Examples make excitements strong, and sweeten a command.

Thus put he on his arming trusse, faire shoes upon his feet,
About him a mandilion, that did with buttons meet,
Of purple, large, and full of folds; curld with a warmefull nap;
A garment that gainst cold in nights, did souldiers use to wrap:
Then tooke he his strong lance in hand; made sharpewith proved steele,
And went along the Grecian fleet. First at Ulysses keele,
He cald; to breake the silken fumes, that did his sences bind:
Thevoice through th' Organs of his eares, straight rung about his mind.
Forth came Ulysses, asking him; Why stirre ye thus so late?
Sustaine we such enforcive cause? He answerd, Our estate

Ulysses to Agamemnon and Nestor. Nestor to Ulysses.

The manner of Diomeds lodgino. Doth force this perturbation; vouchsafe it worthie friend, And come, let us excite one more, to counsell of some end To our extremes, by fight, or flight. He, backe, and tooke his shield, And both tooke course to *Diomed*; they found him laid in field

Farre from his tent: his armour by; about him was dispread A ring of souldiers; everie man, his shield beneath his head: His speare fixt by him as he slept, the great end in the ground: The point, that brisled the darke earth, cast a reflection round, Like pallid lightnings throwne from Jove; thus this Heroe lay, And under him a big Oxe hide: his royall head had stay On Arras hangings, rolled up: whereon he slept so fast, That Nestor stird him with his foote, and chid to see him cast In such deepe sleepe, in such deepe woes: and askt him why he spent All night in sleepe, or did not heare, the Trojans neare his tent? Their Campe drawne close upon their dike, small space twixt foes and foes?

Nestor chideth Diomed.

He, starting up, said, Strange old man, that never tak'st repose; Thou art too patient of our toile; have we not men more yong, To be imploid from king to king? thine age hath too much wrong.

Diomed to Nestor.

Said like a king, replied the Sire: for I have sonnes renownd; And there are many other men, might go this toilesome round: But you must see, imperious Need, hathall at her command: Now on the eager razors edge, for life or death we stand. Then go (thou art the yonger man,) and if thou love my ease, Call swift-foot Ajax up thy selfe, and young Phyleides.

Nestor to him. Note the life of these representations. ETT EUDOÜ ίσταται άκμῆς. This went into a Proverbe, used by Theocritus, in Dioscaris out of Homer.

This said, he on his shoulders cast, a yellow Lions hide, Big, and reacht earth; then tooke his speare; and Nestors will applide: Raisd the Heroes, brought them both. All met, the round they went, And found not any captaine there, asleepe or negligent: But waking, and in armes, gave eare, to everie lowest sound. And as keene dogs, keepe sheepe in Cotes, or folds, of Hurdles bound: Simile. And grin at everie breach of aire, envious of all that moves: Still listning when the ravenous beast, stalks through the hilly groves: Then men and dogs stand on their guards, and mightie tumults make, Sleepe wanting weight to close one winke: so did the Captaines wake, That kept the watch the whole sad night: all with intentive eare Converted to the enemies tenrs, that they might timely heare If they were stirring to surprise: which Nestor joyd to see.

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Nestor to the Guards. Why so (deare sons) maintaine your watch; sleepe not a winke (said he) Rather then make your fames, the scorne, of *Trojan* perjurie.

This said, he formost past the dike, the others seconded;
Even all the kings that had bene cald, to counsell, from the bed:
And with them went Meriones, and Nestors famous sonne:
For both were cald by all the kings, to consultation.
Beyond the dike they chusde a place, neare as they could from blood;
Where yet appear'd the fals of some, and whence (the crimson flood
Of Grecian lives being pour'd on earth, by Hectors furious chace)
He made retreate, when night repour'd, grim darknesse in his face.

Nestor to the Grecian Princes.

There sate they downe, and Nestor spake: O friends remaines not one, That will relie on his bold mind, and view the campe alone, Of the prowd Trojans? to approve, if any stragling mate

He can surprise neare th' utmost tents; or learne the briefe estate

Of their intentions for the time, and mixe like one of them

With their outguards, expiscating, if the renown'd extreme,

They force on us, will serve their turnes; with glorie to retire,

Or still encampe thus farre from Troy? This may he well enquire,

And make a brave retreate untoucht; and this would win him fame

Of all men canapied with heaven; and everie man of name

In all this host shall honor him, with an enriching meed;

A blacke Ewe and her sucking Lambe, (rewards that now exceed

All other best possessions, in all mens choice requests)

And still be bidden by our kings, to kind and royall feasts.

All reverenc't one anothers worth; and none would silence breake, Lest worst should take best place of speech: at last did *Diomed* speake:

Diomed to Nestor. Nestor, thou ask'st if no man here, have heart so well inclin'd To worke this stratageme on Troy: yes, I have such a mind: Yet if some other Prince would joyne; more probable will be The strengthned hope of our exploite: two may together see (One going before another still) slie danger everie way; One spirit upon another workes; and takes with firmer stay The benefit of all his powers: for though one knew his course,

Yet might he well distrust himselfe; which th'other might enforce.

This offer everie man assum'd; all would with Diomed go:

The two Ajaces, Merion, and Menelaus too:

But Nestors sonne enforc't it much, and hardie Ithacus,

Who had to everie ventrous deed, a mind as venturous.

Amongst all these, thus spake the king; Tydides, most belov'd:

Chuse thy associate worthily; a man the most approv'd

For use and strength in these extremes. Many thou seest stand forth:

But chuse not thou by height of place, but by regard of worth;

Lest with thy nice respect of right, to any mans degree,

Thou wrongst thy venture, chusing one, least fit to joyne with thee,

Although perhaps a greater king: this spake he with suspect,

That Diomed (for honors sake) his brother would select.

Then said Tydides; Since thou giv'st, my judgement leave to chuse,

How can it so much truth forget, Ulysses to refuse?

That beares a mind so most exempt, and vigorous in th'effect

Of all high labors, and a man, Pallas doth most respect?

We shall returne through burning fire, if I with him combine:

He sets strength in so true a course, with counsels so divine.

Ulysses loth to be esteemd, a lover of his praise,

With such exceptions humbled him, as did him higher raise:

And said; Tydides praise me not, more then free truth will beare,

Nor yet empaire me: they are Greeks, that give judiciall eare.

But come, the morning hasts; the stars, are forward in their course,

Two parts of night are past; the third, is left t'imploy our force.

Now borrowed they, for haste, some armes: bold Thrasymedes lent

Adventrous Diomedhis sword, (his owne was at his tent)

His shield, and helme, tough and well tann'd, without or plume or crest,

And cald a murrion; archers heads, it used to invest.

Meriones lent Ithacus, his quiver and his bow;

His helmet fashiond of a hide: the workman did bestow

Much labour in it, quilting it with bowstrings; and without,

With snowie tuskes of white-mouthd Bores, twas armed round about

The grave counsell of Agamemnon to Diomed.

Diomeds choice of Ulysses.

Ulysses modestie in accepting.

The explorators

Right cunningly: and in the midst, an arming cap was plac't,
That with the fixt ends of the tuskes, his head might not be rac't.
This (long since) by Autolycus, was brought from Eleon,
When he laid waste Amyntors house, that was Ormenus sonne.
In Scandia, to Cytherius, surnam'd Amphydamas,
Autolycus did give this helme: he, when he feasted was
By honord Molus, gave it him, as present of a guest:
Molus to his sonne Merion, did make it his bequest.
With this Ulysses arm'd his head; and thus they (both addrest)
Tooke leave of all the other kings: to them a glad ostert.

Augurium ex cantu Ardea. Tooke leave of all the other kings: to them a glad ostent,
(As they were entring on their way) Minerva did present;
A Hernshaw consecrate to her; which they could ill discerne
Through sable night: but by her clange, they knew it was a Herne.

Ulysses invoketh Pallas.

That ever dost my labors grace, with presence of thy love: And all my motions dost attend; still love me (sacred Dame) Especially in this exploit, and so protect our fame, We both may safely make retreate, and thriftily imploy Our boldnesse in some great affaire, banefull to them of Troy.

Ulysses joy'd, and thus invok't: Heare me great seed of Jove,

Diomed to Pallas. Then praid illustrate *Diomed*: Vouchsafe me likewise eare,
O thou unconquerd Queene of armes: be with thy favors neare,
As to my royall fathers steps, thou wentst a bountious guide,
When th' Achives, and the Peeres of Thebes, he would have pacifide,
Sent as the Greeks Ambassador, and left them at the flood
Of great Æsopus; whose retreat, thou mad'st to swim in blood
Of his enambusht enemies; and if thou so protect,
My bold endevours; to thy name, an Heiffer, most select,
That never yet was tam'd with yoke, brode fronted, one yeare old,
Ile burne in zealous sacrifice, and set the hornes in gold.

The Goddesse heard, and both the kings, their dreadlesse passage bore, Through slaughter, slaughterd carkasses; armes; and discolord gore.

Hector to the Trojans. Nor *Hector* let his Princes sleepe, but all to counsell cald: And askt, What one is here will vow, and keepe it unappald, To have a gift fit for his deed; a chariot and two horse, That passe for speed the rest of *Greece*? what one dares take this course, For his renowne (besides his gifts) to mixe amongst the foe, And learne if still they hold their guards? or with this overthrow Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold us longer warre?

Determine flight, as being too weake, to hold us longer warre?

All silent stood, at last stood forth, one Dolon, that did dare
This dangerous worke; Eumedes heire, a Herald much renownd:
This Dolon did in gold and brasse, exceedingly abound;
But in his forme was quite deform'd; yet passing swift to run:
Amongst five sisters he was left, Eumedes onely son;
And he told Hector, his free heart, would undertake t'explore
The Greeks intentions; but (said he) thou shalt be sworne before,
By this thy scepter, that the horse, of great Æacides
And his strong chariot, bound with brasse, thou wilt (before all these)
Resigne me as my valours prise: and so I rest unmov'd
To be thy spie, and not returne, before I have approv'd
(By venturing to Atrides ship, where their consults are held)
If they resolve still to resist; or flie, as quite expeld.

He put his scepter in his hand, and cald the thunders God (Saturnias husband) to his oath, those horse should not be rode By any other man then he; but he for ever joy (To his renowne) their services, for his good done to Troy.

Thus swore he, and forswore himselfe; yet made base Dolon bold: Who on his shoulders hung his bow, and did about him fold A white wolves hide; and with a helme, of weasels skins did arme His weasels head; then tooke his dart, and never turnd to harme The Greeks with their related drifts: but being past the troopes Of horse and foote, he promptly runs; and as he runs he stoopes To undermine Achilles horse; Ulysses straight did see, And said to Diomed; this man, makes footing towards thee, Out of the tents; I know not well, if he be usde as spie Bent to our fleet; or come to rob, the slaughterd enemie. But let us suffer him to come, a little further on,

Dolon offers to be explorator.

Hector sweares to Dolon.

Dolon armes.

Ulysses to Diomed, And then pursue him. If it chance, that we be overgone By his more swiftnesse; urge him still, to run upon our fleet, And (lest he scape us to the towne) still let thy Javeline meet With all his offers of retreate. Thus stept they from the plaine Amongst the slaughterd carkasses; Dolon came on amaine, Suspecting nothing; but once past, as farre as Mulesoutdraw Oxen at plough; being both put on, neither admitted law, To plow a deepe soild furrow forth; so farre was Dolon past;

Subtly supposing *Hector* sent, to countermand his spie:

Simile.

But in a Javelins throw or lesse, he knew them enemie.
Then laid he on his nimble knees; and they pursude like wind.
As when a brace of greyhounds are, laid in, with Hare or Hind;
Close-mouth'd, and skild to make the best, of their industrious course,
Serve eithers turne, and set on hard; lose neither ground nor force:
So constantly did Tydeus sonne, and his towne-razing Peere,
Pursue this spie; still turning him, as he was winding neare
His covert: till he almost mixt, with their out-courts of guard.

Then they pursude, which he perceiv'd, and staid his speedlesse hast;

Diomed to Dolon. Then Pallas prompted Diomed, lest his due worths reward
Should be empaird, if any man, did vant he first did sheath
His sword in him, and he be cald, but second in his death:
Then spake he (threatning with his lance,) or stay, or this comes on,
And long thou canst not run, before, thou be by death out-gone.
This said, he threw his laveline forth: which mist, (as Diomed would)

This said, he threw his Javeline forth: which mist, (as *Diomed* would)
Above his right arme making way; the pile stucke in the mould:
He staid and trembled, and his teeth, did chatter in his head.
They came in blowing, seisd him fast; he, weeping, offered
A wealthy ransome for his life, and told them he had brasse.

Dolons surprise and offer.

A wealthy ransome for his life, and told them he had brasse, Much gold, and iron, that fit for use, in many labours was; From whose rich heapes his father would, a wondrous portion give, If, at the great Achaian fleet, he heard his sonne did live.

Ulysses to Dolon. Ulysses bad him cheare his heart. Thinke not of death, said he, But tell us true, why runst thou forth, when others sleeping be?

Is it to spoile the carkasses? or art thou choicely sent,

T'explore our drifts? or of thy selfe, seek'st thou some wisht event?

He trembling answerd: Much reward, did Hectors oth propose,

And urg'd me much against my will, t'indevour to disclose,

If you determin'd still to stay, or bent your course for flight,

As all dismaid with your late foile, and wearied with the fight:

For which exploite, Pelides horse, and chariot, he did sweare

I onely ever should enjoy. Ulysses smil'd to heare

So base a swaine have any hope, so high a prise t'aspire;

And said, his labors did affect, a great and precious hire:

And that the horse Pelides rein'd, no mortall hand could use

But he himselfe; whose matchlesse life, a Goddesse did produce.

But tell us, and report but truth, where leftst thou Hector now?

Where are his armes? his famous horse? on whom doth he bestow

The watches charge? where sleepe the Kings? intend they still to lie

Thus neare encampt? or turne suffisd, with their late victorie?

All this, said he, Ile tell most true. At Ilus monument

Hector with all our Princes sits, t'advise of this event;

Who chuse that place remov'd, to shun, the rude confused sounds

The common souldiers throw about: but, for our watch, and rounds,

Whereof (brave Lord) thou mak'st demand; none orderly we keepe:

The Trojans that have roofes to save, onely abandon sleepe,

And privately without command, each other they exhort

To make prevention of the worst; and in this slender sort

Is watch, and guard maintaind with us. Th'auxiliarie bands

Sleepe soundly, and commit their cares, into the Trojans hands;

For they have neither wives with them, nor children to protect;

The lesse they need to care, the more, they succour dull neglect.

But tell me (said wise Ithacus,) are all these forreine powres

Appointed quarters by themselves, or else commixt with yours? And this (said *Dolon*) too (my Lords), Ile seriously unfold:

The Paons with the crooked howes, and Cares, quarters hold

Next to the sea; the Leleges, and Caucons joyn'd with them,

Dolons answer.

Ulysses to Dolon.

Dolons relation.

Ithacus.

Dolon.

And brave Pelasgians; Thimbers meade, remov'd more from the streame, Is quarter to the Licians; the loftie Misian force;
The Phrygians and Meonians, that fight with armed horse.
But what need these particulars? if ye intend surprise
Of any in our Trojan campe; the Thracian quarter lies
Utmost of all, and uncommixt, with Trojan regiments,
That keepe the voluntary watch: new pitcht are all their tents.
King Rhesus, Eioneus son, commands them; who hath steeds
More white then snow, huge, and well shap't; their firie pace exceeds
The winds in swiftnesse: these I saw: his Chariot is with gold
And pallid silver richly fram'd, and wondrous to behold.
His great and golden armour is, not fit a man should weare;
But for immortall shoulders fram'd: come then, and quickly beare
Your happie prisoner to your fleet: or leave him here fast bound

Virgilianum.

Diomeds sterne reply to Dolon. Till your well urg'd and rich returne, prove my relation sound.

Tydides dreadfully replide: Thinke not of passage thus,

Though of right acceptable newes, thou hast advertisde us;

Our hands are holds more strict then so: and should we set thee free

For offerd ransome; for this scape, thou still wouldst scouting be

About our ships; or do us scathe, in plaine opposed armes;

But if I take thy life, no way, can we repent thy harmes.

Dolons slaughter by Diomed. With this, as Dolon reacht his hand, to use a suppliants part, And stroke the beard of Diomed; he strooke his necke athwart, With his forc't sword; and both the nerves, he did in sunder wound; And suddenly his head, deceiv'd, fell speaking on the ground: His wesels helme they tooke, his bow, his wolves skin, and his lance; Which to Minerva, Ithacus, did zealously advance With lifted arme into the aire; and to her thus he spake;

Ulysses offers Dolons armes to Pallas. Goddesse, triumph in thine owne spoiles; to thee we first will make Our invocations, of all powers, thron'd on th'Olympian hill; Now to the *Thracians*, and their horse, and beds, conduct us still. With this, he hung them up aloft, upon a Tamricke bow, As eyefull Trophies: and the sprigs, that did about it grow,

He proined from the leavie armes, to make it easier viewd,
When they should hastily retire, and be perhaps pursude.
Forth went they, through blacke bloud and armes; and presently aspir'd
The guardlesse Thracian regiment, fast bound with sleepe, and tir'd:
Their armes lay by, and triple rankes, they as they slept did keepe,
As they should watch and guard their king; who, in a fatall sleepe,
Lay in the midst; their charriot horse, as they coach fellowes were,
Fed by them; and the famous steeds, that did their Generall beare,
Stood next him, to the hinder part, of his rich chariot tied.
Ulysses saw them first, and said: Tydides, I have spied
The horse that Dolon (whom we slue) assur'd us we should see:
Now use thy strength; now idle armes, are most unfit for thee:
Prise thou the horse; or kill the guard; and leave the horse to me.

Ulysses to Diomed.

Minerva with the Azure eyes, breath'd strength into her King, Who fild the tent with mixed death: the soules, he set on wing, Issued in grones, and made aire swell, into her stormie floud: Horror, and slaughter had one power; the earth did blush with bloud. As when a hungrie Lion flies, with purpose to devoure On flocks unkept, and on their lives, doth freely use his power: So Tydeus sonne assaild the foe; twelve soules before him flew; Ulysses waited on his sword; and ever as he slew, He drew them by their strengthlesse heeles, out of the horses sight; That when he was to leade them forth, they should not with affright Bogle, nor snore, in treading on, the bloudie carkases; For being new come, they were unusde, to such sterne sights as these. Through four eranks now did *Diomed*, the king himselfe attaine; Who (snoring in his sweetest sleepe) was like his souldiers slaine. An ill dreame by Minerva sent, that night, stood by his head, Which was Oenides royall sonne, unconquer'd Diomed.

Díomed slaughters Rhesus king of Thrace.

Meane while *Ulysses* loosd his horse; tooke all their raines in hand, And led them forth: but *Tydeus* sonne, did in contention stand With his great mind, to do some deed, of more audacitie; If he should take the chariot, where his rich armes did lie,

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Minerva to Diomed

And draw it by the beame away, or beare it on his backe: Or if of more dull Thracian lives, he should their bosomes sacke.

In this contention with himselfe, Minerva did suggest, And bad him thinke of his retreate; lest from their tempted rest, Some other God should stirre the foe, and send him backe dismaid.

He knew the voice; tooke horse, and fled; the *Trojans* heavenly aid (Apollo with the silver bow) stood no blind sentinell To their secure and drowsie hoast; but did discover well Minerva following Diomed; and angrie with his act, The mightie hoast of Ilion, he entred; and awak't

The cousen germane of the king, a counsellor of Thrace, Hopocoon; who when he rose; and saw the desert place

Where Rhesus horse did use to stand, and th'other dismall harmes,

Alarmes amongest the Trojans.

Men strugling with the pangs of death; he shriekt out thicke alarmes; Cald Rhesus? Rhesus? but in vaine: then still, arme, arme, he cride:

The noise and tumult was extreme, on every startled side Of *Troyes* huge hoast; from whence in throngs, all gatherd and admir'd,

Who could performe such harmfull facts, and yet be safe retir'd.

Now, comming where they slue the scout, Ulysses stayd the steeds; Tydides lighted, and the spoiles (hung on the Tamricke reeds)

He tooke and gave to Ithacus; and up he got againe;

Then flew they joyfull to their fleet: Nestor did first attaine

The sounds the horse hoofesstrookethrough aire, & said; Myroyall Peeres?

Nestor to the Greeks.

Do I but dote? or say I true? me thinks about mine eares The sounds of running horses beate. O would to God they were Our friends thus soone returnd with spoiles: but I have heartie feare, Lest this high tumult of the foe, doth their distresse intend. He scarce had spoke, when they were come: Both did from horse descend, All, with embraces and sweet words, to heaven their worth did raise. Then Nestor spake; Great Ithacus, even heapt with Grecian praise; How have you made these horse your prise? pierc't you the dangerous host,

Where such gemmes stand? or did some God, your high attempts accost, And honord you with this reward? why, they be like the Rayes

The Sunne effuseth. I have mixt, with Trojans all my daies;

And now, I hope you will not say, I alwaies lye abord

Though an old soldier I confesse: yet did all Troy afford

Never the like to any sence, that ever I possest;

But some good God, no doubt, hath met, and your high valours blest:

For he that shadowes heaven with clouds, loves both, as his delights:

And she that supples earth with blood, can not forbeare your sights.

Ulysses to Nestor.

Ulysses answerd, Honord Sire, the willing Gods can give Horse much more worth, then these men yeeld, since in more power they live:

These horse are of the Thracian breed; their king Tydides slue,

And twelve of his most trusted guard: and of that meaner crew

A skowt for thirteenth man we kild, whom *Hector* sent to spie

The whole estate of our designes, if bent to fight or flie.

Thus (followed with whole troopes of friends,) they with applauses past

The spacious dike, and in the tent, of Diomed they plac't

The horse without contention, as his deservings meed:

Which (with his other horse set up) on yellow wheat did feed.

Poore Dolons spoiles Ulysses had; who shrin'd them on his sterne,

As trophies vow'd to her that sent, the good-aboding Herne. Then entred they the meere maine sea, to cleanse their honord sweate From off theirfeet, their thighes and neckes: and when their vehement heate Was calm'd, and their swolnehearts refresht; more curious baths they usd; Where odorous and dissolving Oyles, they through their lims diffusde. Then, taking breakfast, a big boule, fild with the purest wine, They offerd to the maiden Queene, that hath the azure eyne.

The end of the tenth Booke.



THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

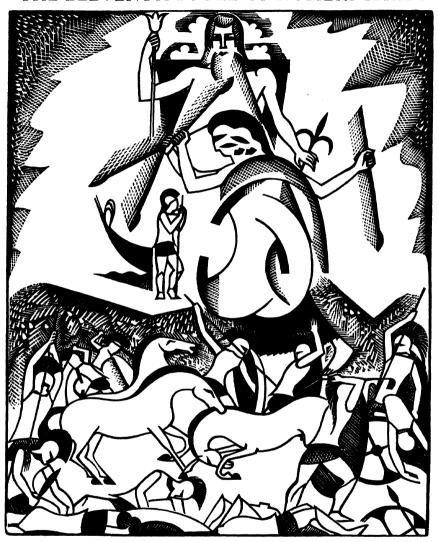
THE ARGUMENT.

ATRIDES and his other Peeres of name, $m{A}$ Leade forth their men; whom ${\sf Eris}$ doth inflame. Hector (by Iris charge) takes deedlesse breath, Whiles Agamemnon plies the worke of death: Who with the first beares his imperiall head. Himselfe, Ulysses, and King Diomed, Euripylus, and Æsculapius sonne, (Enforc't with wounds) the furious skirmish shun. Which martiall sight, when great Achilles viewes, A little his desire of fight renewes: And forth he sends his friend, to bring him word From old Neleides, what wounded Lord He in his chariot from the skirmish brought: Which was Machaon. Nestor then besought He would perswade his friend to wreake their harmes. Or come himselfe, deckt in his dreadfull armes.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Lambda presents the Generall, In fight the worthiest man of all.

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



DID FROM BRIGHT TYTHON RISE,
TO BRING EACH DEATHLESSE ESSENCE LIGHT,
AND USE, TO MORTALL EYES;

When Jove sent Eris to the Greekes, sustaining in her hand
Sterne signes of her designes for warre: she tooke her horrid stand
Upon Ulysses huge blacke Barke, that did at anchor ride,
Amidst the fleet; from whence her sounds, might ring on every side;
Both to the tents of Telamon, and th'author of their smarts,
Who held, for fortitude and force, the navies utmost parts.
The red-evd Goddesse seated there, thunderd th'Orthian song.

The red-eyd Goddesse seated there, thunderd th'Orthian song, High, and with horror, through the eares, of all the Grecian throng; Her verse with spirits invincible, did all their breasts inspire; Blew out all darknesse from their lims, and set their hearts on fire; And presently was bitter warre, more sweet a thousand times Then any choice in hollow keeles, to greet their native climes.

Atrides summon'd all to armes; to armes himselfe disposde: First on his legs he put bright Greaves, with silver buttons closde; Then with rich Curace arm'd his breast, which Cyniras bestow'd To gratifie his royall guest; for even to Cyprus flow'd Th'unbounded fame of those designes, the Greeks proposde for Troy; And therefore gave he him those armes, and wisht his purpose joy. Ten rowes of azure mixt with blacke: twelve golden like the Sunne: Twise ten of tin, in beaten paths, did through this armour runne. Three serpents to the gorget crept, that like three rain-bowes shin'd, Such as by Jove are fixt in clouds, when wonders are divin'd. About his shoulders hung his sword; whereof the hollow hilt Was fashion'd all with shining barres, exceeding richly gilt: The scaberd was of silver plate, with golden hangers grac't: Then tooke he up his weightie shield, that round about him cast Defensive shadowes: ten bright zones, of gold-affecting brasse Were driven about it; and of tin(as full of glosse as glasse) Sweld twentie bosses out of it: in center of them all, One of blacke mettall had engraven (full of extreme appall) An ugly Gorgon, compassed, with Terror and with Feare:

Eris (contention) sings and excites the Grecians.

Agamemnon armes for the field. At it, a silver Bawdricke hung, with which he usde to beare (Wound on his arme) his ample shield; and in it there was woven An azure Dragon, curl'd in folds; from whose one necke, was cloven Three heads contorted in an orbe: then plac't he on his head His foure-plum'd caske; and in his hands, two darts he managed, Arm'd with bright steele, that blaz'd to heaven: then Juno and the maide That conquers Empires; trumpets serv'd, to summon out their aide, In honor of the Generall: and on a sable cloud

(To bring them furious to the field) sate thundring out aloud.

Then all enjoyn'd their charioteers, to ranke their chariot horse Close to the dike; forth marcht the foot; whose front they did r'enforce With some horse troupes: the battell then, was all of Charioteers, Lin'd with light horse: but Jupiter, disturb'd this forme with feares; And from aires upper region, did bloudie vapors raine; For sad ostent, much noble life, should ere their times be slaine. The Trojan hoast, at Ilus tombe, was in Battalia led By Hector and Polydamas, and old Anchises seed, Who God-like was esteem'd in Troy; by grave Antenors race, Divine Agenor, Polybus, unmaried Acamas, Proportion'd like the states of heaven: in front of all the field. Troyes great Priamides did beare, his al-wayes-equall shield, Still plying th'ordering of his power. And as amids the skie We sometimes see an ominous starre, blaze cleare and dreadfully, Then run his golden head in clouds, and straight appeare againe: So *Hector* otherwhiles did grace, the vaunt-guard, shining plaine; Then in the rere-guard hid himselfe, and labour'd every where, To order and encourage all: his armor was so cleare, And he applide each place so fast; that like a lightning throwne Out of the shield of *Jupiter*, in every eye he shone. And as upon a rich mans crop, of barley or of wheate, (Opposde for swiftnesse at their worke,) a sort of reapers sweate, Beare downe the furrowes speedily, and thicke their handfuls fall: So at the joyning of the hoasts, ran Slaughter through them all;

Simile.

Another comparison.

Joves prospect.

Periphrasis of

Agamemnons slaughters.

None stoopt to any fainting thought, of foule inglorious flight, But equall bore they up their heads, and far'd like wolves in fight: Sterne Eris, with such weeping sights, rejoyc't to feed her eies; Who onely shew'd her selfe in field, of all the Deities. The other in Olympus tops, sate silent, and repin'd, That Jove to do the Trojans grace, should be are so fixt a mind. He car'd not, but (enthron'd apart) triumphant sat in sway Of his free power; and from his seate, tooke pleasure to display The citie so adorn'd with towres, the sea with vessels fild: The splendor of refulgent armes, the killer and the kild. As long as bright Aurora rul'd, and sacred day increast, So long their darts made mutuall wounds, and neither had the best: But when in hill-environ'd vales, the timber-feller takes A sharpe set stomacke to his meate, and dinner ready makes, His sinewes fainting, and his spirits, become surcharg'd and dull; Time of accustom'd ease arriv'd; his hands with labour full: Then by their valours Greeks brake through, the Trojan rankes, and chear'd Their generall Squadrons through the hoast: then first of all appear'd The person of the King himselfe; and then the *Trojans* lost Byanor, by his royall charge, a leader in the host: Who being slaine, his chariotere(Oileus) did alight, And stood in skirmish with the king; the king did deadly smite His forehead with his eager lance, and through his helme it ranne, Enforcing passage to his braine, quite through the hardned pan; His braine mixt with his clotterd bloud, his body strewd the ground.

There left he them; and presently he other objects found; Isus and Antiphus, two sonnes, king Priam did beget; One lawfull, th'other wantonly; both in one chariot met Their royall foe; the baser borne, Isus was chariotere, And famous Antiphus did fight: both which, king Peleus heire, (Whilome in Ida keeping flocks) did deprehend and bind With pliant Osiers; and for prize, them to their Sire resign'd. Atrides with his well-aim'd lance, smote Isus on the brest

Achilles.

Above the nipple; and his sword, a mortall wound imprest Beneath the eare of *Antiphus*: downe from their horse they fell. The king had seene the youths before, and now did know them well, Remembring them the prisoners, of swift *Æacides*, Who brought them to the sable fleet, from *Idas* foodie leas.

Simile.

And as a Lion having found, the furrow of a Hind,
Where she hath calv'd two little twins; at will and ease doth grind
Their joynts snatcht in his sollide jawes; and crusheth into mist
Their tender lives; their dam (though neare) not able to resist;
But shooke with vehement feare her selfe, flies through the Oaken chace
From that fell savage, drown'd in sweat; and seekes some covert place:
So when with most unmatched strength, the Grecian Generall bent
Gainst these two Princes, none durst ayd, their native kings descent;
But fled themselves before the Greeks: and where these two were slaine,
Pysander and Hypolochus, (not able to restraine
Their head-strong horse, the silken reines, being from their hands let fall)
Were brought by their unruly guides, before the Generall.
Antimachus begat them both; Antimachus that tooke
Rich gifts, and gold of Hellens love; and would by no meanes brooke
Just restitution should be made, of Menelaus wealth,

* Paris.

Bereft him, with his ravisht Queene, by * Alexanders stealth.

Atrides, Lion-like did charge, his sonnes; who on their knees
Fell from their chariot, and besought, regard to their degrees;
Who, being Antimachus his sonnes, their father would affoord
A worthie ransome for their lives; who in his house did hoord
Much hidden treasure; brasse, & gold, & steele, wrought wondrous choise.
Thus wept they, using smoothing terms; and heard this rugged voice
Breath'd from the unrelenting king: If you be of the breed

Agamemnon to Pysander and Hippolocbus.

Of stout Antimachus, that staid, the honorable deed
The other Peeres of Ilion, in counsell had decreed,
To render Hellen, and her wealth; and would have basely slaine
My brother and wise Ithacus, Ambassadors, t'attaine
The most due motion: now receive, wreake for his shamefull part.

This said, in poore Pysanders breast, he fixt his wreakfull dart; Who upward spread th' oppressed earth: his brother croucht for dread, And as he lay, the angrie king, cut off his armes and head, And let him like a football lie, for everie man to spurne. Then to th'extremest heate of fight, he did his valour turne, And led a multitude of Greeks; where foote did foote subdue, Horse slaughterd horse, Need featherd flight, the batterd center flew In clouds of dust about their eares, raisd from the horses hooves, That beat a thunder out of earth, as horrible as Joves. The king (perswading speedie chace) gave his perswasions way With his owne valour, slaughtring still: As in a stormie day, In thicke-set woods a ravenous fire, wraps in his fierce repaire The shaken trees, and by the rootes, doth tosse them into aire: Even so beneath Atrides sword, flew up Troyes flying heeles: Their horse drew emptie chariots, and sought their thundring wheeles Some fresh directors through the field, where least the pursuite drives: Thicke fell the Trojans, much more sweet, to Vultures, then their wives. Then Jove drew Hector from the darts, from dust, from death and blood, And from the tumult: still the king, firme to the pursuite stood; Till at old *Ilus* monument, in midst of all the field, They reacht the wild Figtree, and long'd, to make their towne their shield. Yet there they rested not; the king, still cride; Pursue, pursue, And all his unreproved hands, did blood and dust embrue. But when they came to Sceas ports, and to the Beech of Jove, There made they stand; there everie eye, fixt on each other, strove Who should outlooke his mate amaz'd: through all the field they fled. And as a Lion, when the night, becomes most deafe and dead, Simile. Invades Oxe heards, affrighting all, that he of one may wreake His dreadfull hunger; and his necke, he first of all doth breake; Then laps his blood and entrailes up: so Agamemnon plide The manage of the *Trojan* chace, and still the last man di'd; The other fled; a number fell, by his imperiall hand:

Some groveling downwards from their horse: some upwards strew'd the sand.

High was the furie of his lance: but having beat them close

Jove to the Rainbow. Beneath their walls, the both worlds Sire, did now againe repose
On fountaine-flowing Idas tops, being newly slid from heaven,
And held a lightning in his hand: from thence this charge was given
To Iris with the golden wings: Thaumantia, flie (said he)
And tell Troys Hector, that as long, as he enrag'd shall see
The souldier-loving Atreus sonne, amongst the formost fight,
Depopulating troopes of men: so long he must excite
Some other to resist the foe, and he no armes advance:
But when he wounded takes his horse, attain'd with shaft or lance:
Then will I fill his arme with death, even till he reach the Fleet,
And peacefull night treads busie day, beneath her sacred feet.

The wind-foot swift *Thaumantia*, obeyd, and usd her wings To famous *Ilion*, from the mount, enchaste with silver springs: And found in his bright chariot, the hardie *Trojan* knight: To whom she spake the words of *Jove*, and vanisht from his sight.

He leapt upon the sounding earth, and shooke his lengthfull dart, And everie where he breath'd exhorts, and stird up everie heart: A dreadfull fight he set on foote, his souldiers straight turnd head: The Greekes stood firme, in both the hoasts, the field was perfected. But Agamemnon formost still, did all his side exceed: And would not be the first in name, unlesse the first in deed.

Now sing faire Presidents of verse, that in the heavens embowre, Who first encountred with the king, of all the adverse powre: Iphydamas, Antenors sonne, ample and bigly set, Brought up in pasture-springing-Thrace, that doth soft sheepe beget: In grave Cisseus noble house, that was his mothers Sire; (Faire Theano) and when his breast, was heightned with the fire Of gaisome youth; his grand-Sire gave, his daughter to his love: Who straight his bridall chamber left; Fame, with affection strove, And made him furnish twelve faire ships, to lend faire Troy his hand. His ships he in Percope left, and came to Troy by land: And now he tried the fame of Greece, encountring with the king,

Who threw his royall lance and mist: Iphydamas did fling,
And strooke him on the arming waste, beneath his coate of brasse,
Which fore't him stay upon his arme, so violent it was:
Yet piere't it not his wel-wrought zone; but when the lazie head
Tried hardnesse with his silver waste, it turnd againe like lead.
He follow'd, grasping the ground end: but with a Lions wile,
That wrests away a hunters staffe; he caught it by the pile,
And pluckt it from the casters hand; whom with his sword he strooke
Beneath the eare, and with his wound, his timelesse death he tooke:
He fell and slept an iron sleepe; wretched young man, he dide
Farre from his newly-married wife, in aide of forreine pride;
And saw no pleasure of his love; yet was her joynture great:
An hundred Oxen gave he her, and vow'd in his retreate
Two thousand head of sheepe and Goates, of which he store did leave:
Much gave he of his loves first fruits, and nothing did receive.

Iphydamas slain by Agamemnon

When Coon (one that for his forme, might feast an amorous eye, And elder brother of the slaine) beheld this tragedie:
Deepe sorrow sate upon his eyes; and (standing laterally, And to the Generall undiscernd) his Javelin he let flie:
That twixt his elbow and his wrist, transfixt his armelesse arme:
The bright head shin'd on th' other side. The unexpected harme
Imprest some horror in the king: yet so he ceast not fight,
But rusht on Coon with his lance, who made what haste he might
(Seising his slaughterd brothers foote) to draw him from the field,
And cald the ablest to his aide; when under his round shield
The kings brasse Javelin, as he drew, did strike him helplesse dead:
Who made Iphydamas the blocke, and cut off Coons head.

Thus under great Atrides arme, Antenors issue thriv'd,
And to suffise precisest fate, to Plutos mansion div'd.
He with his lance, sword, mightie stones, pour'd his Heroicke wreake
On other Squadrons of the foe, whiles yet warme blood did breake
Through his cleft veines: but when the wound, was quite exhaust and crude
The eager anguish did approve, his Princely fortitude.

As when most sharpe and bitter pangs, distract a labouring Dame; Which the divine *Ilithia*, that rule the painefull frame Of humane child-birth poure on her: th' *Ilithia* that are The daughters of Saturnia: with whose extreme repaire The woman in her travell strives, to take the worst it gives: With thought it must be, tis loves fruite, the end for which she lives; The meane to make her selfe new borne: what comforts will redound: So Agamemnon did sustaine, the torment of his wound. Then tooke he chariot, and to Fleet, bad haste his chariotere; But first pour'd out his highest voice, to purchase everie eare:

Agamemnon to the Greeke Princes

Princes and Leaders of the Greekes, brave friends, now from our fleet Do you expell this boistrous sway: Jove will not let me meet Illustrate Hector, nor give leave, that I shall end the day In fight against the *Ilian* power: my wound is in my way.

This said, his readie chariotere, did scourge his spritefull horse, That freely to the sable fleet, performd their fierie course: To beare their wounded Soveraigne, apart the Martiall thrust, Sprinkling their powerfull breasts with foame, and snowing on the dust.

Hector to the Trojans

When Hector heard of his retreate, thus he for fame contends: Trojans, Dardanians, Lycians, all my close-fighting friends, Thinke what it is to be renownd: be souldiers all of name: Our strongest enemie is gone; *Jove* vowes to do us fame: Then in the Grecian faces drive, your one-hov'd violent steeds, And farre above their best, be best, and glorifie your deeds.

Thus as a dog-given Hunter sets, upon a brace of Bores, pores, His white-toothd hounds: pufs, showts, breaths terms, & on his emprese All his wild art to make them pinch: so Hector urg'd his host To charge the *Greeks*, and he himselfe, most bold, and active most: He brake into the heate of fight: as when a tempest raves, Stoops from the clouds, and all on heapes, doth cuffe the purple waves.

Who then was first, and last, he kild, when Jove did grace his deed?

Whom Hector slue.

Asseus, and Autonous; Opys, and Clytus seed: Prince Dolops, and the honord Sire, of sweet Euryalus: (Opheltes) Agelaus next; and strong Hipponous:

Orus, Essymnus, all of name. The common souldiers fell,

As when the hollow flood of aire, in Zephires cheeks doth swell,

And sparseth all the gatherd clouds, white Notus power did draw;

Wraps waves in waves, hurls up the froath, beat with a vehement flaw:

So were the common souldiers wrackt, in troops, by Hectors hand.

Then ruine had enfore't such works, as no Greeks could withstand:

Then in their fleete they had bene housd, had not Laertes sonne

Stird up the spirit of *Diomed*, with this impression.

Ty dides, what do we sustaine, forgetting what we are?

Stand by me (dearest in my love:) twere horrible impaire

For our two valours to endure, a customarie flight,

To leave our navie still ingag'd, and but by fits to fight. He answerd; I am bent to stay, and any thing sustaine:

But our delight to prove us men, will prove but short and vaine;

For Jove makes Trojans instruments; and virtually then,

Wields arms himselfe: our crosse affaires, are not twixt men and men.

This said, Thimbraus with his lance, he tumbled from his horse;

Neare his left nipple wounding him: Ulysses did enforce

Faire Molion, minion to this king, that Diomed subdude:

Both sent they thence, till they returnd: who now the king pursude

And furrowed through the thickned troopes. As when two chaced Bores

Turne head gainst kennels of bold hounds, and race way through their gores: So(turnd from flight) the forward kings, shew'd Trojans backward death:

Nor fled the Greeks but by their wils, to get great Hector breath.

Then tooke they horse and chariot, from two bold citie foes, Merops Percosius mightie sonnes: their father could disclose,

Beyond all men, hid Auguries; and would not give consent To their egression to these wars: yet wilfully they went;

For Fates, that order sable death, enforc't their tragedies: Tydides slue them with his lance, and made their armes his prise.

Hypporochus, and Hyppodus, Ulysses reft of light: But Jove, that out of Ida lookt, then equallisde the fight; Ulysses to Diomed.

Simile

Diomeds answer to Ulysses.

Ulysses and Diomeds slaughters.

A Grecian for a Trojan then, paide tribute to the Fates: Yet royall Diomed slue one, even in those even debates, That was of name more then the rest; Pæons renowned sonne, The Prince Agastrophus: his lance, into his hip did run: His Squire detaind his horse apart, that hindred him to flie; Which he repented at his heart: yet did his feet applie His scape with all the speed they had, alongst the formost bands; And there his loved life dissolv'd. This, Hector understands, And rusht with clamor on the king; right soundly seconded With troupes of Trojans: which perceiv'd, by famous Diomed; The deepe conceit of Joves high will, stifned his royall haire; Who spake to neare-fought Ithacus; The fate of this affaire Is bent to us: come let us stand, and bound his violence. Thus threw he his long Javelin forth; which smote his heads defence Full on the top, yet pierc't no skin; brasse, tooke repulse with brasse; His helme (with three folds made, and sharpe,) the gift of Phabus was. The blow made Hector take the troupe; sunke him upon his hand, And strooke him blind: the king pursude, before the formost band, His darts recoverie: which he found, laid on the purple plaine: By which time, Hector was reviv'd, and taking horse againe, Was farre commixt within his strength, and fled his darksome grave. He followd with his thirstie lance, and this elusive Brave:

Diomed to Ulysses.

Diomed insults on Hector.

Once more be thankfull to thy heeles, (proud dog) for thy escape: Mischiefe sate neare thy bosome now; and now another rape Hath thy Apollo made of thee, to whom thou well maist pray, When through the singing of our darts, thou findst such guarded way: But I shall meet with thee at length, and bring thy latest houre, If with like favour any God, be fautor of my powre:

Meane while, some other shall repay, what I suspend in thee.

This said, he set the wretched soule, of Paons issue free:

Paris at Diomed. Whom his late wound, not fully slue: but *Priams* amorous birth, Against *Tydides* bent his bow, hid with a hill of earth; Part of the ruinated tombe, for honor'd *Ilus* built:

And as the Curace of the slaine (engraven and richly gilt)

Tydides from his breast had spoild, and from his shoulders raft,
His target and his solide helme, he shot; and his keene shaft
(That never flew from him in vaine) did naile unto the ground
The kings right foot: the spleenfull knight, laught sweetly at the wound,
Crept from his covert, and triumpht: Now art thou maimd, said he,
And would to God my happie hand, had so much honor'd me,
To have infixt it in thy breast, as deepe as in thy foote,
Even to th'expulsure of thy soule: then blest had bene my shoote
Of all the Trojans: who had then, breath'd from their long unrests,
Who feare thee as the braying Goates, abhorre the king of beasts.

Paris insults on Diomed.

Undanted Diomed replide: You Braver, with your bow,
You slick-hair'd lover: you that hunt, and fleere at wenches so:
Durst thou but stand in armes with me, thy silly archerie
Would give thee little cause to vaunt: as little suffer I
In this same tall exploit of thine, perform'd when thou wert hid:
As if a woman or a child, that knew not what it did,
Had toucht my foote: a cowards steele, hath never any edge:
But mine (t'assure it sharpe) still layes, dead carkasses in pledge;
Touch it: it renders livelesse straight: it strikes the fingers ends
Of haplesse widowes in their cheeks; and children blind of friends:
The subject of it makes earth red; and aire with sighes inflames:
And leaves lims more embrac't with birds, then with enamour'd Dames.

Diomeds reply.

Lance-fam'd *Ulysses* now came in, and stept before the king; Kneeld opposite, and drew the shaft: the eager paine did sting Through all his bodie; straight he tooke, his royall chariot there, And with direction to the fleete, did charge his chariotere.

Now was Ulysses desolate, feare made no friend remaine: He thus spake to his mightie mind: What doth my state sustaine? If I should flie this ods in feare, that thus comes clustring on, Twere high dishonour: yet twere worse, to be surprised alone: Tis Jove that drives the rest to flight: but thats a faint excuse; Why do I tempt my mind so much? pale cowards fight refuse.

Ulysses to bimselfe.

He that affects renowne in warre, must like a rocke be fixt: Wound, or be wounded: valours truth, puts no respect betwixt. In this contention with himselfe, in flew the shadie bands Of targateres, who sieg'd him round, with mischiefe-filled hands. As when a crew of gallants watch, the wild muse of a Bore; Their dogs put after in full crie, he rusheth on before: Whets, with his lather-making jawes, his crooked tuskes for blood: And (holding firme his usuall haunts) breakes through the deepned wood: They charging, though his hote approch, be never so abhord: So, to assaile the Jove-lov'd Greeke, the Ilians did accord, And he made through them: first he hurt, upon his shoulder blade, Deiops a blamelesse man at armes: then sent to endlesse shade Thoon and $\mathit{Eunomus}$: and $\mathit{strooke}$, the strong $\mathit{Chersidamas}$, As from his chariot he leapt downe, beneath his targe of brasse: Who fell, and crawld upon the earth, with his sustaining palmes, And left the fight: nor yet his lance, left dealing Martiall almes: But Socus brother by both sides, yong Carops did impresse: Then Princely Socus to his aide, made brotherly accesse, And (coming neare) spake in his charge; O great Laertes sonne, Insatiate in slie stratagems, and labours never done: This houre, or thou shalt boast to kill, the two Hypasides, And prize their armes, or fall thy selfe, in my resolv'd accesse.

Socus wounds Ulysses. This said, he threw quite through his shield, his fell & well-driven lance: Which held way through his curaces, and on his ribs did glance: Plowing the flesh alongst his sides: but Pallas did repell All inward passage to his life. Ulysses knowing well The wound undeadly; (setting backe, his foote to forme his stand) Thus spake to Socus: O thou wretch, thy death is in this hand: That stay'st my victorie on Troy: and where thy charge was made In doubtfull terms (or this or that) this shall thy life invade.

This frighted Socus to retreate; and in his faint reverse, The lance betwixt his shoulders fell, and through his breast did perse: Downe fell he sounding, and the king, thus playd with his misease:

Ulysses insultation.

O Socus, you that make by birth, the two Hypasides:
Now may your house and you perceive, death can outflie the flier:
Ah wretch, thou canst not scape my vowes: old Hypasus thy sire,
Nor thy well honord mothers hands; in both which lies thy worth,
Shall close thy wretched eyes in death; but Vultures dig them forth,
And hide them with their darksome wings: but when Ulysses dies,
Divinest Greeks shall tombe my corse, with all their obsequies.

Now from his bodie and his shield, the violent lance he drew, That Princely Socus had infixt: which drawne, a crimson dew Fell from his bosome on the earth: the wound did dare him sore. And when the furious Trojans saw, Ulysses forced gore: (Encouraging themselves in grosse) all his destruction vowd; Then he retir'd, and summond aide: thrise showted he allowd, (As did denote a man ingag'd:) thrise Menelaus eare Observ'd his aid-suggesting voice: and Ajax being neare, He told him of Ulysses showts, as if he were enclosd From all assistance: and advisd, their aids might be disposd Against the Ring that circled him: lest, charg'd with troopes alone (Though valiant) he might be opprest, whom Greece so built upon.

He led, and Ajax seconded: they found their Jove-lov'd king
Circled with foes. As when a den, of bloodie Lucerns cling
About a goodly palmed Hart, hurt with a hunters bow,
Whose scape, his nimble feet inforce, whilst his warme blood doth flow,
And his light knees have power to move: but (maistred of his wound,
Embost within a shadie hill) the Lucerns charge him round,
And teare his flesh; when instantly, fortune sends in the powres
Of some sterne Lion, with whose sight, they flie, and he devours:
So charg'd the Ilians Ithacus, many and mightie men:
But then made Menelaus in, and horrid Ajax then,
Bearing a target like a tower: close was his violent stand,
And everie way the foe disperst; when, by the royall hand,
Kind Menelaus led away, the hurt Laertes sonne,

Till his faire squire had brought his horse: victorious Telamon

Ajax and Menelaus to the rescue of Ulysses.

Still plied the foe, and put to sword, a young Priamides; Doriclus, Priams bastard sonne: then did his lance impresse Pandocus, and strong Pyrasus; Lysander and Palertes, As when a torrent from the hils, swolne with Saturnian showres, Fals on the fields; beares blasted Oakes, and witherd rosine flowres. Loose weeds, and all dispersed filth, into the Oceans force: So, matchlesse Ajax beat the field, and slaughterd men and horse. Yet had not Hector heard of this, who fought on the left wing Of all the host, neare those sweet herbs, Scamanders flood doth spring: Where many foreheads trode the ground, and where the skirmish burnd Neare Nestor, and king Idomen; where Hector overturnd The Grecian squadrons; authoring, high service with his lance, And skilfull manadge of his horse: nor yet the discrepance He made in death betwixt the hosts, had made the Greeks retire, If faire-haird Hellens second spouse, had not represt the fire Of bold Machaons fortitude, who with a three-forkt head In his right shoulder wounded him: then had the Grecians dread, Lest in his strength declin'd, the foe, should slaughter their hurt friend: Then Cretes king urg'd Neleides, his chariot to ascend, And getting neare him, take him in, and beare him to their tents; A Surgeon is to be preferd, with physicke ornaments, Before a multitude: his life, gives hurt lives native bounds, With sweet inspersion of fit balmes, and perfect search of wounds.

Thus spake the royall Idomen: Neleides obeyd,
And to his chariot presently, the wounded Greeke convaid
The sonne of Esculapius, the great Phisition:
To fleet they flew. Cebriones, perceiv'd the slaughter done
By Ajax on the other troopes, and spake to Hector thus:

Whiles we encounter *Grecians* here, sterne *Telamonius*Is yonder raging, turning up, in heapes our horse and men:
I know him by his spacious shield: let us turne chariot then
Where both of horse and foote the fight, most hotely is proposde,
In mutuall slaughters: harke, their throats, from cries are never closd.

This said, with his shrill scourge he strooke, the horse that fast ensude, Stung with his lashes, tossing shields, and carkasses imbrude: The chariot tree was drownd in blood, and th'arches by the seate, Disperpled from the horses hoves, and from the wheelebands beate. Great Hector long'd to breake the rankes, and startle their close fight: Who horribly amaz'd the Greeks, and plyed their suddaine fright With busie weapons, ever winged: his lance, sword, weightie stones: Yet charg'd he other Leaders bands, not dreadfull Telamons, With whom he wisely shund foule blowes: but Jove (that weighs above All humane pow'rs) to Ajax breast, divine repressions drove, And made him shun, who shund himselfe: he ceast from fight amaz'd: Cast on his backe his seaven-fold shield, and round about him gaz'd, Like one turnd wilde; lookt on himselfe, in his distract retreate: Knee before knee did scarcely move: as when from heards of Neate Whole threaves of Bores and mungrils chace, a Lion skulking neare, Loth he should taint the wel-prisd fat, of any stall-fed steere, Consuming all the night in watch; he (greedie of his prey) Oft thrusting on, is oft thrust off: so thicke the Javelins play On his bold charges, and so hote, the burning firebrands shine, Which he (though horrible) abhors, about his glowing eyne; And early his great heart retires: so Ajax from the foe, For feare their fleet should be inflam'd: gainst his swolne heart did go.

As when a dull mill Asse comes neare, a goodly field of corne Kept from the birds by childrens cries; the boyes are overborne By his insensible approach, and simply he will eate: About whom many wands are broke, and still the children beate; And still the selfe-providing Asse, doth with their weaknesse beare, Not stirring till his panch be full; and scarcely then will stere.

So the huge sonne of *Telamon*, amongst the *Trojans* far'd; Bore showers of darts upon his shield, yet scornd to flie, as skar'd; And so kept softlie on his way; nor would he mend his pace For all their violent pursuits, that still did arme the chace With singing lances; but at last, when their Cur-like presumes, Another simile expressing the maner of Ajax retreate.

More urg'd, the more forborne; his spirits, did rarifie their fumes, And he revokt his active strength; turnd head, and did repell The horse troopes that were new made in: twixt whom the fight grew fell; And by degrees he stole retreate, yet with such puissant stay That none could passe him to the fleet: in both the armies sway He stood, and from strong hands receiv'd, sharpe Javelins on his shield; Where many stucke, throwne on before; many fell short in field, Ere the white bodie they could reach; and stucke, as telling how They purposed to have pierc't his flesh: his perill pierced now The eyes of Prince Eurypilus, Evemons famous sonne; Who came close on, and with his dart, strooke Duke Apisaon, Whose surname was *Phausiades*; even to the concrete blood That makes the liver: on the earth, out gusht his vitall flood. Eurypilus made in, and easd, his shoulders of his armes: Which Paris seeing, he drew his bow, and wreakt in part the harmes Of his good friend *Phausiades*: his arrow he let flie, That smote Eurypilus, and brake, in his attainted thie: Then tooke he troope, to shun blacke death, and to the flyers cride; Princes, and Leaders of the Greeks, stand, and repulse the tide

Eurypilus to the Greekes. Princes, and Leaders of the *Greeks*, stand, and repulse the tide
Of this our honour-wracking chace; *Ajax* is drownd in darts,
I feare past scape: turne honord friends, helpe out his ventrous parts.
Thus spake the wounded *Greeke*; the sound, cast on their backs their shields,
And raisd their darts: to whose reliefe, *Ajax* his person wields:
Then stood he firmely with his friends, retiring their retire:
And thus both hosts indifferent joynd, the fight grew hote as fire.

Now had Neleides sweating steeds, brought him and his hurt friend Amongst their Fleet; Æacides, that wishly did intend (Standing asterne his tall neckt ship) how deepe the skirmish drew Amongst the Greeks; and with what ruth, the insecution grew: Saw Nestor bring Machaon hurt, and from within did call His friend Patroclus: who like Mars, in forme celestiall Came forth with first sound of his voice (first spring of his decay) And askt his Princely friends desire: Deare friend, said he, this day

Achilles to Patroclus. I doubt not will enforce the *Greeks*, to swarme about my knees: I see unsufferd Need imployd, in their extremities. Go sweet *Patroclus* and enquire, of old *Neleides*, Whom he brought wounded from the fight: by his backe parts, I guesse It is *Machaon*: but his face, I could not well descrie, They past me in such earnest speed. *Patroclus* presently Obeyd his friend, and ran to know. They now descended were, And *Nestors* squire, *Eurimidon*, the horses did ungeare: Themselves stood neare th' extremest shore, to let the gentle aire Drie up their sweat; then to the tent; where *Hecamed* the faire Set chaires, and for the wounded Prince, a potion did prepare.

This *Hecamed*, by wars hard fate, fell to old *Nestors* share, When Thetis sonne sackt Tenedos. She was the Princely seed Of worthie king Arsynous, and by the Greeks decreed The prize of *Nestor*: since all men, in counsell he surpast. First, a faire table she apposd, of which, the feet were grac't With blewish mettall, mixt with blacke: and on the same she put A brasse fruit dish, in which she serv'd, a holsome Onion cut, For pittance to the potion, and honey newly wrought; And bread, the fruite of sacred meale: then to the boord she brought A right faire cup, with gold studs driven; which Nestor did transfer From Pylos; on whose swelling sides, foure handles fixed were; And upon everie handle sate, a paire of doves of gold; Some billing, and some pecking meate. Two gilt feet did uphold The antique body: and withall, so weightie was the cup, That being proposd brim full of wine, one scarse could lift it up: Yet Nestor drunke in it with ease, spite of his yeares respect. In this the Goddesse-like faire Dame, a potion did confect With good old wine of *Pramnius*; and scrap't into the wine Cheese made of Goates milke; and on it, sperst flow'r exceeding fine: In this sort for the wounded Lord, the potion she prepar'd, And bad him drinke: for companie, with him old Nestor shar'd. Thus physically quencht they thirst, and then their spirits reviv'd

With pleasant conference. And now, Patroclus being arriv'd, Made stay at th'entrie of the tent: old Nestor seeing it, Rose, and receiv'd him by the hand, and faine would have him sit. He set that courtesie aside; excusing it with hast; Since his much to be reverenc't friend, sent him to know who past (Wounded with him in chariot) so swiftly through the shore; Whom now, said he, I see and know, and now can stay no more: You know good father, our great friend, is apt to take offence: Whose fierie temper will inflame, sometimes with innocence.

Nestor to Patroclus.

He answerd, When will Peleus sonne, some royall pittie show On his thus wounded countrimen? Ah, is he yet to know How much affliction tires our host? how our especiall aide (Tainted with lances, at their tents) are miserably laide? Ulysses, Diomed, our King, Euripylus, Machaon: All hurt, and all our worthiest friends; yet no compassion Can supple thy friends friendlesse breast. Doth he reserve his eye Till our fleet burne, and we our selves, one after other die? Alas, my forces are not now, as in my yonger life. Oh would to God I had that strength, I used in the strife Betwixt us and the *Elians*, for Oxen to be driven; When Itumonius loftie soule, was by my valour given As sacrifice to destinie; Hypporocus strong sonne, That dwelt in Elis, and fought first, in our contention. We forrag'd (as proclaimed foes) a wondrous wealthie boote; And he, in rescue of his Herds, fell breathlesse at my foote. All the Dorpe Bores with terror fled; our prey was rich and great, Twise five and twentie flocks of sheepe; as many herds of neate; As many goates, and nastie swine; a hundred fiftie mares All sorrell, most with sucking foales; and these soone-monied wares, We drave into Neileus towne, faire Pylos; all by night. My fathers heart was glad to see, so much good fortune quite The forward mind of his young sonne, that usde my youth in deeds, And would not smother it in moods. Now drew the Suns bright steeds Light from the hils; our heralds now, accited all that were Endamag'd by the Elians; our Princes did appeare; Our boote was parted; many men, th' Epians much did owe, That (being our neighbors) they did spoile; afflictions did so flow On us poore Pyleans though but few. In brake great Hercules To our sad confines of late yeares, and wholly did suppresse Our haplesse Princes: twice sixe sonnes, renownd Neleius bred; Onely my selfe am left of all: the rest subdude and dead. And this was it that made so proud, the base *Epeian* bands, On their neare neighbors, being opprest, to lay injurious hands; A heard of Oxen for himselfe: a mightie flocke of sheepe, My Syre selected; and made choice, of shepheards for their keep: And from the generall spoyle, he culd, three hundred of the best: The Elians ought him infinite, most plagu'd of all the rest. Foure wager-winning horse he lost, and chariots intervented Being led to an appointed race. The prize that was presented Was a religious threefoote urne: Augeas was the king, That did detaine them, and dismist, their keeper sorrowing For his lov'd charge, lost with foule words. Then both for words and deeds My Sire being worthily incenst, thus justly he proceeds To satisfaction, in first choice, of all our wealthie prize: And as he shar'd much, much he left, his subjects to suffise; That none might be opprest with power, or want his portion due: Thus for the publike good we shar'd. Then we to temples drue Our complete citie: and to heaven, we thankfull rights did burne For our rich conquest. The third day, ensuing our returne The *Elians* flew on us in heapes: their generall Leaders were The two Moliones, two boyes, untrained in the feare Of horrid warre, or use of strength. A certaine citie shines Upon a loftie Prominent; and in th'extreme confines Of sandie Pylos, seated where, Alpheus flood doth run, And cald Thryessa: this they sieg'd, and gladly would have wun: But (having past through all our fields) Minerva as our spie, ii

Fell from Olympus in the night, and arm'd us instantly:
Nor mustred she unwilling men, nor unprepar'd for force.
My Sire yet, would not let me arme, but hid away my horse,
Esteeming me no souldier yet: yet shin'd I nothing lesse
Amongst our Gallants, though on foote; Minervas mightinesse
Led me to fight, and made me beare, a souldiers worthie name.

There is a floud fals into sea, and his crookt course doth frame Close to Arena, and is cald, bright Myniaus streame: There made we halt: and there the Sun, cast many a glorious beame On our bright armours; horse and foote, insea'd together there: Then marcht we on: By fierie noone, we saw the sacred cleare Of great Alphaus; where to Jove, we did faire sacrifice: And to the azure God that rules, the under-liquid skies, We offerd up a solemne Bull; a bull t' Alphaus name, And to the blew eyd maid we burnd, a heifer never tame. Now was it night, we supt, and slept, about the flood in armes; The foe laide hard siege to our towne, and shooke it with alarmes: But for prevention of their splenes, a mightie worke of warre Appeard behind them. For as soone, as Phabus fierie Carre Cast nights foule darknes from his wheeles (invoking reverend Jove, And the unconquerd maide (his birth) we did th'event approve, And gave them battell: first of all, I slue (the armie saw) The mightie souldier Mulius, Augeas sonne in law; And spoyld him of his one-hov'd horse: his eldest daughter was Bright Agamede, that for skill, in simples did surpasse: And knew as many kind of drugs, as earths brode center bred: Him charg'd I with my brasse arm'd lance, the dust receiv'd him dead. I(leaping to his chariot) amongst the formost prest: And the great hearted *Elyans*, fled frighted, seeing their best And lofti'st souldier taken downe, the Generall of their horse. I follow'd like a blacke whirlwind, and did for prize enforce Full fiftie chariots, everie one, furnisht with two arm'd men: Who eate the earth, slaine with my lance; and I had slaughterd then The two young boyes, Moliones, if their world circling Sire,

(Great Neptune) had not saft their lives; and covered their retire With unpierc't clouds: then Jove bestow'd a haughtie victorie Upon us Pyleans. For so long, we did the chase apply, Slaughtring and making spoile of armes; till sweet Buprasius soile, Alesius, and Olenia, were fam'd with our recoile. For there Minerva turnd our power: and there the last I slew; As when our battell joyn'd, the first: the Peleans then withdrew To Pylos from Buprasius. Of all the Immortals then, They most thankt Jove for victorie; Nestor, the most of men. Such was I ever, if I were, employed with other Peeres, And I had honour of my youth, which dies not in my yeares. But Great Achilles onely joyes, habilitie of act In his brave Prime, and doth not daine, t'impart it where tis lackt. No doubt he will extremely mourne, long after that blacke howre, Wherein our ruine shall be wrought, and rue his ruthlesse powre. O friend, my memorie revives, the charge Menetius gave Thy towardnesse; when thou setst forth, to keepe out of the grave Our wounded honour; I my selfe, and wise *Ulysses* were Within the roome, where everie word, then spoken we did heare: For we were come to *Peleus* Court, as we did mustering passe Through rich Achaia; where thy Sire, renownd Menetius was, Thy selfe and great Æacides; when Peleus the King To thunder-loving *Jove* did burne, an Oxe for offering, In his Court-yard: a cup of gold, crownd with red wine he held On th'holy Incensorie pour'd. You, when the Oxe was feld, Were dressing his divided lims; we in the Portall stood. Achilles seeing us come so neare; his honorable blood, Was strooke with a respective shame, rose, tooke us by the hands, Brought us both in, and made us sit, and usde his kind commands, For seemely hospitable rights; which quickly were apposd. Then(after needfulnesse of foode) I first of all disclosd The royall cause of our repaire; mov'd you and your great friend, To consort our renown'd designes: both straight did condescend; Your fathers knew it, gave consent, and grave instruction

To both your valours. Peleus charg'd, his most unequald sonne,
To governe his victorious strength, and shine past all the rest
In honour, as in meere maine force. Then were thy partings blest
With deare advices from thy Sire. My loved sonne, said he,
Achilles by his grace of birth, superiour is to thee,

And for his force more excellent; yet thou more ripe in yeares; Then with sound counsels (ages fruits) imploy his honord eares, Command and overrule his moodes; his nature will obay In any charge discreetly given, that doth his good assay.

Thus charg'd thy Sire, which thou forgetst; yet now at last approve (With forced reference of these) th' attraction of his love.

Who knowes if sacred influence, may blesse thy good intent,
And enter with thy gracious words, even to his full consent?

The admonition of a friend, is sweet and vehement.

If any Oracle he shun, or if his mother Queene
Hath brought him some instinct from Jove, that fortifies his spleene;
Let him resigne command to thee, of all his Myrmidons,
And yeeld by that meanes some repulse, to our confusions;
Adorning thee in his bright armes, that his resembled forme
May haply make thee thought himselfe, and calme this hostile storme:
That so a little we may ease, our overcharged hands;
Draw some breath, not expire it all: the foe but faintly stands
Beneath his labours; and your charge, being fierce, and freshly given,
They easly from our tents and fleet, may to their walls be driven.

This mov'd the good Patroclus mind, who made his utmost haste, T'informe his friend; and as the fleet, of Ithacus he past, (At which their markets were disposd, counsels and martiall courts, And where to th' Altars of the Gods, they made divine resorts) He met renownd Eurypilus, Evemons noble sonne Halting; his thigh hurt with a shaft: the liquid sweate did run Downe from his shoulders, and his browes: and from his raging wound Forth flow'd his melancholy blood, yet still his mind was sound. His sight, in kinde Patroclus breast, to sacred pittie turnd, And (nothing more immartiall, for true ruth) thus he mournd;

Ah wretched progenie of Greece, Princes, dejected kings: Was it your fates to nourish beasts, and serve the out cast wings Of savage Vultures here in Troy? Tell me, Evemons fame, Do yet the Greeks withstand his force, whom yet no force can tame? Or are they hopelesse throwne to death, by his resistlesse lance? Divine Patroclus (he replide) no more can Greece advance Defensive weapons; but to fleet, they headlong must retire: For those that to this howre have held, our fleet from hostile fire, And are the bulwarks of our host. lie wounded at their tents: And Troys unvanquishable powre, still as it toiles augments. But take me to thy blacke sternd ship, save me, and from my thie Cut out this arrow; and the blood, that is ingor'd and drie, f W ash with warme water from the wound: then gentle salves apply, Which thou knowest best; thy Princely friend, hath taught thee surgerie; Whom (of all Centaures the most just) Chyron did institute: Thus to thy honorable hands, my ease I prosecute, Since our Physitians cannot helpe: Machaon at his tent Needs a Physitian himselfe, being Leach and patient: And Podalirius in the field, the sharpe conflict sustaines. Strong Menetiades replide; How shall I ease thy paines? What shall we do Eurypilus? I am to use all haste To signifie to *Thetis* sonne, occurrents that have past At Nestors honorable suite: but be that worke atchiev'd, When this is done, I will not leave, thy torments unreliev'd. This said, athwart his backe he cast, beneath his breast, his arme, And nobly helpt him to his tent: his servants seeing his harme, Dispread Ox-hides upon the earth, whereon Machaon lay: Patroclus cut out the sharpe shaft, and clearely washt away With luke-warme water the blacke blood: then twixt his hands he brusde A sharpe and mitigatorie roote: which when he had infusde Into the greene well-cleansed wound, the paines he felt before Were well, and instantly allaid, the wound did bleed no more.

The end of the eleventh Booke.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS

THE ARGUMENT.

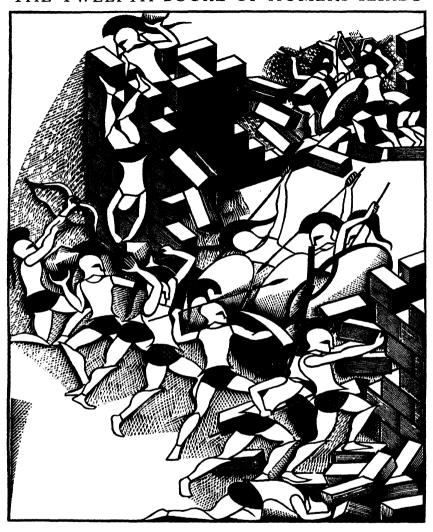
THE TROJANS at the trench, their powres engage, Though greeted by a bird, of bad presage.

In five parts they divide, their powre, to skale, And Prince Sarpedon forceth down the pale; Great Hector from the Ports, teares out a stone, And with so dead a strength, he sets it gone At those brode gates the Grecians made to guard Their tents and ships: that, broken, and unbard, They yeeld way to his powre; when all contend To reach the ships: which all at last ascend.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

MY, workes the Trojans all the grace, And doth the Grecian Fort deface.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ILIADS



ATROCLUS, THUS EMPLOID IN CURE, OF HURT EURYPILUS; BOTH HOSTS ARE ALL FOR OTHER WOUNDS, DOUBLY CONTENTIOUS:

One, all wayes labouring to expell; the other to invade: Nor could the brode dike of the Greeks, nor that strong wall they made To guard their fleete, be long unrac't; because it was not raisd, By grave direction of the Gods; nor were their Deities praisd (When they begun) with Hecatombes, that then they might be sure (Their strength being season'd wel with heavens) it should have force t'endure; And so, the safeguard of their fleete, and all their treasure there Infallibly had bene confirm'd; when now, their bulwarks were Not onely without powre of checke, to their assaulting foe (Even now, as soone as they were built) but apt to overthrow: Such, as in verie little time, shall burie all their sight And thought, that ever they were made: as long as the despight Of great Æacides held up, and Hector went not downe: And that by those two meanes stood safe, king *Priams* sacred towne: So long their rampire had some use, (though now it gave some way:) But when Troyes best men sufferd Fate, and many Greeks did pay Deare for their sufferance; then the rest, home to their countrie turnd, The tenth yeare of their warres at Troy, and Troy was sackt and burnd. And then the Gods fell to their Fort: then they their powres imploy To ruine their worke, and left lesse, of that then they, of Troy. Neptune and Phabus tumbl'd downe, from the Idalian hils, An inundation of all floods, that thence the brode sea fils On their huge rampire; in one glut, all these together rorde, Rhesus, Heptaporus, Rhodius, Scamander, (the adorde) Caresus, Simois, Grenicus, Æsepus: of them all, Apollo open'd the rough mouths; and made their lustie fall Ravish the dustie champian, where, many a helme and shield, And halfe-god race of men were strew'd: and that all these might yeeld Full tribute to the heavenly worke: Neptune and Phabus wun Jove to unburthen the blacke wombes, of clouds (fild by the Sun)

And poure them into all their streames, that quickly they might send

Neptune and Phæbus overturne the Grecian rampire.

The names of the rivers about Troy.

The huge wall swimming to the Sea. Nine dayes their lights did spend To nights, in tempests; and when all, their utmost depth had made, Jove, Phabus, Neptune, all came downe, and all in state did wade To ruine of that impious fort: Great Neptune went before, Wrought with his trident, and the stones, trunkes, rootes of trees he tore Out of the rampire: tost them all, into the Hellespont; Even all the prowd toile of the Greeks, with which they durst confront The to-be-shunned Deities: and not a stone remaind. Of all their huge foundations, all with the earth were plaind. Which done; againe the Gods turnd backe, the silver-flowing floods, By that vast channell, through whose vaults, they pourd abrode their broods, And coverdall the ample shore, againe with dustie sand: And this the end was of that wall, where now so many a hand Was emptied of stones and darts, contending to invade; Where Clamor spent so high a throate; and where the fell blowes made The new-built woodden turrets grone. And here the Greeks were pent, Tam'd with the Iron whip of Jove: that terrors vehement Shooke over them by *Hectors* hand, who was (in everie thought) The terror-maister of the field, and like a whirlewind fought; As fresh, as in his morns first charge. And as a savage Bore Or Lion, hunted long; at last, with hounds and hunters store, Is compast round; they charge him close: and stand (as in a towre They had inchac't him) pouring on, of darts an Iron showre: His glorious heart yet, nought appald, and forcing forth his way: Here overthrowes a troope; and there, a running ring doth stay His utter passage: when againe, that stay he overthrowes, And then the whole field frees his rage: so *Hector* wearies blowes, Runs out his charge upon the Fort: and all his force would force To passe the dike. Which being so deepe, they could not get their horse To venter on: but trample, snore, and on the verie brinke, To neigh with spirit, yet still stand off: nor would a humane thinke The passage safe; or if it were, twas lesse safe for retreate, The dike being everie where so deep; and (where twas least deep) set

Hector like a wbirlwind, and Lion. With stakes exceeding thicke, sharpe, strong, that horse could never passe; Much lesse their chariots, after them: yet for the foote there was Some hopefull service, which they wisht. *Polydamas* then spake;

Hector, and all our friends of Troy, we indiscreetly make Offer of passage with our horse: ye see the stakes, the wall, Impossible for horse to take: nor can men fight at all,

The place being streight, and much more apt, to let us take our bane,

Then give the enemie: and yet, if Jove decree the wane

Of Grecian glory utterly: and so bereave their hearts,

That we may freely charge them thus, and then, will take our parts:

I would with all speed, wish th' assault: that ugly shame might shed

(Thus farre from home) these Grecians bloods. But if they once turne head,

And sallie on us from their fleet, when in so deepe a dike

We shall lie struggling; not a man, of all our hoast is like

To live, and carrie backe the newes: and therefore, be it thus:

Here leave we horse, kept by our men, and all on foot let us

Hold close together, and attend, the grace of Hectors guide;

And then they shall not beare our charge, our conquest shall be dide

In their lives purples. This advice, pleasd Hector, for twas sound:

Who first obeyd it, and full arm'd, betooke him to the ground:

And then all left their chariots, when he was seene to leade;

Rushing about him, and gave up, each chariot and steed

To their directors to be kept, in all procinct of warre:

There, and on that side of the dike. And thus the rest prepare

Their onset: In five regiments, they all their powre divide:

Each regiment allow'd three Chiefes; of all which, even the pride,

Serv'd in great Hectors Regiment: for all were set on fire

(Their passage beaten through the wall) with hazardous desire,

That they might once, but fight at fleete. With Hector, Captaines were,

Polydamas, and Cebriones, who was his chariotere:

But Hector found that place a worse. Chiefes of the second band,

Were Paris, and Alcathous, Agenor. The command

The third strong Phalanx had, was given, to th' Augure Hellenus;

Polydamas sound counsell to Hec-

Deiphobus, that God-like man, and mightie Asius; Even Asius Hyrtacides, that from Arisba rode The huge bay horse, and had his house, where river Selleës flowde. The fourth charge, good Æneas led, and with him were combinde Archelochus, and Acamas (Antenors dearest kinde) And excellent at everie fight. The fifth brave companie, Sarpedon had to charge; who chusde, for his commands supply, Asteropæus great in armes, and Glaucus; for both these Were best of all men, but himselfe: but he was fellowlesse. Thus fitted with their well wrought shields, downe the steepe dike they go; And (thirstie of the walls assault) beleeve in overthrow: Not doubting but with headlong fals, to tumble downe the Greeks, From their blacke navie: in which trust, all on; and no man seeks To crosse *Polydamas* advice, with any other course, But Asius Hyrtacides, who (prowd of his bay horse) Would not forsake them; nor his man, that was their manager, (Foole that he was) but all to fleete: and little knew how neare An ill death sat him, and a sure; and that he never more Must looke on loftie Ilion: but lookes, and all, before, Put on th'all-covering mist of Fate; that then did hang upon The lance of great * Deucalides: he fatally rusht on The left hand way; by which the Greeks, with horse and chariot, Came usually from field to fleet: close to the gates he got,

Which both unbard and ope he found; that so the easier might An entrie be for any friend, that was behind in flight; Yet not much easier for a foe: because there was a guard Maintaind upon it, past his thought; who still put for it hard, Eagerly showting: and with him, were five more friends of name That would not leavehim, though none else, would hunt that way for fame (In their free choice) but he himselfe. Orestes, Jamenus, And Acamas, Asiades, Thoon, Oenomaus, Were those that followed Asius: within the gates they found

Two eminently valorous, that from the race renownd

Of the right valiant Lapithes, deriv'd their high descent. Fierce Leonteus was the one, like Mars in detriment; The other mightie Polepæt, the great Pirithous sonne. These stood within the loftie gates, and nothing more did shun, The charge of Asius and his friends, then two high hill-bred Okes, Well rooted in the binding earth, obey the airie strokes Of wind and weather, standing firme, gainst everie seasons spight: Yet they poure on continued showts, and beare their shields upright: When in the meane space Polypæt, and Leonteus cheard Their souldiers to the fleets defence: but when the rest had heard The Trojans in attempt to skale, Clamor and flight did flow Amongst the Grecians: and then (the rest dismaid) these two Met Asius entring; thrust him backe, and fought before their doores: Nor far'd they then like Okes, that stood, but as a brace of Bores Coucht in their owne bred hill, that heare, a sort of hunters showt And hounds in hote traile coming on; then from their dens breake out, Traverse their force, and suffer not, in wildnesse of their way, About them any plant to stand: but thickets, offering stay, Breake through, and rend up by the roots; whet gnashes into aire, Which Tumult fils, with showts, hounds, horns, and all the hote affaire Beates at their bosomes: so their armes, rung with assailing blowes; And so they stird them in repulse, right well assur'd that those Who were within, and on the wall, would adde their parts; who knew They now fought for their tents, fleet, lives, and fame; and therefore threw Stones from the wals and towres, as thicke, as when a drift wind shakes Blacke-clouds in peeces, and plucks snow, in great and plumie flakes From their soft bosomes, till the ground, be wholly cloth'd in white; So earth was hid with stones and darts: darts from the *Trojan* fight, Stones from the Greeks, that on the helms, and bossie Trojan shields Kept such a rapping, it amaz'd, great Asius, who now yeelds Sighes, beates his thighes: and in a rage, his fault to Jove applies. O Jove (said he) now cleare thou shew'st, thou art a friend to lies; Pretending, in the flight of Greece, the making of it good,

Such maketh Virgil Pandarus and Bitias.

Asius neare his death blames Jove for it. To all their ruines: which I thought, could never be withstood,

Apta ad rem comparatio.

Yet they, as yellow Waspes, or Bees (that having made their nest The gasping Cranny of a hill) when for a hunters feast, Hunters come hote and hungrie in; and dig for honny Comes: They flie upon them, strike and sting: and from their hollow homes Will not be beaten, but defend, their labours fruite, and brood: No more will these be from their port, but either lose their blood (Although but two, against all us) or be our prisoners made; All this, to do his action grace, could not firme Jove perswade, Who for the generall counsell stood; and (gainst his singular brave) Bestow'd on Hector that daies fame. Yet he, and these behave Themselves thus nobly at this port: but how at other ports, And all alongst the stony wall, sole force, gainst force and forts, Rag'd in contention twixt both hoasts: it were no easie thing, (Had I the bosome of a God) to tune to life, and sing. The Trojans fought not of themselves, a fire from heaven was throwne That ran amongst them, through the wall, meere added to their owne. The Greeks held not their owne: weake griefe, went with her witherd hand, And dipt it deepely in their spirits; since they could not command Their forces to abide the field, whom harsh *Necessitie* (To save those ships should bring them home) and their good forts supply Drave to th'expulsive fight they made; and this might stoope them more Then Need it selfe could elevate: for even Gods did deplore Their dire estates, and all the Gods, that were their aids in war: Who (though they could not cleare their plights) yet were their friends thus fall Still to uphold the better sort: for then did Polepæt passe A lance at Damasus, whose helme, was made with cheekes of brasse, Yet had not proofe enough; the pyle, drave through it, and his skull; His braine in blood drownd; and the man, so late so spiritfull, Fell now quite spirit-lesse to earth. So emptied he the veines Of Pylon, and Ormenus lives: and then Leonteus gaines The lifes end of Hippomachus, Antimachus-his sonne; His lance fell at his girdle stead, and with his end, begun

Another end: Leonteus, left him, and through the prease (His keene sword drawne) ran desperatly, upon Antiphates; And livelesse tumbled him to earth. Nor could all these lives quench His fierie spirit, that his flame, in Menons blood did drench, And rag'd up, even to Iamens, and yong Orestes life; All heapt together, made their peace, in that red field of strife. Whose faire armes while the victors spoild; the youth of Ilion (Of which there serv'd the most and best) still boldly built upon The wisedome of *Polydamas*, and *Hectors* matchlesse strength; And follow'd, fild with wondrous spirit; with wish, and hope at length (The Greeks wall wun) to fire their fleet. But (having past the dike, And willing now, to passe the wall) this prodigie did strike Their hearts with some deliberate stay: A high-flowne-Eagle sorde On their troopes left hand, and sustaind, a Dragon all engorde, In her strong seres, of wondrous sise, and yet had no such checke In life and spirit, but still she fought; and turning backe her necke So stung the Eagles gorge, that downe, she cast her fervent prey, Amongst the multitude; and tooke, upon the winds, her way; Crying with anguish. When they saw, a branded Serpent sprawle So full amongst them; from above, and from Joves fowle let fall: They tooke it an ostent from him; stood frighted; and their cause Polydamas thought just, and spake; Hector, you know, applause Of humour hath bene farre from me; nor fits it, or in warre, Or in affaires of Court, a man, imploid in publicke care, To blanch things further then their truth, or flatter any powre: And therefore, for that simple course, your strength hath oft bene sowre To me in counsels: yet againe, what shewes in my thoughts best, I must discover: let us ceasse, and make their flight our rest For this dayes honor; and not now, attempt the *Grecian* fleet; For this(I feare) will be th'event; the prodigie doth meet So full with our affaire in hand. As this high flying fowle, Upon the left wing of our host, (implying our controwle) Hoverdabove us; and did trusse, within her golden seres

Polydamas

A Serpent so embrew'd, and bigge, which yet (in all her feares) Kept life, and fervent spirit to fight, and wrought her owne release; Nor did the Eagles Airie, feed: So though we thus farre prease Upon the Grecians; and perhaps, may overrune their wall, Our high minds aiming at their fleet; and that we much appall Their trussed spirits; yet are they, so Serpent-like disposd That they will fight, though in our seres; and will at length be losd With all our outcries; and the life, of many a *Trojan* breast, Shall with the Eagle flie, before, we carrie to our nest Them, or their navie: thus expounds, the Augure this ostent; Whose depth he knowes;&these should feare. *Hector*, with countenance bent Thus answerd him: Polydamas, your depth in augurie Ilike not; and know passing well, thou dost not satisfie Thy selfe in this opinion: or if thou think'st it true, Thy thoughts, the Gods blind; to advise, and urge that as our due, That breakes our duties; and to Jove, whose vow and signe to me Is past directly for our speed: yet light-wingd birds must be (By thy advice) our Oracles, whose feathers little stay My serious actions. What care I, if this, or th'other way Their wild wings sway them: if the right, on which the Sunne doth rise, Or, to the left hand, where he sets? Tis Joves high counsell flies With those wings, that shall beare up us: Joves, that both earth and heaven, Both men and Gods sustaines and rules: One augurie is given To order all men, best of all; fight for thy countries right. But why fearst thou our further charge? for though the dangerous fight Strew all men here about the fleet, yet thou needst never feare To beare their Fates; thy warie heart, will never trust thee, where An enemies looke is; and yet fight: for, if thou dar'st abstaine, Or whisper into any eare, an abstinence so vaine As thou advisest: never feare, that any foe shall take Thy life from thee, for tis this lance. This said, all forwards make,

Himselfe the first: yet before him, exulting Clamor flew; And thunder-loving-Jupiter, from loftie Ida blew

Hector to Polydamas. A storme that usherd their assault, and made them charge like him:

It drave directly on the fleet, a dust so fierce and dim,

That it amaz'd the Grecians: but was a grace divine,

To Hector and his following troopes, who wholly did encline

To him, being now in grace with Jove: and so put boldly on

To raze the rampire: in whose height, they fiercely set upon

The Parrapets, and puld them downe, rac't every formost fight;

And all the Butteresses of stone, that held their towers upright,

They tore away, with Crowes of Iron; and hop't to ruine all.

The Greeks yet stood, and still repair'd, the forefights of their wall With hides of Oxen, and from thence, they pourd downestones in showres Upon the underminers heads. Within the formost towres, Both the Ajaces had command; who answer'd everie part, Th'assaulters, and their souldiers; represt, and put in heart: Repairing valour as their wall: spake some faire, some reprov'd, Who ever made not good his place: and thus they all sorts mov'd;

O countrimen, now need in aid, would have excesse be spent: The excellent must be admir'd; the meanest excellent; The worst, do well: in changing warre, all should not be alike, Nor any idle: which to know, fits all, lest *Hector* strike Your minds with frights, as eares with threats; forward be all your hands, Urge one another: this doubt downe, that now betwixt us stands, Jove will go with us to their wals. To this effect, alow'd Spake both the Princes: and as high (with this) th'expulsion flow'd. Simile. And as in winter time, when Jove, his cold-sharpe javelines throwes Amongst us mortals; and is mov'd, to white earth with his snowes: (The winds asleepe) he freely poures, till highest Prominents, Hill tops, low meddowes, and the fields, that crowne with most contents The toiles of men: sea ports, and shores, are hid, and everie place, But floods (that snowes faire tender flakes, as their owne brood, embrace:) So both sides coverd earth with stones, so both for life contend, To shew their sharpnesse: through the wall, uprore stood up an end. Nor had great Hector and his friends, the rampire overrun,

11

If heavens great Counsellour, high Jove, had not inflam'd his sonne Sarpedon (like the forrests king, when he on Oxen flies)
Against the Grecians: his round targe, he to his arme applies
Brasse-leav'd without: and all within, thicke Oxe-hides quilted hard:
The verge naild round with rods of gold; and with two darts prepard,
He leades his people: as ye see, a mountaine Lion fare,
Long kept from prey: in forcing which, his high mind makes him dare,
Assault upon the whole full fold: though guarded never so
With well-arm'd men, and eager dogs; away he will not go,
But venture on, and either snatch, a prey, or be a prey:
So far'd divine Sarpedons mind, resolv'd to force his way
Through all the fore-fights, and the wall: yet since he did not see
Others as great as he, in name, as great in mind as he:

Sarpedons speech He spake to Glaucus: Glaucus, say, why are we honord more

Sarpedons speech to Glaucus, never equalled by any (in this kind) of all that bave written.

Then other men of Lycia, in place? with greater store Of meates and cups? with goodlier roofes? delightsome gardens? walks? More lands, and better? so much wealth, that Court and countrie talks Of us, and our possessions; and every way we go, Gaze on us as we were their Gods? this where we dwell, is so: The shores of Xanthus ring of this; and shall not we exceed, As much in merit, as in noise? Come, be we great in deed As well as looke; shine not in gold, but in the flames of fight; That so our neat-arm'd-Lycians, may say; See, these are right Our kings, our Rulers; these deserve, to eate, and drinke the best; These governe not ingloriously: these, thus exceed the rest, Do more then they command to do. O friend, if keeping backe Would keepe backe age from us, and death; and that we might not wracke In this lifes humane sea at all: but that deferring now We shund death ever; nor would I, halfe this vaine valour show, Nor glorifie a folly so, to wish thee to advance: But since we must go, though not here; and that, besides the chance Proposd now, there are infinite fates, of other sort in death, Which (neither to be fled nor scap't) a man must sinke beneath:

Come, trie we, if this sort be ours: and either render thus, Glorie to others, or make them, resigne the like to us.

This motion, Glaucus shifted not, but (without words) obeyd;
Fore-right went both, a mightie troope, of Lycians followed.
Which, by Menestheus observ'd; his haire stood up on end,
For at the towre where he had charge, he saw Calamitie bend
Her horrid browes in their approch. He threw his looks about
The whole fights neare, to see what Chiefe, might helpe the miserie out
Of his poore souldiers, and beheld, where both th' Aiaces fought,
And Teucer, newly come from fleete: whom it would profit nought
To call, since Tumult on their helmes, shields, and upon the ports
Laid such lowde claps; for everie way, defences of all sorts
Were adding, as Troy tooke away; and Clamor flew so high

Her wings strooke heaven, and drownd all voice. The two Dukes yet so nigh

And at the offer of assault; he to th' Ajaces sent

Thoos the herald, with this charge: Run to the regiment

Of both th' Ajaces, and call Both, for both were better here,

Since here will slaughter, instantly; be more enforc't then there.

The Lycian Captaines this way make, who in the fights of stand,

Have often shew'd much excellence: yet if laborious hand

Be there more needfull then I hope, at least afford us some,

Let Ajax Telamonius, and th' Archer Teucer come.

The Herald hasted, and arriv'd; and both th' Ajaces told,
That Peteus noble sonne desir'd, their little labour would
Employ it selfe in succouring him. Both their supplies were best,
Since death assaild his quarter most: for on it fiercely prest
The well-prov'd mightie Lycian Chiefs. Yet if the service there
Allowd not both, he praid that one, part of his charge would beare,
And that was Ajax Telamon, with whom he wisht would come,
The Archer Teucer. Telamon, left instantly his roome
To strong Lycomedes, and will'd, Ajax Oiliades
With him to make up his supply, and fill with courages
The Grecian hearts till his returne, which should be instantly

Sarpedon and Glaucus charge together.

Thoos sent to the Ajaces for aide by Menestheus.

When he had well reliev'd his friend. With this, the companie Of Teucer he tooke to his aide: Teucer, that did descend (As Ajax did) from Telamon: with these two did attend Pandion, that bore Teucers bow. When to Menestheus towre They came, alongst the wall; they found, him, and his heartned powre Toyling in making strong their fort. The Lycian Princes set Blacke whirlwind-like, with both their powers, upon the Parapet. Ajax, and all, resisted them. Clamor amongst them rose: The slaughter, Ajax led; who first, the last deare sight did close Of strong Epicles, that was friend, to Joves great Lycian sonne. Amongst the high munition heape, a mightie marble stone Lay highest, neare the Pinnacle; a stone of such a paise, That one of this times strongest men, with both hands, could not raise: Yet this did Ajax rowse, and throw; and all in sherds did drive Epicles foure-topt caske and skull; who (as ye see one dive In some deepe river) left his height; life left his bones withall.

Glaucus wounded by Teucer. Teucer shot Glaucus (rushing up, yet higher on the wall)
Where naked he discernd his arme, and made him steale retreat
From that hote service; lest some Greeke, with an insulting threat,
(Beholding it) might fright the rest. Sarpedon much was griev'd,
At Glaucus parting, yet fought on; and his great heart reliev'd

Sarpedon revengeth Glaucus.

A little with Alcmaons blood, surnam'd Thestorides,
Whose life he hurld out with his lance; which following through the prease,
He drew from him. Downe from the towre, Alcmaon dead it strooke;
His faire armes ringing out his death. Then fierce Sarpedon tooke
In his strong hand the battlement, and downe he tore it quite:
The wall stript naked, and brode way, for entrie and full fight,
He made the many. Against him, Ajax and Teucer made;
Teucer, the rich belt on his breast, did with a shaft invade:
But Jupiter averted death; who would not see his sonne
Die at the tailes of th' Achive ships. Ajax did fetch his run,
And (with his lance) strooke through the targe, of that brave Lycian king;
Yet kept he it from further passe; nor did it any thing

Dismay his mind, although his men, stood off from that high way, His valour made them; which he kept, and hop't that stormie day Should ever make his glorie cleare. His mens fault thus he blam'd; O Lycians, why are your hote spirits, so quickly disinflam'd? Suppose meablest of you all: tis hard for mealone, To ruine such a wall as this; and make Confusion, Way to their Navie; lend your hands. What many can dispatch One cannot thinke: the noble worke, of many, hath no match.

The wise kings just rebuke did strike, a reverence to his will Through all his souldiers; all stood in; and gainst all th' Achives still Made strong their Squadrons; insomuch, that to the adverse side The worke shewd mightie; and the wall, when twas within descride, No easie service; yet the Greeks, could neither free their wall, Of these brave Lycians, that held firme, the place they first did skale: Nor could the Lycians from their fort, the sturdie Grecians drive, Nor reach their fleet. But as two men, about the limits strive Of land that toucheth in a field; their measures in their hands, They mete their parts out curiously, and either stiffely stands, That so farre is his right in law; both hugely set on fire About a passing little ground: so greedily aspire Both these foes, to their severall ends; and all exhaust their most About the verie battlements (for yet no more was lost.)

With sword, and fire they vext for them, their targes hugely round, With Oxehides lin'd; and bucklers light, and many a ghastly wound The sterne steele gave, for that one prise; whereof though some receiv'd paring mightiest Their portions on their naked backs; yet others were bereav'd Of bravelives, face-turnd, through their shields: towres, bulwarks every meanest illus-Were freckled with the blood of men; nor yet the Greeks did beare Base back-turnd faces; nor their foes, would therefore be outfac't. But as a Spinster poore and just, ye sometimes see strait lac't About the weighing of her web, who (carefull) having charge, For which, she would provide some meanes, is loth to be too large In giving, or in taking weight; but ever with her hand,

Sarpedon to bis souldiers.

Πλεόνων λέ τοι ἔργον ἄμεινον.

Admiranda & pene inimitabilis comparatio (saith Spond. and yet in the explication of it, be thinkes all superfluous but three words, ONIγφ ένὶ χώρφ, exiguo in loco: leaving out other words more expressive with his old rule, uno pede, &c. A simile superior to the other, in which, comthings with where meanest, & the trating the mightiest: both meeting in one end of this lifes preservation, and credit: our Hom. is beyond comparison and admiration.

Is doing with the weights and wooll, till Both in just paise stand:

Hector to the Trojans. So evenly stood it with these foes, till Jove to Hector gave
The turning of the skoles; who first, against the rampire drave;
And spake so lowd that all might heare: O stand not at the pale
(Brave Trojan friends) but mend your hands: up, & breake through the wall,
And make a bonfire of their fleet. All heard, and all in heapes
Got skaling ladders, and aloft. In meane space, Hector leapes
Upon the port, from whose out-part, he tore a massie stone
Thicke downwards, upward edg'd; it was so huge an one
That two vast * yoemen of most strength (such as these times beget)

λύ' ἀνέρε λήμου, duo viri plebei. Could not from earth lift to a Cart: yet he did brandish it, Alone (Saturnius made it light:) and swinging it as nought, He came before the plankie gates, that all for strength were wrought, And kept the Port: two fold they were, and with two rafters bard; High, and strong lockt: he raisd the stone, bent to the hurle so hard, And made it with so maine a strength, that all the gates did cracke; The rafters left them, and the folds one from another brake: The hinges peece-meale flew, and through, the fervent little rocke Thundred a passage; with his weight, th'inwall his breast did knocke: And in rusht *Hector*, fierce and grimme, as any stormie night; His brasse armes, round about his breast, reflected terrible light. Each arme held up, held each a dart: his presence cald up all The dreadfull spirits his Being held, that to the threatned wall None but the Gods might checke his way: his eyes were furnaces; And thus he look't backe, cald in all: all fir'd their courages, And in they flow'd: the *Grecians* fled, their fleet now, and their freight Askt all their rescue: Greece went downe, Tumult was at his height.

The end of the twelfth Booke.

THIS FIRST VOLUME OF THE WORKS OF HOMER TRANSLATED BY GEORGE CHAPMAN, CONTAINING THE FIRST TWELVE BOOKS OF THE ILIADS, WITH WOOD-ENGRAVINGS BY JOHN FARLEIGH, WAS PRINTED AT THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS SAINT ALDATES IN THE CITY OF OXFORD NOVEMBER MDCCCC XXX